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MR. BRIGHT ON WAR AND SLAVERY.

ON Tuesday last, Mr. BRIGHT, wisely leaving the House of Commons to deal with Mr. BERKELEY and the Ballot, presided at a meeting where the Emancipation Society had procured the attendance of an Abolitionist from Virginia. Mr. CONWAY, the professed hero of the evening, must be supposed to have been influenced by creditable motives in devoting himself to an agitation against the vicious social institutions of his native State. His personal testimony against the South is, however, more than counterbalanced, for all political purposes, by Mr. BRIGHT's statement that Mr. CONWAY's father, his two brothers, and all his male relatives are now serving in the Confederate armies. The dissentient exile is engaged in the repulsive occupation of urging foreign philanthropists to encourage the Northern invaders whom his kindred are resisting to the death. The intelligent and responsible part of the English nation, which is distinguished, according to Mr. BRIGHT, by the habit of wearing crowns and coronets, entirely declines to identify itself with a war of aggression and extermination, even though its result might be the emancipation of the negro slaves. It may be wrong to possess slaves, but it is not a duty imperative on foreigners to suppress the institution by force. The Government of the United States, which lately guaranteed the maintenance of slavery, has avowedly adopted the policy of abolition only as an instrument of conquest; and those who were neutral in the original quarrel cannot be required to become zealous partisans, because one combatant hopes that social revolution may be brought in aid of regular war. Mr. CONWAY of Virginia is welcome to declaim against American slavery, but strangers may fairly abstain from declaring that it is expedient to kill his father, his brothers, and his cousins to the third degree. If, three years ago, an English army had invaded Virginia for the purpose of liberating the negroes, every Northern State would have rightfully and indignantly rushed to arms to repel an unjustifiable outrage. As, therefore, there are cases in which it is not lawful to make war on slaveowners, the struggle between the North and the South must be considered with reference to its political merits. The incidental advantage which may accrue to the slaves had nothing to do with the origin of the war, and it is but remotely connected with its moral bearing. Meetings at the London Tavern readily jump to the conclusion that any existing negro ought to be emancipated at any cost of suffering or of principle. The subjection by arms of a unanimous white population of several millions seems, to more thoughtful and scrupulous moralists, at least a grave undertaking. Mr. BRIGHT's logic precisely coincides with the reasoning of PHILIP II. or of LOUIS XIV. Heresy is mischievous, and therefore heretics ought to be massacred or forcibly converted. Slaveholding is oppressive, and therefore the inhabitants of the Southern States, including the CONWAY family, must submit or be put to death.

The great Roman Catholic persecutors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries might claim the merit of a disregard for purely economical interests. The Spanish Crown lost in the Dutch the most industrious and energetic of its subjects, and the manufacturing and commercial activity of France departed with the victims who fled on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Mr. BRIGHT, desirous to reconcile the interests of both worlds, undertakes to prove that the triumph of his sect will be fertile, not only in democratic supremacy, but in cotton. Whatever may be the value of his speculations, the modest wearers of crowns and coronets must demur to the inference that an otherwise unnecessary war ought to be promoted, even for the benefit of Lancashire. The Government of Washington may perhaps feel itself justified in the persevering attempt to reconquer the Union, but the participation of foreigners in the enterprise is unjust, because it is intrusive. The temptation to interfere in the contest, in the hope of procuring cheap

cotton, is happily by no means urgent. The discovery that English manufactures have languished because the slave population of the South was scanty, seems at least paradoxical. Mr. BRIGHT complains that only a hundred miles square in all the Southern States have been devoted exclusively to the cultivation of cotton. He admits that the evil might have been remedied by the establishment of a slave trade, but he argues that the natural increase of the negro population has not kept pace with the demands of Lancashire. With the abolition of slavery, he hopes that immigrants from the North will compete with the labouring population of the Gulf States, so as to produce a vast increase in the supply of the staple. It would be useless to discuss a chimerical calculation which is constructed for the purpose of supporting a previous conclusion. A long time must elapse before the Federal invaders beat their swords into cotton hoes, and proceed to undersell the gangs who have hitherto supplied the markets of the world. The coronetted or educated classes will have nothing to do with the American civil war, even if they are convinced by Mr. BRIGHT's assertions and arguments that the victory of the North will make cotton a penny a pound cheaper; and ordinary persons will perhaps acknowledge that they are unable to judge whether a hundred square miles of cotton plantation really represents an insignificant and inadequate cultivation. As this paltry patch of cotton ground has supplied nine-tenths of the consumption of Europe and America, it would seem that the capabilities of the Slave States were not altogether contemptible. With freedom or with slavery, the cultivation will be carried on by negroes, unless it is discontinued altogether. Abolition will not increase the number of the coloured population, even if Mr. LINCOLN abandons the project of deporting the whole negro race to some distant region; and if, in defiance of all probable anticipation, Northern immigrants found that the cultivation of cotton by their own labour was profitable, their first care would be to imitate the North-Western Legislatures and the Irish labourers of New York, by protesting against negro competition. It is true that the existence of slavery discourages the industry of free men; but it is also certain that four millions of negroes will never be allowed to enjoy equal rights with white Americans. The only sufficient solution of the difficulty would be the voluntary introduction by the slave-owning States of a modified system of serfdom which might be preparatory to regulated liberty. The ruling race would have the power of exacting and enforcing sufficient provisions against the discontinuance of labour which has elsewhere resulted from abolition.

Mr. BRIGHT, although he may sometimes diverge into collateral novelties, never wanders far from the central principle or passion which gives unity to all his political efforts. In hatred of English society as at present constituted, he is always and everywhere consistent. Notwithstanding his own admission that the original secession was almost universally disapproved in England, Mr. BRIGHT asserts that the "West End," "the wearers of crowns and of coronets," "the classes" "who are called influential," fear nothing so much as the influence which the United States may exert on this country. As a proof of the dangerous freedom which prevails in the North, Mr. BRIGHT actually boasts that, at the last elections in several States, returns were made which were hostile to the Government. English constituencies will hear with surprise that they are themselves assumed not to have the power of electing Opposition members. If they suppose that personal liberty ought to be secure from invasion, they may learn from Mr. CONWAY that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was only seized by order of a military officer, and exiled, in defiance of the law, when his speeches became dangerous. "Remember that there is a vast difference between speech that is free and speech that is 'licentious.'" The distinction has often been drawn by the enemies of freedom, but the institutions which Mr. BRIGHT

abhors enable him, with absolute impunity, not only to proclaim Republican doctrines, but to libel the existing form of Government and all who administer its authority.

Mr. BRIGHT, as a zealous advocate of war and total subjugation, could scarcely have been aware that Mr. CONWAY had, a few days before, formally offered, on certain conditions, to promote the recognition of Southern independence. The curious correspondence which Mr. MASON has published is creditable to Mr. CONWAY's zeal and sincerity, although he showed a want of diplomatic caution by giving an enemy facilities for discrediting himself and his party. The Abolitionists are morally justified in subordinating the maintenance of the Union to the emancipation of the negroes. Their leaders have, in former times, themselves advocated a disruption which would have relieved the North from all responsibility for the system of slavery; and, with better reason, they might gladly acquiesce in the separation which seems in any case inevitable, if they could ensure the attainment of their great object by friendly negotiation. It is, perhaps, natural that Mr. MASON should profit by their overtures to diminish the influence of the extreme Republicans in the North, but the practical acceptance of Mr. CONWAY's offer would conciliate to the Confederate States the sympathy of all English parties, with the exception of the bitter faction which, under the guidance of Mr. BRIGHT, desires the unqualified triumph of Northern ambition. It was, of course, absurd to suppose that Mr. MASON could even enter on a discussion of any project of emancipation with an unauthorized citizen of the hostile Republic. His employers also would be right in refusing any negotiation on their own internal affairs, but there would be no occasion for stipulations or promises if they commenced by their own authority the great work of raising and gradually liberating the negro race. The same task has been accomplished in every country in Europe, in the absence of the exceptional facilities which are afforded by the unquestioned superiority of the white Americans, and by the ineffaceable distinctions which render political rivalry impossible to the freedman. The Confederates may be well assured that the sympathy which has been earned by their wisdom in council and by their heroism in the field will never be extended to their favourite domestic institution.

#### PRUSSIA.

WHILE the PRINCE OF WALES has been tasting all the pleasures of Royalty, and has been leading his bride from one scene of gaiety to another, and listening to the fervent acclamations of English loyalty, his brother-in-law in Prussia has been seeing the other side of the picture. To the heirs-apparent of Kings, as to other men, there come the seasons of inevitable care, and Royalty has its duties and its difficulties as well as its pleasures. It is not very long ago since the Crown Prince of PRUSSIA had his happy honeymoon, and enjoyed all the splendour, and gaiety, and glory of a Royal marriage in England. Now, he and his wife have to play a serious part in life, and have to take, with such wisdom and courage as they can find, the steps on which the destiny of their whole lives and of the lives of their children may depend. We can only hope that, when the hour of trial comes to the PRINCE OF WALES, if come it must, he may show as much tact, and good sense, and boldness, as the Crown Prince of PRUSSIA has done. There could be few situations more delicate and critical than that in which he has now found himself. It is always easy, and always dangerous, for the heir to oppose, and thwart, and distress the reigning Sovereign. No course could be simpler, and none much more contemptible, than that taken by GEORGE IV. when he was young. But the Crown Prince is not the man, nor is his Princess the woman, to purchase the flattery of intriguers at the expense of the loss of self-respect, and of the certainty of setting an evil example to their children. The KING has behaved like a silly, obstinate old soldier, and his son might have made capital out of the folly of his father. But nothing of the sort has been done; and it is only in the most limited degree, and in the most unobtrusive way, that the Crown Prince has asserted his position. On the other hand, there is a great temptation to tender, affectionate, and honest minds, to make the feelings of domestic respect overpower the sense of public duty. It takes some degree of resolution, and the pressure of a clear necessity, to induce a son who is dutiful and unassuming to declare himself opposed to the policy of his father. But the Crown Prince had no choice, and he has done exactly enough. He has made his own position quite clear, and has given no pretence for any charge of factious hostility to the KING. What he said

at Dantzic was sufficient to clear him from the suspicion of complicity with the headstrong advisers of his poor father; and the firmness with which he is said to have resisted the commands of the KING to retract what he had said leaves nothing to be desired. But he has been wise enough to be content with making one single public declaration, and has since retired into the privacy which befits his present position. It is an excellent thing for Prussia, and indirectly for Europe generally, that he should have shown so completely how well he understood what he must do in order to secure the future of his house. Nor can Englishmen fail to notice with satisfaction that he has, at this most critical time, derived support, and counsel, and encouragement from an English Princess, and that the good lessons learnt in the oldest school of free government in the world have borne such excellent fruit in a country where liberty is at present a very young and tender plant.

The PRINCE has done all in his power to place himself in a proper position with his future subjects, and they, on their side, are doing all that can be done to make it certain that when he reigns he will reign over a free people. There is nothing more encouraging or more full of hope for the future of Continental liberty than the self-respect which the Prussians have shown in the last six months. They have really tried hard to be worthy of a nation that has some pretension to being thought a great nation. They are full of zeal and determination, and are most anxious to prove to the KING that the whole course he adopts in dealing with them is wrong, and based on wrong principles; but they are patient, and moderate, and disinclined to give needless offence. They seem to have a manly horror of those childish ebullitions of excited feeling which were once so much in fashion on the Continent. Even the German students are content to be sensible, and improvement can scarcely go further than this. The students of Bonn have consented to abandon a project of feting M. VON SYBEL, because they found that it might lead to disturbance, and afford an excuse for Ministerial interference. They were willing that this manifesto of their political sentiments should dwindle into the humble form of a private deputation to the object of their admiration. The press has protested against the new ordinance, but it has carefully abstained from transgressing the illegal rules which the ordinance laid down. The nation is so sure of winning in the struggle that it does not care to give anything like provocation. And the declaration made by the Crown Prince will tend greatly to strengthen this resolve. For those who are most decided in their opinions, and most eager in their determination to have the Constitution carried out, would shrink not only from the horrors, the panic, and the ruin of a revolution, but from the shock of any breach with the Royal Family that threatened to be irreparable. Loyalty, when it is not slavish, is of the greatest use in enabling men to tide over bad times, and in instilling into their minds the useful lesson that it is always hazardous to break with the past and to begin a new order of things. France has suffered so much from the changes of dynasty which have there accompanied changes in political institutions, that Germans, who, if time enough is given, are capable of profiting by the experience of others, may naturally feel inclined to bear a great deal before they try the precarious experiment of having to admire and obey a brand-new King of their own making. The Crown Prince has permitted Prussia to rest in the quiet satisfaction of a hope that cannot be long deferred. When the heir-apparent and the nation are of one mind, a moderate amount of patience is sufficient to endure the vagaries of a blundering old King.

It is evident, too, that all Germany is being impelled in the same path of political liberty, and therefore Prussia cannot be long excluded from a general movement which, but for the caprice of her Sovereign, she would be called upon and would be anxious to lead. Even the King of HANOVER has thought the opportunity favourable for a sort of practical joke, and has ostentatiously relaxed the censorship of his own little press as a reply to the King of PRUSSIA's ordinance. There is a fun which tickles the solid souls of German Princes, in offering to their subjects the contrast of a novel liberty at the moment when Prussia has taken a sudden leap into despotism. Prussia has for some years held the place in Germany which is occupied by the clever, demonstrative, assuming big boy of a school. It had the strength and the readiness to fight which entitled it to supremacy; it was sure of all the prizes; and it called on all its neighbours to notice how virtuous, and enlightened, and well-dressed it was. Now, the model big boy has got into a scrape, and



disgraced himself. Prussia, so far as King WILLIAM is Prussia, is doing all that it has for years been declaring it is very low and silly to do. So, very naturally, some of the little people who have been teased by it avenge themselves for all they have had to go through, and invent ingenious ways of humiliating and mortifying their old superior. If the Elector of Hesse would but explain that in his Chamber he hoped that Ministers would never expect Deputies to address them round the corner, and that the sound of the President's bell ought to be respected as if it were a message from on high, these facetious Princes would have as good a joke as they could hope for. And there is something more important going on, as a consequence of the King of PRUSSIA's abdication of his proper place in Germany, than these drolleries of Serene Highnesses. The Duke of SAXE COBURG is the head of the national party in Germany, and he has gone, it is said, to Vienna, in order to confer with the EMPEROR on the present crisis. He is stated to have urged the EMPEROR to be more bold than ever in his acceptance of the Constitutional system, and to show Germany that, if Prussia wavers in its love of liberty, Austria is firm. Were there any intention in this of giving Austria the place lately destined for Prussia, and of making Vienna, instead of Berlin, the centre of the movement for a new form of German unity, and for reform in the several States, the DUKE might naturally be thought rather precipitate. German reform must be a thing even more bewildering than it is generally thought to be, if its care can be handed over in a day from prince to prince. It is obvious that this cannot be what the DUKE means. Northern Germany cannot sweep round all of a sudden, and place itself under the banners of Austria, because the reigning Sovereign of Prussia is guilty of one or two absurdities. But Prussia can be forced to return to the path from which the KING has unfortunately tried to twist her, if the political liberty denied to Prussia is seen to flourish more vigorously than ever in Austria. The spirit of the Prussians will be sustained and their emulation provoked when even Austria, lately so decried and despised as a mere mass of brute strength, throws Prussia into the background by the superior liberality of her political system.

#### LORD WESTBURY ON ENGLISH LAW.

IT is a curious illustration of English character and English habits of thought, that a Lord Chancellor under Queen VICTORIA should rise in the House of Lords to suggest remedies for evils in the administration of justice which were forcibly denounced from the same place two hundred and fifty years ago. From the time of ELIZABETH to that of VICTORIA, the Woolsack has been occupied by a series of judges of whom, with few exceptions, any country might be proud. In their judicial work many of them have done wonders, in reducing what was once the arbitrary discretion of an officer of State, practically above the law, to a system of jurisprudence which has compensated, by the purity of its principles, for the cumbrous machinery by which, until quite recently, they were carried into effect. The very task on which they were engaged—that of moulding a supplemental system to make good the defects and correct the barbarisms of the common law—might have been expected to suggest to men of the calibre of which Lord Chancellors are made the paramount duty of taking the initiative in a comprehensive reform of English law. Yet in the long roll of Chancellors, from Lord BACON to Lord WESTBURY, there are few who have so much as attempted to use the opportunities of their office as a means of reforming the jurisprudence over which they have presided; and all the confusion and contradiction which Lord BACON deplored remain, in an aggravated form, to be dealt with by his successor after an interval of two centuries and a half.

The reason for the strange apathy which has so long prevailed on a subject of the highest importance is even more strange than the apathy itself. Except during the predominance of the Eldonian faith that all reform was a suggestion from the powers of darkness, there has not been any disposition among the really great men who have led the profession of the law to deny the existence of the evils which they took no effectual measures to redress. In truth, no man in his senses could seriously believe in the perfection of a system by which one set of Courts was occupied mainly in correcting the injustice and supplying the omissions of another set of tribunals which had brought down to later ages the prejudices and the crotchets of feudal times, and some of the barbarisms of a still earlier epoch. Thanks to the judicial ability of the Chancellors themselves, the old garment of the Law has been very respectably patched with the new cloth of

Equity; and a machinery which every lawyer out of England laughs at does really administer justice with an approach to certainty and a grasp of high principles that no one could have expected from so whimsical a contrivance. The makeshift worked after a sort, and, seeing that it did so, one Chancellor after another was content to bequeath to his successors the inevitable task of reconstructing, by cautious but determined steps, the jurisprudence of which they had been satisfied to perfect a number of isolated details. Of course the difficulty of such an undertaking has been enormously increased by this long neglect. The mass of matter to be dealt with grows at a prodigious and constantly increasing rate. Statutes have been piled upon statutes, until it is almost impossible to disentangle living law from the dead carcase of obsolete legislation. Reports have gone on accumulating and contradicting each other, until the ablest lawyer can scarcely give an opinion without the chance of running counter to some recorded judgment. The practice of preserving, not merely the effective decrees of successive judges, but the reasons by which they were induced, and the elaborate expositions of the law which often accompanied them, has grown until it has been the means of introducing almost as much uncertainty as it was designed to cure. The Statutes and the Reports—the two depositories of the written and of what is still in theory the unwritten law—are equally in need of expurgation; and if the old mischief is not to be renewed, the whole machinery of legislation and reporting by which the law is practically made requires to be remodelled for the future.

This is the enterprise upon which Lord WESTBURY has entered with his accustomed energy, and though we cannot pretend to disguise the immense difficulty of the task, we think we may predict that, if it does succeed, the remedy will not partake of the patchwork character which has distinguished almost all our English reforms. At the same time, it is essential that the work should not be done with a rude and reckless hand. If the reform must be comprehensive, there is the more reason that the way should be smoothed by cautious preparation. It would be dangerous in the extreme, if not altogether impracticable, to select a commission of lawyers and set them to work to concoct a code out of the confused heap of precious materials which English law presents. Before such a work can be approached, the good must be separated from the bad, obsolete statutes must be cast away, and unsound judgments must be formally rejected, as many of them are now informally rejected as inconsistent with later and more trustworthy dicta. Before the law can be improved or systematized, the law itself must be carefully sifted out of the huge mass of volumes in which its spirit is supposed to be embodied. This is the first stage of the undertaking, and if Lord WESTBURY can carry us fairly through this preliminary process he will remove the only serious obstacle to the formation of a consistent and enlightened code. There have been of late years many barren debates on the respective advantages of codification and consolidation. It has been urged with irresistible force that you cannot stop at a consolidation of the Statute law. The judge-made law, which grows in our Courts quite as rapidly as statutes are manufactured by Parliament, is so interwoven with legislative enactments that to consolidate the one without touching the other would do little to clear away the uncertainty and confusion which are the grounds of complaint. But the mistake of those who so reasoned was in supposing that everything could be done at once. If for no other reason than the strange division of Law and Equity, the project of immediate codification is obviously premature. Even consolidation of the Statute law must be preceded by an inquiry what the actual law is at the present time, and by a rearrangement of those statutes which still remain unrepealed. This process, and the analogous weeding of the Reports which is intended to accompany it, may not rise to the dignity of codification or consolidation; but it is only by such means that either consolidation or codification can become a possibility. Those who are most in earnest in desiring to introduce symmetry into the most confused and complicated jurisprudence which the world has produced, will rejoice to drop an empty discussion as to what may ultimately be hoped for; and they will gladly accept Lord WESTBURY's view that as yet we are not ripe for larger projects, and that the special and immediate task before us is the comparatively humble labour of digesting the whole of the existing law, and framing such machinery as will allow of the orderly incorporation of the new elements which must be continually developed as society advances from one stage of civilization to another. Postponing for the moment all impatient grasping at a perfection which can only be attained after much

faithful and unpretending toil, let us look fairly at the limited work which is proposed, and see how far this, at any rate, can be pronounced feasible. Can a really sound, orderly, systematic digest be made, not only of the Statute law, but of all that is embodied in the reported decisions of our Courts of Law and Equity? This is the essential question that deserves consideration now. If the thing can be done, and done well, the value of the achievement cannot be overrated, not merely for itself, but for the greater work to which it will lead.

The answer is, in truth, supplied by the daily practice of every lawyer. The minds of the uninitiated must, no doubt, be immensely impressed by the superhuman capacity which lawyers are supposed to possess of carrying in their memories all the Statutes that have ever been passed, and all the refinements and distinctions which are to be found in the vast collection of reported decisions. They do nothing of the kind. A few marvels of erudition have loaded their minds with a mass of such incongruous matter, the burden of which generally crushes out all perception of legal principles; but, as a rule, those advocates who rise to eminence, and at last adorn the Bench, are content to draw upon their knowledge and memory for the doctrines and principles of their science, and to trust to such imperfect digests as already exist for the record of authorities by which it is the English custom to require every argument to be supported. In order to minister to this want, almost every text-book which has been produced on English law has been framed as a digest, and little or nothing more. Some, of course, are stamped with authority by the eminence of their compilers; others grow into favour in proportion to the facility with which they lead a reader to all the reported decisions on the particular point which he may have to consider. In short, the library of an English lawyer consists of nothing whatever but Statutes, Reports, and Digests; and it needs no argument to prove that what is done sometimes admirably, sometimes indifferently, by irresponsible authors, for every separate department of law, may be done consistently and well by a well-selected body of labourers working on a uniform plan, and guided by effective superintendence.

More than this, enough has already been done in the digesting of the Statutes to prove the success with which such a task may be completed. The undertaking has progressed in spite of every disadvantage. Again and again the mode of proceeding has been changed by the caprice of the members of the Commission who were for the time in the ascendant. The reluctance of Parliament to vote money for a body which neither knew its own mind nor did its own work, so weakened the really labouring staff as to render rapid progress impossible; but notwithstanding all these hindrances, the first process of weeding out obsolete and repealed laws from the Statute-book is approaching its completion. If Parliament is disposed to support the efforts of the CHANCELLOR, there is no reason to doubt that a thorough digest of the whole law, as contained in the Statutes at Large and the Reports, may be produced in the course of a few years, perfect enough to get rid of nine-tenths of the uncertainty which now discredits the jurisprudence of this country. With this preliminary task completed, it would be comparatively easy to incorporate future legislation and future decisions so as to keep the authorized digest always up to the level of the last changes in the law. What should follow after this—the assimilation of our diverse forms of procedure, the consolidation and ultimate codification of the law—may well be left, as Lord WESTBURY leaves it, for future discussion. The ideal of a perfect Code will not the less serve to encourage the ambition of reformers because the immediate duty is one of preparation only. Trenches must be dug before a fortress can be reduced, and Lord WESTBURY'S Digests are the trenches which must be prepared before the spirit of confusion and contradiction can be driven out of possession of the law of England.

#### FRENCH POLICY IN MEXICO.

AFTER the surrender of the Mexican garrison at Puebla, the ultimate success of the French expedition is more than ever certain. Even if the ill-natured rumours of pecuniary corruption have any foundation in fact, generals who can be bought are still less formidable than generals who can be beaten. General FOREY'S advance will probably not be interrupted by any regular army, although desultory opposition may perhaps be attempted. The Emperor NAPOLEON is fortunate in the opportunity of escaping from the least prudent enterprise which he has hitherto attempted. Wars are not always unpopular in France because they are aggressive and

unnecessary, but the invasion of Mexico was thought to be at the same time unintelligible and inglorious. The alliance of the French Government with the clerical party offended the feelings of a community which, acquiescing in absolute government at home, nevertheless boasts of propagating liberal opinions wherever its arms or influence can reach. Of late, dangerous suspicions had arisen as to the continuance of the EMPEROR'S unequalled good fortune. A reverse in Mexico might have been associated with the check or warning which has been recently offered by the Paris elections; and if the dynasty or the existing system once appeared to be going down hill, any unforeseen misfortune might have the effect of accelerating the descent. The capture of ORTEGA'S army will be regarded as a fresh proof of the prosperity and stability of the Empire, and the credit of the achievement will be justly ascribed to the sole author and supporter of the undertaking. While the multitude applauds a new triumph of French arms, reflecting politicians will welcome the prospect of an early peace. It would have been difficult to withdraw from Mexico if General FOREY had been compelled to fall back on Vera Cruz, but a victorious general may offer easy terms to the enemy without the risk of offending the susceptibilities of his countrymen. The Mexican Government will probably anticipate the seizure of the capital by timely submission, and, in the most unfavourable contingency, the city of Mexico will scarcely do more than emulate the respectable resistance of Puebla. When the war commenced, it was thought impossible that Mexican troops could face the confident and disciplined force of the invaders. Doubts afterwards arose as to the invincible superiority of European soldiers, but the surrender of Puebla has justified the original estimate of the belligerents. The Mexicans inherit, from the Spanish portion of their ancestry, the instinct of fighting obstinately behind walls, and they may fairly pride themselves on the obstinacy of their resistance at Puebla. They were quite right in avoiding the inevitable defeat which would await them in the open field.

The long delay which has tried the patience of the French people may not have been disadvantageous to the EMPEROR, if he has profited by the interval to reflect on the vagueness and temerity of his Mexican projects. Two years ago, he was bent on the fantastic scheme of establishing an Austrian dynasty in Mexico, with the collateral object of securing some territorial concession in Italy. His letter of last summer to General FOREY disclosed a still more extravagant design of raising up a Latin and Catholic nation to counterbalance the supremacy of the English race on the American Continent. For the attainment of either object it would be necessary, not only to defeat the Mexican forces, but to maintain a new and dependent Government for an indefinite time by the aid of an army of occupation. The latest intelligence indicates a purpose of seizing the rich province of Sonora, where a French adventurer attempted a few years ago to establish an independent principality. To the virtual conquest of Mexico or of its provinces England has little objection to offer, and the United States seem inclined to submit to any menace or affront which France may be disposed to attempt. The Mexicans themselves would probably enjoy a more regular government under a French General than they have hitherto secured by their native wisdom and patriotism. The only real objection to the EMPEROR'S plan is, that it would be intolerably costly, and perhaps dangerous, to France. Modern experience has modified the old-established belief in the value of distant dependencies, and there is no prospect of a French colonization which could serve the mother-country by establishing a permanent and inexpensive garrison. If the Federal or Confederate States thought fit hereafter to pursue their own schemes of aggrandizement in Mexico, the country would be at their mercy unless it was defended by the whole power of France. A foreign sovereignty always produces many malcontents, and it happens that the patrons of MIRAMON challenged the hostility of the least imbecile and disreputable of Mexican factions. The Liberalism which JUAREZ represents is not a wholly unmeaning phrase, as it expresses the opposition of the comparatively intelligent classes to the corruption and oppression which were practised by the clerical party; and the French invasion has identified the Liberal interest with the more definite cause of patriotism. In the meantime, the partisans of MIRAMON are thinking neither of archdukes nor of the predominance of the Latin race, but of the possibility of renewing their habits of tyranny and spoliation under French protection. General FOREY has perhaps by this time discovered their true character; but if he is required to effect a political revolution, he must avail himself of the only native instruments within his reach.



If the farce of universal suffrage is to be enacted, French experience, aided by Mexican instincts of intrigue, will probably secure the success of the contrivance. It will only be necessary to determine beforehand on the form of government which is to be established, and on the persons to whom its conduct is to be entrusted. It might even be practicable to elect a King of Mexico, if the original purpose of the expedition were still thought desirable; and less effort will be required to secure the success of any candidate who may be designated as the future President of the Republic. The French superintendents of the free exercise of Mexican volition will perhaps direct their chief attention to the humble and business-like object of obtaining the payment of pecuniary claims. Notwithstanding the rise in Mexican stocks which has followed the victories of the French army, it will not be surprising if the interests of English claimants are postponed by the conquerors. A creditor who has levied execution on the goods of a defaulter is not always solicitous to provide for others a share in the satisfaction which he has obtained by the exercise of his own individual energy. If, however, it is found possible to institute a regular and responsible Government, one condition of solvency and of future regularity and order will undoubtedly have been secured. The ballot-box will certainly not produce a body of competent rulers; but French dictation may for the moment be effectual, and the Mexicans themselves may possibly be capable of deducing a lesson from their recent humiliation. No permanent advantage can be derived from anarchy and from political obliquity. If there is an honest and capable man in Mexico, his qualities may perhaps be appreciated immediately after the French invasion. If the representatives of the great Latin race learned to look up or hang their robbers and to pay their debts, they might perhaps be entitled to look forward to some remote period of respectability and prosperity.

The only inconvenience of the victory in Mexico consists in the increased difficulty of accounting for non-intervention in the Polish dispute. Notwithstanding the boasts of official journalists, France is seriously embarrassed by the continual drain of a distant and costly war. Unless compensation can be extorted from Mexico, the national debt will be considerably increased by the expense of two campaigns. It would perhaps be difficult to find the means of sending an army at the same time into the field in Europe, and the knowledge of the Mexican complication encourages Prince GORTSCHAKOFF in his determination to reject or evade the French proposals. It is not to be supposed that the EMPEROR himself desires a collision with Russia, especially as it could only be rendered profitable, and, therefore, permanently popular, by a simultaneous attack on Prussia; yet it may be useful to prove to France and to Europe that a pacific policy proceeds from no consciousness of weakness. A prudent regard to economy might perhaps, in the present temper of the French people, be considered a sufficient justification of an unambitious policy; but it is impossible to take credit for frugality while millions are wasted on Quixotic projects of Latin Empires on the other side of the world. Timid politicians in all parts of Europe have considered the continuance of a chronic war in Mexico as the best security against French restlessness in more interesting parts of the world. It was impossible to suggest that the experiment of conquest could elsewhere be tried on a more worthless subject; and if France must necessarily waste a certain annual surplus of men and money, it was satisfactory to reflect that the process was conducted in a distant region. When General FOREY has returned with his army, the EMPEROR will enjoy either an opportunity of new activity, or a claim to the gratitude of his neighbours for not disturbing their tranquillity. If he really meditates interference in Poland, he will have sufficient employment for all the energies of the Finance Department and the War Office. He may probably have come to the conclusion that he has exhausted the policy of surprises, and that it will hereafter be more profitable to subside into the commonplace career of an ordinary Sovereign. His principal gain by the capture of Puebla consists in the escape from the loss of a heavy stake.

#### THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

THE majority on the vote proposed by Lord PALMERSTON on Monday night may be easily accounted for. As we have all along shown, the two great political parties are committed, at least as far as their leaders are concerned, both to the Great International Exhibition principle and to the South Kensington principle. Either as Commissioners of 1851, or as office-holders who have had to propose grants for the Science and Art Department, there is not a Minister, past

or present, who has not long ago pronounced by anticipation in favour of one, though fortunately not the worst, half of Lord PALMERSTON'S proposition. When Messrs. HENLEY and WALPOLE, Lord JOHN MANNERS, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON are as much pledged to a Ministerial job as the occupants of the offices which they once held and intend to hold again, the Spartan brotherhood of economists can make but little resistance, especially when deserted by Mr. Royal Commissioner CORDEN and by the austere virtue—unassailable except by professional, which are stronger than economical, interests—of Sir MORTON PETO and Mr. TITE. Mr. DISRAELI was prudent enough to be absent; but the minority was left with all the argument, all the consistency, and everything but the important matter of numbers. Something, too, is to be attributed to the neat tactics of the Government in dividing the vote; and it is by no means certain that the House saw through the crafty policy of Ministers. Many members thought they were voting for the purchase of the land pure and simple—which, indeed, in terms they were—and so reserved their opposition, which may, if properly managed, prove formidable both to the extension of the South Kensington jobbery and to the purchase of the FOWKE sheds. But—which perhaps they did not see—they will have a somewhat up-hill fight for it after Monday's division. Lord PALMERSTON plainly announced how he was going to work the first vote. The site once secured, he meant to occupy it with the Natural History collection from the British Museum, with a Patent Museum, and with sundry other homeless and destitute institutions; and he meant to adapt the present structure to this and to other undeveloped purposes. His substantial gain is, that he has got the House of Commons, indirectly and by a side wind, practically to reverse its own decision of last year as to the housing of the most popularly appreciated contents of the British Museum; and he has induced the nation to acquire a large tract of land, to be applied to a certain vague object called the advancement of Science and Art. An egg is laid destined to produce many serpents. Undoubtedly, if what was done on Monday night were all that is included within the four corners of the vote, there would be little to complain of. Merely and simply to acquire for the public seventeen acres of land so near to London, and at such a price, is an unequivocal gain. Again, if the matter is looked at as giving the blow of mercy to the blind and staggering vitality of the Commission of 1851, and as terminating the political existence of that vivacious centre of intrigue, bad management, and land-jobbing, we should look upon the simple exchange of proprietorship, which is all that is at present concluded, as an unmixed good. The land is better in the hands of Government than of those Trustees who have contrived such muddles as the bargains which they have concluded with the Horticultural Society, with sundry mortgagees, and with the contractors of 1862. To the mere purchase of the site of seventeen acres, little, if any, objection ought to be urged, and we have reason to believe that a considerable section of Monday's majority meant to pledge themselves so far, and no farther. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON announced as much. All the mischief which has as yet been done is that the nation has paid twice over for the same property; and when a man buys his own land, it is a faint consolation to assure him that he is purchasing at half the value.

Scarcely a word of objection would have been urged in any quarter against the mere purchase of the site, were it not for the ugly suspicions as to the uses to which it will be put. It is always a mistake to have a lumber-room in a house. A vacant chamber acts as a direct premium upon collecting rubbish, and launching into unnecessary extravagance. It would be a mere farce, of course, to have seventeen acres of ground, and not to put some buildings upon them. It would be an absurdity to have empty rooms by the acre. It would be a mockery to set up a great bronze statue of a "Great Author" of a scheme, and to have no scheme to fulfil. It would be ludicrous, as well as melancholy, to raise forty feet high the image of the PRINCE whom the nation mourns, and let it look for ever into space and the chimney pots of Brompton. We all know that, when we have got the site, it must be used; and nobody knows this so well as the gentlemen who worship the success of DILKE and wish to emulate the fortunes of COLE. It will depend on the vigilance of Parliament whether these staunch hounds are to run into their game or not. All the scientific men of London have memorialized and protested against the removal of the Natural History Collection from Bloomsbury. But Professor OWEN wants eleven acres, and will, by way of instalment, be contented with five for the present and just to begin with, in order that

he may have room to spread out the skeleton of the very biggest whale, and the most gigantic seal, and every hugest monster of the animal kingdom in due order. And, of course, Professor OWEN will have a good deal the best of the argument when he has the empty seventeen acres to appeal to. At present, we all know that there is a magnificent room at Trafalgar Square filled with that wonderful series of TURNER'S. But we shall soon hear murmurs and threatenings. We shall be perpetually dinned with complaints of want of space. If the Vernon Collection is at Brompton, why not the TURNER Pictures, especially as we shall happen to have in hand, in the Cromwell Road, those admirable picture galleries, which let in the dust and grit at the floor line? There they will be, empty, always wanting to be swept, and everlastingly pleading to be garnished. Just for a year or two, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, nobody asks to send the Geological Collection from Jermyn Street out of town; but there is no knowing what we may not be asking, after a year or two. It seems a very hard thing to Mr. GLADSTONE that the State of Massachusetts should have a larger museum than the Imperial realm of England, and he is absolutely consumed with envy that Washington should have a bigger Patent Museum than London. By parity of reasoning, and in imitation of these choice Yankee examples, we may perhaps look for an issue of greenbacks, or a rivalry in the matter of repudiation; or, if we are always to keep ahead of our Transatlantic cousins, we may try a race with America in politics, as well as in arts and sciences, and get up a LINCOLN or a BUTLER. All the harm, however, done at present is, that we have bought a large tract of land and have got it very cheap, and, all things considered, have got it where it may be of some use; and if Parliament keeps a vigilant eye against jobbers, against extravagance, against unnecessary purposes and expenses, there is no great mischief done. But it is not to be concealed or forgotten that the thin end of the wedge was inserted years ago, and that Monday night's vote has driven the same wedge half home. Parliament might not mean, or might not wish, to encourage the clique of South Kensington jobbers, but they have gained new life, and new hopes, and new opportunities which they are not the manner of men to forget or to forego.

Moderate hopes, therefore, remain to us, that the future vigilance of Parliament on the annual supply nights may yet defeat the total misapplication of the site which has been acquired for the nation. But we feel considerable confidence that the worst part of the job proposed by Lord PALMERSTON will be entirely averted. The vote at present has only passed for an instalment of the 120,000*l.* for the purchase of the site. The vote for 364,000*l.*, to buy and refit the Exhibition Buildings, is postponed till next Thursday. Very possibly, this postponement is only a decent preliminary to abandonment. The sense of the House and the country is sufficiently strong against buying Messrs. KELK and LUCAS's unsalable property at any price. Admitting, which of course we do not admit, that we want a new Natural History Museum, and a new Portrait Gallery, and the rest of it—admitting, moreover, which of course we do not admit, that Brompton is the proper place for all those institutions—the question of the adaptability and convenience of these buildings for these purposes stands on totally distinct grounds. What we say is, that the cheapest course is to make a clean sweep, and let Messrs. KELK and LUCAS cart away their old marine stores at the earliest possible moment. Let the spongy walls, and the undrained floor, and the porous roofs, and the useless domes, the cracked glass, and rusty iron perish, and their memory perish with them. We owe nothing to Messrs. KELK and LUCAS. They went in on an elastic speculation either to win a large stake or to lose a small one. The result has shown that they made a bad book. It is better's luck; and the tax-payer is not to be called upon to retrieve the fortunes of a builder's speculation. As to Captain FOWKE, let him, too, be content; he has been paid his commission and percentage, and we rather prefer to employ an artist next time. There was a touch of the comic—we cannot but believe, of the intentionally comic—in Lord PALMERSTON's plea that three quarters of a mile of stucco really did give a large scope to the plasterer's art. *Compo in excelsis* for ever! The PREMIER assures us that he and Captain FOWKE can "get out" a very neat and tasty article in Roman cement—quite an event in stucco—for 364,000*l.* To be sure, Mr. HUNT's estimate has been rudely handled. Mr. GREGORY produced some very ill-timed counter estimates; and the Government has taken ten days to check Mr. HUNT's calculations, and Mr. MALLEY's calculations. And so the matter stands. Perhaps we may hear no more of our duty to pay Messrs. KELK and LUCAS twice the value of their rubbish; but, perhaps, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, and as Lord GRANVILLE states in his speech

of Thursday, the Government may elect to stand or fall by their own surveyor. This issue, at any rate, is an intelligible one. On the side of economy, good taste, and common sense, are the facts that the building is the ugliest that the wit of a military engineer ever devised; that, as at present constructed, with interlacing iron ties, it is perfectly useless except for bazaar stalls; that it must be gutted, unroofed, under-pinned, new floored, new faced, and re-arranged, drained, warmed, and ventilated, although, most likely, the four walls are too weak to bear tampering with; and that, when all is done, a stucco frontage will be a disgrace to an age in which common shops are every day built of stone and marble. And, further, we are asked to pay 80,000*l.* for what is not worth 30,000*l.*, and that the 284,000*l.* for making the rickety structure tenantable will probably come to at least 500,000*l.* before "the repairs and re-arrangement" are completed. Monday night's vote, however in some respects we may regret it, does not involve the assent of Parliament to this most extravagant waste of public money and this insult to art and good taste. The purchase of the site is one thing—the purchase of the buildings is another. Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. GLADSTONE made about the worst speeches they were ever forced into by a bad case, in advocating the comparatively venial vote of the first instalment of 120,000*l.* for the land. It was very clear that their hearts were not in the matter, and that they were playing a part, forced upon them by their position, which they thoroughly disliked. They must have recourse to warmer eloquence and more refined sophistry than they displayed on Monday to reconcile the House of Commons to the threatened demand of 364,000*l.* We doubt whether they will face the ungrateful task. The higher and very special influences which have been brought, and so improperly brought, to bear on the subject, may be deemed to be satisfied. The manes are appeased. No servility will pretend that the PRINCE CONSORT left the Brompton Domes to the protection of his country—if for no other reason, because His Royal Highness never saw them. The ground is considerably cleared. Even the *cliquerie* of South Kensington does not depend for its ultimate success on allegiance to Captain FOWKE's artistic triumph. The Commissioners of 1851 have neither part nor interest in the private property of the enterprising contractors of 1862. If the Government, if the political leaders on both sides, if the authorities of "the Department" are wise, they will be content with their present triumph. There are signs that public indignation does not intend to be tried too far. We have given a bone to the hungry dog because he has been yelping and howling for years, but we do not wish to empty the larder to the barking of vulgar and insatiable voracity.

#### AMERICA.

THE abandonment by General LEE of the line of the Rappahannock will have excited well-founded alarm in the Northern States. Whatever may be the object of the movement, it is certain that the Confederates are not simply and wantonly throwing away the fruits of a victorious campaign. The Commander-in-Chief, even if his numbers were scanty, had no attack to fear from his baffled and beaten opponent. A few regiments might have safely held Fredericksburg and the right bank of the river for the rest of the summer. The withdrawal of the Southern army proves that all its force was required elsewhere for some operation which bodes little good to the enemy. If General LEE is about to cross the mountains into Tennessee, while General BRAGG reinforces General JOHNSTONE before Vicksburg, the Northern army at Murfreesborough must be exposed to serious danger. A more probable explanation of the movement will perhaps be furnished by the next reports from Western Virginia, and from the line of the Upper Potomac. In crossing the river, and occupying the vacant position of Fredericksburg, General HOOKER is probably carrying out with imprudent fidelity the plans of his formidable adversary. He may be well assured that he will not find the road to Richmond open, except as part of a deliberate plan for tempting him to advance beyond reach of his resources. It is not impossible that General LEE may have moved southward to attack the Federal troops in North Carolina, at a time when they are weakened by the dissensions and the violent folly of their commanders. If such were his purpose, he could always return in time to cover the capital from an enemy advancing by the direct road from Fredericksburg. The more audacious policy of a march upon Washington would effectually compel General HOOKER to retrace his steps; but it



can scarcely be the interest of the Confederates to adopt any course which would frighten or irritate the Northern population into a general armament for purposes of defence. It would not even be worth while to invade Maryland, without a reasonable prospect of retaining possession of the State; for, although the inhabitants are for the most part friendly to the South, they could scarcely venture to display their inclinations, when they might at any moment be exposed, by the retreat of the Confederate army, to the vengeance of the Northern generals. A campaign in Pennsylvania would be even less profitable, although it would be pleasant to retaliate the sufferings of Virginia on a Federal State.

It has become doubtful whether the unusual energy of the Federal commanders in the West will be rewarded by success. The determination to make a simultaneous attack on Vicksburg and on Port Hudson was alike, bold and prudent. For almost the first time the Federalists have known how to profit by their overwhelming numbers, and they have understood that it was almost impossible that both garrisons should be relieved at the same moment. Yet their hopes have for the present been disappointed by the strength of the works, and by the obstinate valour of the defenders. If General BANKS lost a fifth of his force in one unsuccessful assault, it is scarcely probable that he will undertake any fresh operation more hazardous than a regular siege. If Vicksburg is relieved, the attempt against Port Hudson will almost necessarily be abandoned. In the mean time, the exposure of the besieging armies under a summer sun will rapidly thin their ranks. There seems to be little ground for the belief that Vicksburg will prove to be the Sebastopol of the Confederates. The Russians were exhausted by the enormous distance which separated the centre of the Empire from the scene of operations. The Allies, on the other hand, were after the battle of Inkerman practically secure from attack while they prosecuted their approaches to the fortress. If General JOHNSTONE finds it possible to advance with a superior force to the relief of Vicksburg, General GRANT can have occupied no position in which he will be secure from attack. Although the banks of the Mississippi are a thousand miles from Richmond, the whole of the intervening space is traversed by railways in the possession of the Confederates, and Vicksburg itself is nearer the centre than the extremity of the Southern States. Yet, in one respect, the Federals have the advantage over the English and French armies in the Crimea, as there is a nearer approach to a complete investment of the fortress by land and by water. The garrison of Sebastopol, down to the capture of the southern part of the town, communicated freely with the interior through the army in the field; but the surrender of Vicksburg, unless the place is relieved, can only be a question of time. The besieging force is strong enough to confine the garrison to its defences, and it can itself receive unlimited reinforcements by the river. The fate of the place will ultimately be decided by operations in the field, and perhaps by a battle. The result of GRANT'S enterprise will probably exercise considerable influence on political movements.

It is possible that the importance of the Peace meeting at New York may have been exaggerated, as almost any speaker can collect an audience in that populous city for almost any purpose. The significance of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD'S new agitation consists in the boldness and assured impunity of his demand for peace. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has, with the full approval of the Republican faction, been arbitrarily punished for expressing, in moderate language, the opinions which are deliberately embodied in the resolutions of the New York meeting. The PRESIDENT and his advisers are fully aware that the Governor of New York, who has denounced their unconstitutional violence, is legally and actually commander-in-chief of the formidable State militia. An attempt to arrest Mr. FERNANDO WOOD might have been resisted by superior force; and the eager advocates of tyranny would instantly have turned on their leaders, if they had found that they were on the weaker side. It is difficult to judge whether any considerable party has from the first been in favour of peace. The Democrats, although they were unanimous in deprecating the attempt to coerce the seceders, were afterwards carried away by the general enthusiasm for the maintenance and restoration of the Union. Interest in the fortunes of a war often supersedes and obliterates all recollection of the causes of quarrel, and it is only when weariness has induced reaction that the policy which might have prevented a rupture is resumed, in the hope that it may suggest the conditions of peace. Acquiescence in the independence of the South may be less distasteful to the Democrats, because they can fairly throw on their opponents the chief responsibility for the irrevocable character of the disruption. The abortive proclamation which the Abolitionists extorted

from the vacillating PRESIDENT was alone equivalent to renunciation of all future reunion. The Democratic party has not proposed the alternative of absolute conquest or final separation, and now it is at liberty to select, in the Republican dilemma, the smaller of two evils. The conventional assertion, that peace offers the only chance of restoring the Union, is merely intended to provide an excuse for repentant supporters of the war who have learned to despair of their enterprise. Historically or retrospectively, the proposition may have been formerly true; but the independence of the Confederate States is no longer a subject of negotiation. Peace means recognition, and abandonment of all projects of conquest. The immediate effect of Mr. WOOD'S movement will probably be visible in the renewed energy of the Republicans in the prosecution of the war. They may argue, with much plausibility, that success in the field is not so hopeless as attempts to talk the Confederates over. On the other hand, the North could only hope to exhaust or exterminate the hostile population when it was itself unanimous.

The capture of Vicksburg might perhaps embolden the Government to venture on enforcing the conscription, but the excitement of victory can alone overcome the popular repugnance to an unprecedented sacrifice. The bulk of the community has hitherto suffered neither in purse nor in person. A mortgage on the property of the country, perhaps never to be redeemed, has sufficed to purchase the services of a sufficient number of volunteers. To resist an invasion, every able-bodied man in the Federal States would perhaps be willing to enter the ranks of the army; but experience must show whether revenge and ambition will be as effective as patriotism. Twenty millions of men, irrevocably bent on a single object, must finally defeat or kill off four or five millions, in despite of all inequalities of political or military aptitude. If the conscription proves to be popular and successful, the Confederates may almost despair; but for the present they may reflect with satisfaction that a flag has been raised in New York, to which unwilling conscripts may rally as Democratic advocates of peace. English partisans, who have gratuitously identified themselves with American factions, will be seriously embarrassed if peace becomes popular, while abolition once more goes out of fashion. Speakers at meetings in London glibly assert that the persecution of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was justifiable; but the Government and Legislature of New York, and the citizens of Philadelphia, who have some facilities for understanding the subject, denounce as acts of lawless oppression the arrest, the punishment, and the refusal by a servile judge of legal redress. It might be desirable to conciliate the dominant Republicans, if it were certain that their rivals might not succeed to power; but those who have watched American transactions more carefully than the Emancipation Society cannot forget that, for half a century, the Democrats directed the policy of the United States. During all that time the demagogues of the ruling party were in the habit of denouncing English interference with American institutions, and the same clamour will be renewed if the opponents of the war succeed in recovering their ascendancy. A plain-spoken writer in a New York paper recommends the peace and war Democrats to act cordially together, and respectively to tolerate their differences of opinion. As the dissension scarcely goes deeper than the phrases which they think it expedient to use, the advice may not improbably be followed. A war Democrat is an adversary of the Government who professes to desire reunion by conquest, and a peace Democrat is simply an adversary of the Government. The Republicans are aware that both sections of their opponents really aim at the same result.

#### THE FRENCH BISHOPS.

THE document issued by the heads of the Church in France seems harmless enough to a casual reader. The Bishops were asked by electors what good men were to do at such a time as the present—whether they should vote at all, and if so, for what kind of candidates. The Bishops answered, and, at any rate, the beginning of their answer sounded just like what bishops should say on such a subject. The priests were told to show more charity than ever, and never to forget that they would be the pastors of the conquered as well as of the conquerors. Such advice would not have been very palatable to the Tory electioneering parson of the old school in England; but it is good in itself, and as good in France as anywhere. The Bishops even rose to a higher flight of political sagacity, when they urged the priests not to forget their country, and said that religion ought not to stifle patriotism. That the priest is a citizen, and has human interests and duties to the State, is a truth which the bishops of the Romish Church

sometimes put at the bottom of a very deep well. It requires great local knowledge to decide whether a sneer at the Government that has avowedly tried to pay the clergy to be quiet is intended in the instruction which follows, not to yield to the illusions of a debased heart, and declare for the party that promises most for the presbytery or the sacristy. It is almost going beyond the possibilities of man's imperfect nature to hope that priests will really be permanently indifferent to the gifts which, for the sake of the Church, they most covet. There is excellent sense, too, in the episcopal remark that it is in the highest degree foolish to count upon the lottery of events, and to trust for a desired change to sudden calamities. In other words, it is absurd for Frenchmen to refrain from using their civic privileges until their EMPEROR is shot. And the Bishops are able to appeal to the Bible, and to find a decisive case in their favour. ST. PAUL, when he had to exercise the rights of a Roman citizen, did not hesitate for a moment, and availed himself at once of all his privileges.

Nor is there any reason to blame the Bishops for openly saying that they hope all who respect them will vote only for candidates pledged to maintain the temporal power of the POPE. This is the thing for which they most care; and, if Bishops are appealed to as the guides of the faithful, they can scarcely be expected to refrain from speaking on the topics next their heart. A Bishop, like every one else, wishes his party to win, and his party stands upon the necessity of having the POPE at Rome. The Government, too, had not been neutral. It had tried to throw out some of the deputies who sat in the last Chamber, on the express ground that they had been too energetic and free in their advocacy of Papal interests. If the Government tried to turn these men out, surely the Bishops might try to get them in. And if it is not a provocation to describe to a despotic government what is the real nature of its own proceedings, facts at least would amply justify the assertion made by the Bishops, that things are still in a very critical position, and that the most that can be said is that no decision adverse to the POPE has as yet been taken. The Bishops, too, acknowledge that even the zeal of the devout gets cold; and that they are so fatigued with discussing the question of the temporal power, that they might only too easily acquiesce in a violent and adverse decision if pronounced by the Government. Therefore, a political demonstration on behalf of the Church, and more especially on behalf of the temporal power, was sorely needed, and the Bishops set themselves to get up all the agitation they could. Perhaps they went a little too far when they further asserted that it was just such an opposition as they had suggested that the Government really desired. They introduce a kind of imaginary dialogue in which the EMPEROR, under the name of the Government, is made to point out that if he is not well informed, counselled, and controlled, France may be exposed to danger in her interests, her finances, and her policy, which he alone cannot avert. This is not exactly the language held either by the EMPEROR himself or by M. DE PERSIGNY. That irascible official might be pardoned an expletive or two of a kind that Bishops would regret to provoke, on finding himself represented by the leaders of the clergy as having said that he personally longed to be controlled, and that there were dangers which he and his master could not avert without the assistance of a good sprinkling of Ultramontane deputies.

But to English readers the whole document seems nothing more than a fair party manifesto, written by men who are by no means insincere in those declarations of charity and mildness which their profession exacts from them, but who know what an election is, and who are determined to carry their friends and beat their opponents. Nor is it certain that even in France the document would not have been passed by unnoticed, had it not been for the manner in which it was published. It was first communicated to the newspapers, and it proceeded from the Bishops as a body, or rather from several of the most distinguished and influential of their number, who virtually represented the rest, or, at least, represented all except any bishop like that wonderful prelate who devoted himself to defeating M. DE MONTALEMBERT. Legally, perhaps, bishops may have as good a right to put their opinions in newspapers as any one else, and it seems a curious straining of the law to hold, as it is said the Government intend to maintain ought to be held, that a collective letter to a newspaper from seven Bishops is equivalent to holding a national council, to hold which without the express permission of the Government is forbidden. But if the question is viewed, not legally, but with that consideration of social and political interests which in France is above law, it is not so clear that the Government is wrong. It may be a dangerous precedent that the Bishops should come forward as a body, and address, not the clergy or laity of their own dioceses through a re-

cognised clerical channel, but all the readers of a secular newspaper. We have had something of the same sort in England lately, and we have most of us come to the conclusion that it has been a very bad precedent. We have had our Bench of Bishops coming out with their collective edicts in the *Times*, and it is evident that this might easily give rise to an assumption of a new kind of power. In England, the danger would be social, not political; and the Bishops would try to cow society into an obedience to episcopal decisions, and not to produce political changes, although even that might come in time. Most fortunately, the Bishops in England tried the experiment in the worst possible way for themselves. They made themselves ridiculous. Society rebelled when it found, one morning, that the *Times* contained a tremendous episcopal thunderbolt against Sunday excursion trains; and the vague respect for episcopal authority in theological matters died away before the absurdity of their all joining to implore silence from an adversary whom they took no steps to refute, and from whom, if they disagreed, none of them explained how. But if the Bishops had managed matters a little better—if the first few specimens of their joint missives had been sensible and to the point, and had guided men's minds to a right decision—the precedent might easily have been established, and whenever they could agree among themselves they might have earned a sort of title to say from time to time what good people ought to do and think on all matters with which religion can be supposed to be connected. And as this gives so very wide an area, there might have come a time when a collective letter from the Bishops in the *Times* might have exercised at least as much of a gentle but irresistible pressure as is felt when the wishes of the Court are supposed to have been ascertained on any matter in which the Court is alleged by popular rumour to have interested itself; and the Bishops would busy themselves with subjects in which the Court would have too much discretion and tact to interfere.

Therefore the danger against which the French Government wishes to guard does not seem to us a wholly imaginary one. There, it is not society and social liberty, but itself and its own existence, that the Government wishes to protect. It would be a source of reasonable anxiety to any despotism if there stood by its side a Church having interests in many respects hostile to its own, and the leaders of which were accustomed to meet together and issue political manifestoes through the newspapers. This is more than a Government represented by M. DE PERSIGNY can be expected to stand, and we cannot be surprised that he and his colleagues are determined to put down at once so dangerous an innovation. It is the instinct of a wise despotism, and certainly it is the habit of the French Government, never to despise its enemies. The Bishops could not do much harm now, but they might be very troublesome hereafter. At present their cause is not triumphant. The Government is, as they say, very undecided about Rome. Ministerial authority, and the jobbing of traitors to the clerical party, have lessened the number of Deputies who are earnest in the defence of the temporal power. France does not seem to trouble itself about the POPE, having taxes and Zouaves to think of, and, worst of all, even the pious are, it is feared, beginning to be a little bored with the Papal cause. The Government has, therefore, rather less than usual to fear from the clergy. But that does not tempt it to relax its vigilance. It scents danger from afar, and has foresight enough to calculate that the practice of Bishops joining to write letters to the newspapers might be very inconvenient some day. For if it so happened that, from any cause, the authority of the Bishops, at a time when they were at variance with the Government, was greatly respected, and their opinions received with deference and general interest, the very current of popular feeling in their favour would then make it more difficult to deal with them. The Government, therefore, being wise in its generation, determines to kick them when they are down, and not wait till they are up and strong. And, however much we may like to see any honest and bold expression of opinion in France, and however entirely we assent to the doctrine that a priest is a much better man if he takes his share in the duties and rights of a citizen, we can scarcely regret that this particular form of expressing political opinion should be stopped.

#### THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

THE first feeling that is inspired by a perusal of the gaities that have been going on at Oxford is one of profound commiseration for the unhappy PRINCESS who was doomed to go through them. To the throngs of residents and visitors



who followed the Royal party from one entertainment to another, it appears to have been a very delightful occasion. But the delight was largely compounded, if it was not entirely made up, of the excitement of trying to get a good view of the PRINCESS in every possible situation and attitude. To greet the PRINCESS as she drove in over Magdalen Bridge, to watch her as she entered the theatre, to see how she sat down in the gorgeous chair of state, to study her face as she passed through the trial of Lord DERBY's graceful Latin compliments and of the undergraduate poetasters' broad English flattery—to see her eat, to see her walk, to get a good view of her as she danced—the effort to do all these things gave an intense and very innocent pleasure to many hundreds of people. But it was difficult to forget that the entertainment might possibly wear a very different aspect when looked at from an opposite point of view. It is a pleasant thing to see an exhibition, especially when it is a beautiful one, and of a sort with which you are not familiar. But it is not quite so agreeable to be the exhibition yourself. And then the labour was very unequally distributed between the two parties who came together to see and to be seen. The pleasure-seeking throng were under no obligation to see more of the various shows and entertainments, which were packed so closely into every day, than their inclination or physical strength disposed them to see. There was enough, and more than enough of them, to perform the service by reliefs. But for the unhappy centre of this laborious gaiety there was neither respite nor repose. No ten hours' clause was passed for her. After a journey from London, artificially lengthened for the purpose of exhibiting her more completely, she was pitilessly dragged from her carriage to a review, from the review to the theatre, from the theatre to the bazaar, from the bazaar to the great dinner, from the dinner to the ball. When the ancient Teutons admitted a young man to rank among their warriors, it was their custom to try his endurance by recondite contrivances for inflicting suffering and hardship. The authorities at Oxford, in the performance of their office as educators of youth, appear to have been acting upon this ancient precedent in training their future Queen for the duties of her toilsome career. Unfortunately, they have not been the only volunteer educators upon this principle. The embrace with which the nation welcomes its favourites is hearty, but somewhat clumsy, and may possibly overpower the object of its enthusiastic sentiments.

Yet no one could have wished that the PRINCESS should have lost this opportunity of seeing an Oxford Commemoration in its glory. There is absolutely nothing like it in the world, for the strangely various elements of national life it brings together. The peculiarity of the thing, the key-note to which the whole ceremony is tuned, is that everyone shall do that which he is least accustomed to do. For that occasion only, academical proceedings are conducted, not by a University official, but by the political leader of a Parliamentary party, who is put for the purpose into a mediæval dress, and forced to make speeches in Latin. The seats ordinarily occupied by the Doctors of Divinity are filled by young noblemen, veteran political partisans, and other persons equally innocent of any acquaintance with that sacred science; while the majority of the *venerabilis Convocatio*, who are addressed by the CHANCELLOR in all the solemnity of the ancient forms, consists principally of gaily apparelled ladies. The transformation does not stop there. Heads of Houses, and Doctors of Divinity, for the time being, assume the outer semblance of a body of (somewhat civilized) aldermen. They form a sort of standing Committee of Entertainment, and are generally to be seen in a state of despairing excitement, running after GUNTER's men. Professors and Tutors become for the nonce squires of dames, and, as long as the Saturnalia last, have no soul for anything but tickets. For the time, the Undergraduates are the only people who seem to exercise anything like command. Their good will is all important at the balls; they are absolute upon the river; and in the theatre they are not only despots, but tyrants. Like all who wield a traditional power, handed down from a remote ancestry, they have learned, to some extent, to adapt their imperious will to the feelings of those over whom they rule. They have king-craft enough only to offend those who are too weak to resist them. Against any of the erudite mob in the area who may chance to be quaintly dressed, or may forget to take his hat off, they rage with unbridled fury; and they are not very tender to ladies who appear in eccentric colours. The Public Orator, reciting the Crewian Oration in Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, is looked upon as fair game, specially bagged and turned

out for their amusement by the provident authorities. His very appearance is regarded as the institution of a competitive examination in impromptu undergraduate wit. But towards the great people, who were not inured by long practice to the difficulties of delivering a speech under a fire of sarcastic comments from the gallery, they showed laudable self-restraint. They did not interfere, except by applause at the appropriate points, throughout the whole length of Lord DERBY's brilliant address; and their bearing towards the PRINCE and PRINCESS, though overwhelmingly enthusiastic, was never deficient in respect. Their noisy freedom, in its curious combination with order and self-restraint, is not a bad sample of the external uncouthness and substantial soundness of English institutions generally. It would have been difficult to show to a foreigner a better illustration of the way in which substantial respect for Government is ensured by allowing to every one almost unlimited license of shouting and banter.

It is to be feared that the PRINCESS cannot have carried away so favourable an idea of other developments of our civilization. The Muse of poetry at Oxford has seldom disgraced herself so lamentably. The Congratulatory Odes deserve the worst that has been said of them. That they should be wordy, unmeaning, empty, was almost a necessary incident of their character, unless they had been confided to the hands of first-rate and practical poets. But these qualifications were brought out in painful relief by the spasmodic and ambitious contortions of language in which, in attempted imitation of the fashion of the day, it was sought to clothe thoughts that were almost inevitably commonplace. The first ode was the best, or at least the most harmless. "Town of towers" was an odd periphrasis for the peaceful city of Oxford, and "Student-Prince" might perhaps be objected to as a designation doubtfully appropriate. On the other hand, the PRINCE might fairly complain that an exhortation to remember his Oxford reception "in the calm, wise after-time," implied that his present time was neither calm nor wise. But at least the first ode was intelligible, and not ill-bred. Neither of these compliments could be paid to its successor. It was a very strange composition; but we have no space to unravel its merits. It is full of passages which will give the New Zealander infinite trouble to interpret whenever he shall arrive to explore our antiquities. There is one about the shouts "rising aloft to the startled sky, from a thousand seas" where the traders ply," which implies a somewhat sanguine estimate of commercial enthusiasm; and another requesting the ploughmen and weavers in the neighbourhood to leave off their work during the Commemoration—"Let the looms be stilled and the fields untilled, for the City's festive glee!"—an exhortation which, besides the extreme improbability of its being attended to, implies the unhistoric statement that there are looms in the neighbourhood of Oxford to be stilled. Then there is a still more mysterious assertion—to which, until better advised, we must absolutely demur—that on the day of the PRINCESS's arrival in England the Australian diggers gave up working for nuggets:—

And the sun-browned deliver far away  
Sought not the golden ore that day,  
Yielding his soul to mirth and play  
On England's jubilee.

If there is any truth in the statement so confidently hazarded, it may be safely assumed that "play" is to be construed technically. But these and many other minor absurdities pale before the gem of the piece—the apostrophe, which it needed all an undergraduate's freedom from bashfulness to recite to a lady's face:—

So fair a bride, with those sweet, trustful eyes,  
So fair, so good, a royal prize,  
The gem of all the isle.  
Who can see her and not love her?  
Brighter seems the sky above her.

This lover-like address, delivered by an undergraduate to a young PRINCESS, in the presence of some thousands of hearers, had at least the effect of lending a novel complexion to the proceedings. If the value of achievements is to be measured by their rarity, the cool impertinence of a Prize Ode, which had been selected by many learned Doctors for the PRINCESS's special entertainment, will not be the least memorable of the recollections of the Commemoration of 1863.

#### OLD STAGERS.

IN a paper on the writings of M. Prévost Paradol, which he has lately reprinted, M. Sainte-Beuve has given a very candid exposition of his political opinions. He expresses a great admiration of the wit and vigour of M. Prévost Paradol's writings, and we may be sure that in so good a judge of French composition this admiration is sincere. But he cannot agree with the general drift

of M. Prévost Paradol's politics, and in a friendly, and, perhaps, rather patronising way, he proceeds to say what he himself thinks on political matters, and why it is better and wiser than what M. Prévost Paradol thinks. He has had much more experience, is a good deal older, and has, he conceives, thought things out more than the brilliant essayist whom he criticizes, and so he may claim to speak with some authority. M. Sainte-Beuve is satisfied with the Second Empire. He approves of it philosophically and practically. He honestly owns that if other people want more than to be allowed to criticize quietly standard authors, under the government of a man who, "to the power of Louis XIV., unites the tradition of democratic ideas," he does not. M. Prévost Paradol, on the other hand, wants political liberty, the Parliamentary system, and all that idle licence of speaking and writing to which the Second Empire has put a happy end. There is nothing very new in the line of argument which M. Sainte-Beuve adopts. Substantially it is the same as that which every *préfet* learns from M. de Persigny. And at the end of it, we shall probably think as we thought before, and our sympathies will be with M. Prévost Paradol rather than with his critic. But in one way M. Sainte-Beuve's remarks are worth reading, for no writing could better illustrate the habitual mode of thinking which marks the old political stager—the man who has come to a sound and moderate conclusion in politics, as he hopes, who has seen what the world is like, and, having got pretty well to the bottom of parties, and creeds, and fine phrases of all sorts, accepts and praises that which he finds established. There are plenty of such men to be found in every country—men who see, with a mixture of pity and amusement, the fresh and ardent spirits that long to rush into the arena, and to say the same old familiar things about the same old familiar high principles, and who themselves have a proud and melancholy satisfaction in thinking that what separates them from these zealous young people is not any real difference of opinion, but simply twenty or thirty years more of political experience.

M. Sainte-Beuve would do little justice to this class of politician if he was merely a worn-out time-server who, tired of life and of men, sought peace and comfort in crying up the powerful. The old stager whom M. Sainte-Beuve represents is a much better and more thoughtful kind of man. He offers to argue on fair ground with M. Prévost Paradol, or any one else, and to show that Imperialism is, to say the least, as good as any other system, and more likely than any other to suit the French. It is true that men who have any power of reflection, or any political sagacity, or any special knowledge, may wish to devote their peculiar gift to the service of their country, and could scarcely be satisfied with the government of a master who ignored them, and ruled them and every one else with a rod of iron. But then this is not what happens under the Second Empire. The Government is not representative, M. Sainte-Beuve says, but consultative. The opinion of all who are capable of giving an opinion is taken into consideration, and allowed all its due weight before the Emperor acts. The real wishes of France have been studied and obeyed during the last ten years, and what more could have been done under the best of representative systems? At any rate, France likes this consultative *régime*, and those who object to it are really confounding England with France. Representation for the English who like it—consultation for the French who prefer it. That is, a wise diversity of government in accordance with the genius of each people is the doctrine of true wisdom, and of M. Sainte-Beuve. Among those politicians in England who are of M. Sainte-Beuve's way of thinking, no line of argument is more common. They point out that we must be wise enough to take what we can get, and that what we do get in England generally gives us all that we substantially want. The thing is done, somehow, that ought to be done. Theoretically, there may be mistakes and shortcomings, but, practically, it is all tolerably right. Or, if there are inconsistencies, and silly talk, and blunderings—if important points are decided by an appeal to prejudices, and greatness is sacrificed to mediocrity—it is all uncommonly English. We must remember what John Bull is like, and humour and consult him. We are asked, indeed, to go further, and be proud of him, and everything he does; and, arguing from his general nobleness of character, and the fact that anything connected with him exists, to conclude that it ought to exist. Every one who remembers how often a thing is justified on the singularly simple and easy ground that it is "eminently English," will allow that M. Sainte-Beuve has plenty of people to keep him in countenance when he defends the Second Empire because it is so "eminently French."

And it must be acknowledged that there is a great amount of truth in this way of looking at things. It is not to be supposed that an old stager like M. Sainte-Beuve, who has lived for a quarter of a century in the most educated society of Paris, who has lived in daily intercourse with statesmen, and officials, and people of all kinds of society, and who has a profound acquaintance with all that has been written in France in the last two centuries, is at all likely to take up a political view which is purely and obviously absurd. It is an immense thing that the substantial wants of any nation should be understood, considered, and satisfied, whether the Government under which this is done is the Government of one man or a hundred. It is a very legitimate ground of praise to say that any institution, whether good or bad in itself, is in harmony with the tastes and traditions of the country where it is found. The old stager in politics is pretty nearly right as a general rule, so far as he goes. We may be sure, for example,

that any man of ability who has been in the House of Commons for twenty years has some practical appreciation of what will go down in the country, and of what can be got through in the House, and that a new and ardent member will have to adopt many of the views of the old stager before he gets into the governing circles. Nor is the way in which M. Sainte-Beuve treats his young friend or foe without a general justification. It is true that the young are always repeating the same old things, and that their imaginations are always being captivated by the same dreams. The reason why the young politician clamours for his ideal is because it does not exist; and it does not exist because, as the old stager has found out, it cannot exist—because men will not be driven, and stoutly resist all improvements that they do not want, and can never be got beyond a certain standard. There is also much truth in a remark which M. Sainte-Beuve makes, that the opinions of the young, although seeming to themselves based on principles of universal reason, are really connected with, if not suggested by, their own private hopes and wishes. A young politician longs for political liberty, not so much that the nation may be free, as that he personally may have a good opportunity of distinguishing himself. The old stager sees through and smiles at this innocent self-delusion.

Perhaps the most characteristic part of M. Sainte-Beuve's paper is that in which he comes down to the lower ground of personal advantage, and teaches M. Prévost Paradol that he has really got just as much under the Empire as he could have got under a free Government. This is entirely in the line of the old stager. He is quite willing to discuss general principles, but he knows perfectly well that people do not live for them alone, and that a clever man wants a career. He, therefore, undertakes to show that the Empire gives M. Prévost Paradol quite as much as he could have got in any other way. If the Parliamentary system had continued, what, M. Sainte-Beuve asks, would M. Prévost Paradol have done, and what would have become of him? He must have chosen some party and some leader to stick to. He would have been at the mercy of his party and leader. He would have had to waste his time in dancing attendance on great people. He would have had to undergo a constant succession of personal mortifications. Besides, who would have been his leader? Probably M. Thiers, and much good that would have done him. M. Thiers had a very short reign of power during which to compensate the fidelity of his followers, and it is by no means certain he would have stuck by his friends if he could. M. Prévost Paradol might have been sucked like an orange, and then thrown away. Or possibly, in the enthusiasm of youth, M. Prévost Paradol might have followed M. Saint-Marc Girardin, for whom he is known to have a profound admiration and respect. A pretty leader to follow this would be—a man who has never been in office at all. It is true that M. Prévost Paradol might have written as much as he liked in the papers, and made a great reputation as a journalist. But he may write now. He has, as a matter of fact, acquired a great literary reputation under the Second Empire, and what more could he want? He has to publish pamphlets instead of writing leading articles, but that is only a question of form. Either way he achieves distinction, and has the gratification of pouring out wit which he knows will be immediately read, enjoyed, and admired. That a man who has got all this should want to upset institutions that are "eminently French," because he cannot have the satisfaction of hanging on to the skirts of a leader like M. Thiers, who would alternately use and snub him, or like M. Saint-Marc Girardin, who would never get into office at all, is simply absurd.

There is much in this line of argument which is typical of the class to which M. Sainte-Beuve belongs. Nothing is more common in English political life than to make the mistake into which M. Sainte-Beuve so transparently falls, and to assume that political parties will go on just as they are, and that the same men will always be at the top of the tree, and that the position of men and things which exists, and which is familiar, will continue. Although it is fifteen years since the Parliamentary system came to an end in France, M. Sainte-Beuve speaks as if those fifteen years would have made no difference—as if those who then had had but a short tenure of office would have had no more official life by this time, and those then untried in office would still be excluded from it. M. Sainte-Beuve strikes us as being, so far as the thing is possible, a complete instance of a French Whig, with the same theory of the inherent necessity for the continuance of power in the same hands, the same philosophical defence for doing little, the same assumption that he and his friends have a sort of monopoly of enlightened patriotism. And the Whigs have long held the same sort of faith about the chances of political life, and have proclaimed that it is no good a young man going out of the beaten line, and that office must be held for ever by those who have held it already. And both M. Sainte-Beuve and the Whigs have the same kind of justification. There is some sense in what they say, and it is in accordance with a certain amount of experience. The regular Whig official has his usefulness. He knows his work pretty well, and he wants, in a vague way, to satisfy the country, and he hopes—so far as is consistent with comfort, and a clean shirt, and a neat house, and domestic obsequiousness—that he "inherits the tradition of democratic ideas." He is also perfectly satisfied, and with about as good reason as M. Sainte-Beuve, that it pays best to be a Whig, and that a young man who might be a Whig, but declines, is a great fool. There are only two answers, one personal and the other general, and they apply equally to the Whig and the Imperialist.



It may be better to be as they are now, but possibly it may not be better in ten years. But this is only a guess as to personal advantage. The real difference between the old stager and the man who thinks and feels for his country, and aspires that she may be great and free, is one that cannot be tested by any standard of personal advantage—not even by that of political probability. Even if he is not likely to succeed for his country or himself, a man like M. Prévost Paradol may still refuse, and wisely refuse, to give up the aspirations and the aims that are the salt of his life.

#### PRECURSORS.

THERE is a class of writers who are distinguished by the special gift of being able to understand, before other people, the signs of the times. To use an unsatisfactory phrase, they are in advance of their age, and show in all their works a sense of the fact that the course of events is bringing up for solution a set of questions the character of which they apprehend, very often indistinctly enough, but still long before their neighbours. One of the first features of the literature of the last century which strike a reader of the present day is the general air of satisfaction which pervades a great part of it. Innumerable writers, especially in our own country, seem to have felt and written as if the course of affairs had produced a state of stable equilibrium both in politics and society. It was so in poetry, it was so in art, it was so pre-eminently in history. Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and the other great men of that age, wrote history with a serene, untroubled, and unsympathetic air, which looks as if they had never seen great events, and did not know how to understand descriptions of them. It is only in a few detached instances that the coming events cast their shadow over the minds of the great writers of that day, and that they show a dim forecast of the convulsion in which the century was to end. Here and there, however, such feelings may be traced—more frequently in France than in England, for obvious reasons. The deep-seated abuses, and the enormous masses of lying and corruption in high places, which made French society a whited sepulchre, did act upon the imagination of some of those who lived amongst them, and did lead them to foresee some great change in the state of the society in which they lived. The reader of the most characteristic works both of Rousseau and Voltaire, to say nothing of less illustrious names, finds himself at once in a modern world. The questions considered, and the spirit in which they are dealt with, are to a great extent those of our own time and country; and the books in which they are contained constitute, though with remarkable exceptions, a series of protests against the order of things in the midst of which the writers lived. The French Revolution gave an extraordinary impulse to what may be called sympathetic literature. Ever since it fairly took hold, not merely of the understanding, but of the imagination of the world at large, a wonderful power of comprehending the questions which interested past times, and a strong propensity to pry into those which will interest our descendants, have been observable. One marked illustration—though not, perhaps, a very important one—is to be found in the growth of historical novels. Such a book as *Ivanhoe* could not have been written before the French Revolution. This power of sympathizing with the past involved the power of looking beyond the present, and to specify the remarkable writers in whom it has shown itself would be to criticize all the most remarkable works of the last sixty years. A few names may be mentioned as examples. One of the earliest and most striking instances of the peculiar temperament which belongs to precursors was afforded by Joseph De Maistre. It is difficult to believe, in reading the *Soirées de St. Petersburg*, that it was written half a century ago. The tone, the temper, the arguments are all those of a later period. Large parts of the book read as if they had been written expressly to anticipate Dr. Newman, whilst others sound like a refutation of Comte. Indeed, this eminent person observed, with some truth, that if Aristotle and St. Paul had done something in the way of heralds to Auguste Comte, his immediate precursor was De Maistre. Lamennais was a man not, indeed, of the same order, but with the same prospective turn of mind; and the history of French Socialism on the one hand, and of one component element of Italian Liberalism on the other, testifies to the influence which he exerted over his generation.

Of precursors in the modern history of our own country, none was more conspicuous, or on the whole less understood, than Dr. Newman. Whenever the history of the movement in which he was by far the most remarkable agent comes to be written by a person capable of understanding it, the facts that he influenced deeply many of the most powerful minds of his generation in their most vital part, and that he foresaw the great religious controversy now beginning a quarter of a century earlier than the rest of the world, will be invested with the prominence which they deserve. The famous sermon which declared that in science the earth might move round the sun, but that in theology the sun moved round the earth, contains not so much the germ of almost all our subsequent controversies as one possible result of them, which some minds have already reached, whilst others are on the high road to it. Dr. Newman was a marvellously persuasive and sympathetic precursor. To a smaller audience, and perhaps in a narrower way, Dr. Arnold was even more persuasive; but these names, and those of all other English precursors, grow pale before the two great names which stand, as it were, on opposite sides of the passage from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century—Coleridge and Bentham.

Mr. Mill has well said that the whole history of the present generation has flowed from the ideas of which they were the representatives, and that any one who could rise to the point from which their respective creeds would appear as opposite sides of one larger faith would have practically solved some of the greatest problems of the age.

It should be observed that the qualities which make a man a precursor are by no means the most admirable in the world, nor are they the most highly paid. They consist, apparently, in quick sympathy, great force of imagination, and that power in judging of the general course of events which, if displayed in small private affairs, would be tact. The possession of all these gifts is perfectly consistent with a total absence of those powers which, if we could choose, most men would wish to possess. For instance, that calm, large, masculine understanding which can grasp a great subject, seize upon its material points, mould it into shape, and draw the inferences which the necessity of the case requires—the royal gift which, in the transaction of all the affairs of life, is beyond all price—is by no means essential to the character of a precursor, and is not found more often in connexion with that than with other characters. Of the eminent men mentioned above, Bentham was the only one who can be said to have possessed it; and the most remarkable feature in Bentham's mind was the union of the two powers—the minute, lawyer-like sagacity which can clear up confusion, and the grasp which can not only see, but influence, the tendencies of a generation. As a general rule, it would seem that, in order to be a true precursor, a man must have some of the feminine elements of character in excess. He must be excitable. He must really care about, and feel his comfort affected by, matters which lie far off from him, and may never happen at all. He is none the less effective for a tendency to exaggeration; and, above all, he must have strong, and may have utterly unreasonable, likes and dislikes. Rousseau was far more of a precursor than Voltaire, and he derived his powers from sources which it is easier to understand than to respect. The stern, manly habit of mind which leads a man to make the best of what cannot be helped, to dream few dreams, and to reckon on nothing unusual—the temper which deliberately says, with Dr. Johnson, "Sir, this is a world in which there is much to be done and little to be known"—is very unfit for a precursor. Yet this is the temper which enables a man to govern the world when it is well governed. It is one of the most striking of the many difficulties and contradictions presented by human life, that the best and wisest men often appear to know less than fools. It is out of the mouths of babes and sucklings that the approach of great changes is most frequently announced. It is by the assistance of weak and credulous people that they are effected.

It does not follow that a man approves of the changes of which he is the herald. On the contrary, as often as not, he views them with dread, and, if he saw them actually accomplished, would feel the most eager indignation against them. It was his keen perception of the tendencies of the age, and his bitter hatred of them, that drove Dr. Newman to Rome. It is curious to speculate on the feelings with which Voltaire would have regarded the Revolution which he did so much to bring about. He was, for all practical purposes, a Tory of the Tories. Nothing would have pleased him better than an absolute king surrounded by institutions full of historical curiosities, and prompted by philosophers to perform judicious experiments on a grateful people. It is difficult to realize the disgust with which he would have regarded the history of a great part of the last seventy years.

The most interesting question which these considerations suggest is, whether there are at present any precursors, and what it is that they forebode? What are the subjects which in the next generation will come up for discussion? The question is at present very harmless, if it is not very interesting. Our present state of mind was well expressed the other day by one of those admirable weekly cartoons with which we are supplied by *Punch*. Most of our readers know, better than we can tell them, how the International Derby was won by the good horse British Constitution, ridden by that rather heavy weight National Debt, and how France, Austria, Prussia, Rome, and the United and Confederate States were so completely beaten as not to be worth placing. Universal congratulation and a general chuckle and hand-shaking are very pleasant, and, if they could last indefinitely, would leave little or nothing to be desired. That they should so last is not to be expected, unless, indeed, the world has not only changed its mind, but got a new constitution to live under—a theory which does not seem very probable. It is, however, a singular question where we shall next break out—whence will come the storm which is at present hushed in a repose which, according to all rules, ought to be described as grim. From the nature of the English people, it may be inferred with confidence that it will be either religious or political, or both. Some persons may suppose—and there are many symptoms which at first sight might favour the suggestion—that we are on the brink of a great religious controversy. It may be true—it probably is true—that such a controversy will occur, and that it has already begun; but there is every reason to believe that, whatever may be the importance of the results ultimately produced, the controversy itself will be quiet to the last degree. If the liberal party in the Church of England carried their point to the very utmost, they would produce nothing but general liberty of speculation. They would convert the Church of

England into an endowed profession, with formularies, but without a creed, and they would secure the right of the clergy to convert on the Monday doctrines implied by the prayers which, in the discharge of their official duty, they read in church on the Sunday. If, on the other hand, they are utterly defeated or driven out of the Church, the only result will be the restriction of the liberty which at present exists. That neither party will get the extreme result at which they aim, may be predicted with great confidence; but it is also clear that their controversy, and how it will—especially if it ends in the modified victory of the party of movement, as such controversies usually do—can hardly excite any great popular feeling. It must go off into a question of criticism, verbal, historical, and scientific, which cannot be condensed into any such short popular issue as is required in order to make a considerable stir in the world. The nation at large will never interest itself passionately in an inquiry whether the fact that the last chapter of Deuteronomy was not written by Moses proves or not that Moses was not the author of the bulk of the Pentateuch.

In the event of the coming struggle, whenever it comes, being a political one, there are not wanting some signs of the direction which it is likely to take. There are indications that the old Socialist doctrines which have played so vigorous a part in France, and which were supposed to have been very effectually laid in what can scarcely be called a metaphorical Red Sea, have changed their skin, and are making considerable progress in certain classes of the population, and under more reasonable forms than they have hitherto worn. Take a mixture of physical science and philanthropic sentiment instead of a religion—associate people in Trades' Unions and Co-operative Stores—adopt Comte's moral and social doctrines, purified from the grotesque absurdities which he chose to affix to them in his later years—and you may make up as respectable an image to bow down to as is usually worshipped by a popular party. Signs that such a process is going on are not wanting. They may come to anything or nothing. At present, they are certainly sufficiently well marked to justify a transient curiosity; but, should they ultimately prove large enough to shelter all the fowls of heaven, they would not make so much difference in the end as one would at first be inclined to suppose. In the meantime, let us cultivate our cabbages.

#### THE PRIZES OF THE CHURCH.

AN unobtrusive announcement in the official portion of the official organ informed us last week that the Rev. George Drinkwater Bourne had been appointed by Lord Palmerston to the vacant Canonry of Canterbury. This piece of preferment was vacated by the death of Dr. Russell, and Dr. Russell was a man of mark. He was one of the very first men at Christchurch when Christchurch was, in attainments, as well as in rank, the first College in Oxford. Dr. Russell took the highest honours of the University at the outset of the Class List. At a very early age he became Master of the Charterhouse, where his success was a phenomenon; and after retaining that post for twenty-one years, he was promoted by the Crown to a Canonry of Canterbury and the distinguished living of Bishopsgate. It is not too much to say that Dr. Russell was, in his day, one of the very first of the London clergy. He held high posts of usefulness in the great Church Societies, and he was a leading man in every sense, both as a scholar and a man of business. At one time, as President of Sion College, he ruled the whole body of the City clergy. To succeed Dr. Russell was in itself no slight distinction; so that when Mr. Drinkwater Bourne rose like the sun in his strength, succeeding that bright Occidental star Dr. Russell, to use the language of the translators of the Bible, the clerical mind—to use a Malaprop metaphor—began to rub its eyes. Who was Mr. Drinkwater Bourne? It seemed like a reflection on the whole body of parsondom not to know one of its choicest ornaments. Hidden saints are the most precious, and lonely flowers or date-trees blossoming in the wilderness are the types of that rarer excellence which not only blushes unseen, but is the most excellent virtue. Lord Palmerston, everybody felt, must have had the rare chance of finding out merits which were the greater because they were so retiring. The *ignotum* was accepted as the *magnificum*.

But as the clerical mind is reverential, and accepts many things on faith, so it is also percontatorial. Modern thought, perhaps, has taught the clergy to be inquisitive. And so at ruri-decanal meetings people asked each other who the new Canon was; and as nobody knew, so everybody went to those useful manuals which are published, as for other reasons, so for the express purpose of informing everybody about everybody else's business in affairs clerical. These manuals are few, but by piecing their information together, and by hunting on what is at first a slow scent, a diligent inquirer can generally find out all that is to be known about every parson in England. First there is the *Oxford Calendar*, which informs us that Mr. G. Drinkwater Bourne, of Oriel College, took his B.A. degree in 1842, guiltless of any distinction in the schools; from which solitary fact it may be fairly concluded that he is nearly forty-two years of age. From the *Oxford Calendar* the usual step which the inquirer's mind takes is to the *Clergy List*, which manual tells us, with the subsidiary information of Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, that Mr. Bourne was ordained Deacon in 1845, and Priest in 1846; and that in the same year he was instituted, on the presentation of Mrs. Bourne, to the Rectory of Weston-sub-Edge, in the county of Gloucester,

a large city with the teeming population of 350 souls, and the trifling income of 811*l.*, or, in the gross, 900*l.* per annum. All this information amounts to but little. Mr. Bourne's composite patronymic merely suggests a sort of thirsty soul, which could drink down even a whole river of good things. Indeed, it seemed that he had not done badly in the Church; for at the very earliest moment he succeeded to a valuable family living of very large pay and very small work, which comfortable position he had occupied with ease, probably with dignity, possibly with usefulness to his small flock, for more than sixteen years. The Oxford Schools knew not Mr. Bourne; literature, and arts, and theology, knew not Mr. Bourne; for Crockford's *Directory* chronicles even every pamphlet which the most insignificant curate has ever been guilty of. This was all that inquiring clerks could make out of their fortunate brother. On the face of it, there was only an absolutely unknown clergyman, with a living of 900*l.* a-year, promoted to a canonry of 1,000*l.* a-year in addition, for no conceivable reason whatever. No doubt, out of the 20,000 clergymen in England—if that is their number—19,999 felt, and probably said, that each and all had just as good claims to this valuable preferment as Mr. Drinkwater Bourne. To say nothing of those rarer spirits who had done some service to the Church in theology or in administrative achievements, or who had made themselves a name in literature, who had spent their lives or their means in attempts at usefulness, who had starved in the slums of great cities, abounding only in good works and hitherto blessed with no more substantial rewards than the prayers of their flocks, there was absolutely not an insignificant curate or a lazy sinecurist whose claims to the stall, well furnished with rack and manger, were not at least equal to those of Mr. Drinkwater Bourne. Considering that he was already a rich man, and an utterly insignificant man, without the slightest name or faintest hold on public rewards, but standing, as he did, on the very lowest rung of the ladder of merit, he was the least qualified man in England for the post. This scale of least qualified of course embraces many, because those who have no qualifications are the multitude. But they all stand on the same level. No qualifications whatever may be predicated of every one of them; and so every one of them is equally the least qualified.

We were not, we must own, satisfied with these data. It seemed that there must be something behind, could we but hit upon the trail, which recommended Mr. Drinkwater Bourne to the patronage of Lord Palmerston. Now, the new canon's compound name suggested heirships and inheritance. So we betook ourselves to Burke's *Landed Gentry*, another of those useful books which encourage the laudable duty of minding other people's business. Amidst sundry tedious details of the famous *stirps* of Bourne—Bourne of Harkinsall, county of Lancaster—including how Peter Bourne married the only daughter of James Drinkwater, of Liverpool, we are informed that of this auspicious marriage the fruit was—

George Drinkwater, in holy orders, Rector of Weston-sub-Edge, Gloucester, J.P. and D.L., born 31 August, 1821, married Jane, only daughter of Francis Hole, Esq., of Tiverton, Devon.

And no very great matter, either. It is really not a subject of world-wide interest that Mr. Drinkwater Bourne should have married the heiress of a Devonshire gentleman. But then, Francis Hole, Esq., of Tiverton, that sets us thinking. Tiverton? We have heard of Lord Palmerston himself in connexion with Tiverton. *Dod* tells us that Lord Palmerston has represented Tiverton since—but never mind. And the *Law List* tells us that Tiverton, even now, among its lawyers still possesses a scion of the House of Hole, and we also find that among the borough magistrates of Tiverton there is, at the present moment, a very respectable Mr. Hole.

Now we only put all these little facts down. We make no comments. We draw no inferences. We know nothing about it. We never saw Tiverton, and are utterly ignorant of its politics or of its magnates. The case is this. A Mr. Hole is a lawyer at Tiverton. Very likely he is not an electioneering man. For aught we know, he may be a Tory. He may never have given a vote for Lord Palmerston, and may never have interfered in any Tiverton election. The Holes of Tiverton may be as insignificant in Tiverton as their name would suggest. We do not say, to use a most obvious jest, that the appointment to Canterbury is a hole and corner business. It is a remarkable fact, and suggests matter of thought to the curious and reflective mind—to those lower intelligences which delight to dwell on queer coincidences and to piece out a whole history or romance from the smallest and apparently most insignificant facts—that Mr. Drinkwater, designate Canon of Canterbury, Justice of the Peace, and Rector of Weston-sub-Edge, should have married Miss Hole of Tiverton, and that Mr. Hole of Tiverton is a lawyer and borough magistrate, and that Lord Palmerston, First Lord of the Treasury, and, *virtute officii*, patron of a Canterbury Stall, should be M.P. for Tiverton, and should have offered this valuable preferment to a Tiverton lady's husband.

There may be nothing in it after all. Mr. Drinkwater Bourne may have clerical claims which we have only been unlucky enough not to discover. The Holes of Tiverton may be utterly unknown to Lord Palmerston. They may have had nothing to do with his elections. But the world will talk—especially will the clerical world. It is quite possible that envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are at the bottom of the rising murmurs. Perversely and stupidly the impression is spreading that Lord Palmerston has thought proper to give what, as far as its emoluments and sinecure character goes, is among the choicest bits of preferment,



as a mere reward for private political services done to himself, not by the new Canon, but by the Canon's connexions in marriage. This is said. The bread which ought to be reserved for learning and active services is cast out to those who are gorged with the good things of the Church. Those dignities which even Reform spared for the honour and usefulness of the Church are to be held as private rewards for private services. If this is so — if Canonries of Canterbury are to be bestowed, like Tide Waiterships and Post Office Clerkships, upon the distant friends and relations of the hungry clients of a Prime Minister's local constituents — why, the sooner Canonries and Stalls are swept away the better. But if all this is said untruly, the sooner Lord Palmerston's friends disabuse the public mind of its present, perhaps unfounded, impressions, and enlighten us as to Mr. Drinkwater Bourne's claims to his sumptuous preferment, the better it will be for Lord Palmerston's reputation. The Clanricarde job sinks into utter insignificance if the Drinkwater Bourne job is what people think it to be. It is announced that Mr. Bourne has declined the Canonry, and that it has been bestowed on a very proper person, Mr. Blakesley. This really but little affects the case. It only shows that Mr. Bourne took a more proper and creditable view of the duties of a Canon of Canterbury than his patron did. Mr. Bourne will, for the future, discharge his Quarter Sessions duties with additional self-respect, and the honourable judgment of society. But as far as Lord Palmerston goes, it only makes matters worse; for the case is, that he meditated and attempted an appointment so scandalously bad that the object of his patronage, no prejudiced judge in his own case, was forced, for very shame, to abandon preferment for which he was obliged to acknowledge his total unfitness.

#### SIR C. TREVELYAN'S BUDGET SPEECH.

THE elaborate speech with which Sir C. Trevelyan introduced his Indian Budget touches upon many points of great interest which it was impossible to notice in a brief review of the broad results of the financial position of India. As we anticipated from the unexplained figures of the estimate, the apparent check after the progress of the last five years is probably due to the excessive caution with which the Budget has been prepared. The revenue of the previous year had exceeded by more than 2,000,000*l.* the estimate made by Mr. Laing for 1861—2, and by more than 1,000,000*l.* the actual receipts of that year. That a similar excess may fairly be expected in the current year is evidently the opinion of Sir C. Trevelyan, although he has followed the prudent system of English financiers in basing his estimate strictly upon ascertained facts, and leaving nothing to depend on conjectural improvement. When he tells us that the revenue of India is habitually underestimated, and that its growth is so rapid as to outstrip every calculation which it is safe to make, we have ground enough for expecting the same agreeable surprise in 1864 which has accompanied the final settlement of accounts in every year since the suppression of the mutiny.

All anxiety as to the progress of the country which may have been occasioned by the fact that the estimate of revenue does not exceed the actual proceeds of the previous year, may be dismissed at once, and Mr. Laing's theory of the wonderful elasticity of Indian revenue may be regarded as fully confirmed by the judgment of his experienced successor. Indeed, Sir C. Trevelyan does not hesitate to say that, in the absence of any extraordinary check, there must be a progressive increase of the public revenue which will carry the receipts beyond the figure at which he has estimated them. With a growing revenue and a handsome surplus there is little occasion for alarm; but, on the other hand, it is to be observed that the great reductions of expenditure which followed upon the reorganization of the army have now been nearly exhausted. The present military estimate is rather more than twelve millions and a half, which is a trifle in excess of Mr. Laing's estimate for the previous year; but Sir C. Trevelyan abides by the opinion of his predecessor, that the normal outlay upon the army may be ultimately reduced to 12,000,000*l.*, with a further expenditure of 2,000,000*l.* on the remodelled police force. Military expenditure is in India, as at home, the most serious item; and the broad result of Sir C. Trevelyan's careful review of the financial position of the Empire may be said to be, that the expenditure has nearly, though not quite, arrived at its minimum, and that the revenue is already sufficient to leave a large margin, with something like a certainty of continuous improvement.

The most exacting will scarcely require a more satisfactory statement than this, but the fact that India has reached a sound and stable financial position opens up a number of subsidiary questions which are very fully discussed in Sir C. Trevelyan's speech. One most material inquiry relates to the character of the large revenue derived from the opium monopoly. Mr. Laing had rather startled English theorists by the declaration that this branch of revenue was not more precarious than a large portion of that on which we depend at home; and it is satisfactory to find that Sir C. Trevelyan adopts this view to the fullest extent. The parallel which he draws between the proceeds of opium cultivation in India and the excise upon spirits which forms so important an element in English budgets is, upon the whole, rather favourable to the former as a source of revenue. In both cases the tax is drawn from the consumers of a special luxury, and though foreign competition is excluded in the case of England by Customs' regulations, it is said to be equally excluded as

regards opium by the great superiority of the Indian over the Chinese product.

If the revenue is to be regarded as safe and progressive, and the expenditure as tending to decline rather than increase, the great practical question for the administrators of India resolves itself into the application of the surplus which may be expected from year to year. Whatever funds may be available can be employed in any of three different modes. They can be applied to the reduction of the debt which accumulated so fast during the mutiny; they can be invested in remunerative works, which have hitherto brought into the Treasury tenfold the interest on an equivalent amount of debt; or they can be returned to the pockets of the people by a remission of taxation, which is still felt as a burden by a large class of the population. But even without drawing upon the surplus revenue, there are other funds available for Indian expenditure. The cash balances have steadily increased at a rate far in excess of the surplus shown on the accounts, and this fact, it may be remembered, was strongly relied on by Mr. Laing as a proof of the solid character of the surplus on which he counted. The anomaly, however, could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of great inaccuracies in the accounts, or on the supposition that the Treasury was kept full from other sources than the regular income of the State. Sir C. Trevelyan has ascertained that the latter is the true explanation, and that the balance is kept up by a variety of funds which the Indian Government holds in the character of a trustee. As these funds are not likely to fall off, it becomes practicable to work with a smaller genuine balance, and to apply some portion of the cash in hand to general purposes.

Sir C. Trevelyan, evidently governed by the doctrines of his chief in England, lays down a rule which, though probably sound in the actual position of affairs, is by no means so obviously correct as seems to be assumed. The guiding principle adopted is to abide by the strict maxim of confining expenditure, even on reproductive works, to the surplus revenue for the time available, and devoting all other resources, derived from the sale of land and the various sources which help to swell the cash balances, to the repayment of debt. In furtherance of this general scheme, a sum of 6,000,000*l.* has been ordered to be remitted to England for the payment of debt. If it had been necessary to starve important public works for the sake of adhering to a rule of finance which no owner of an improvable estate would think of adopting, we should hesitate to indorse the doctrine which is made the basis of Indian finance. If money were wanted to carry out undertakings which are certain to realize more than the current interest on the amount invested, it would be unthrifty policy to apply it in preference to the repurchase of Four per cent. stock. But, in practice, it appears that the limit to the prosecution of material undertakings is not imposed by the want of money so much as by the want of men. During the last two years it has not been found possible to spend the whole of the money appropriated to public works, and it seems likely that the amount which can be judiciously employed in the next twelve months will fall short of the 5,000,000*l.* which the revenue supplies without any demand upon the assistance of the accumulated funds which swell the capital of the Indian Exchequer. Under such circumstances, it would be idle to claim, even for the most important purposes, any of the funds which are destined to the repayment of debt; but if the position of affairs should ever become less promising, the principle on which Sir C. Wood insists would be more open to question than it is at present.

Perhaps the most anomalous of all the items of expenditure of the Indian Government is that which relates to the construction of railways. Practically, the course pursued has been to borrow some 50,000,000*l.*, at a fixed rate of interest, and to employ it in the construction of railways, on which all the margin of profit is left to private speculators. If the Government found the money, or, what is precisely the same thing, guaranteed the full market rate of interest upon it, it ought to have had the benefit of any profit which might result from the investment. This has not hitherto been the arrangement, and now that the experimental period has been well nigh completed, and the profitable character of Indian railways fully established, it is clearly time for a reconsideration of the principles on which the improvident bargains of the Government have been made. One of two things should be done. Either the Government should construct its own railways, instead of bearing the cost without reaping the profits, or else the investment should be left entirely to private companies, who ought no longer to need the support of a guarantee. If practicable, it is clear that the latter is the preferable course, and we are glad to see that Sir C. Trevelyan has no doubt of the progress of railroad construction in India, without any other stimulus than the legitimate expectation of remunerative earnings. As a means of stimulating works which would not otherwise have been carried on in a season of depression, the original guarantees to the principal companies may well be justified; but 50,000,000*l.* should be enough to start any enterprise, and the rest may probably be safely left to private speculation. Already one of the principal guaranteed companies has embarked upon a new scheme for a long branch line without any aid from the Government beyond the grant of the requisite land; and it will be a more wholesome system if all future railways should be left to depend on their natural profits instead of being bolstered up by an unnecessary Government guarantee. One conclusive objection to official interference in the matter is the enormous drain which it causes upon the strength of the staff available for engineering works. There are many of these which

from their nature are much more advantageously conducted by the Government which owns the soil than they could be by any private association. This is peculiarly the case with works of irrigation, the revenue from which naturally takes the form of an addition to the land assessment. Every engineer sent from head-quarters to superintend the works on a railway is a competent man withdrawn from work of a still more pressing character; and if railway enterprise is put upon the independent footing which Sir C. Trevelyan believes to be practicable, India will not only gain by being relieved from the guaranteed interest, which is now a heavy item in the annual accounts, but will be further benefited by the services of able officers on works the profit of which will flow direct into the Exchequer.

The rearrangement of the railway system, so far as regards future undertakings, is announced as one of the leading objects of Lord Elgin's Government. We believe that Sir C. Trevelyan is not alone in the opinion that Indian railways can be made to pay a sufficient profit to attract English capital into such investments. In cases where this cannot be done, it is clearly the interest of the Government to promote the construction of any line which it may wish to encourage by a direct grant, whether in land or money, rather than by the onerous plan of paying interest on capital, the investment of which, in all its details, it becomes, in consequence, necessary to superintend. A transition so complete from the old nursing policy, which was no doubt in some form essential in the first instance, will require to be managed with consideration and tact, and it may be that, for a time, more than a fair share of special advantage will be required to tempt capital into such investments without the inducement of a special guarantee. But, in the end, there appears no reason to doubt that many Indian railways which still remain to be constructed will not only pay a larger dividend than the average of English companies—which might not be saying much—but will offer a very promising return for the money which may be invested in them. Whether this opinion of Sir C. Trevelyan's is sound or not, the market will in due time show; but if it should prove so, it will be an immense advantage to the Government to be relieved from the task which it has hitherto performed, of regulating the construction of railways from which it was never to derive a shilling of profit after repayment of its own advances. While cordially approving Sir C. Trevelyan's policy in this respect, we are not prepared to go the full length of the principle on which he professes to base it. He cites the interposition of the Irish Board of Works, in the crisis of the famine, as an example of the inevitable failure of a Government when it undertakes the conduct of industrial enterprises; and he lays it down as the primary, if not the exclusive, duty of Government to protect life and property, and to mitigate as much as possible the pressure of taxation. As a general rule, this may be sound enough; but a Government which is also the universal landlord stands in an exceptional position; and it would need much more information than has yet been furnished, to prove that works of agricultural improvement can be carried out more advantageously by a speculative company than by the owner of the soil. As yet no attempt has been made to withdraw the direct action of Government from such undertakings, except in a single enterprise; and so long as the land-tax forms a principal part of the revenue of India, the increase of the assessment by the improvement of the land itself will remain one of the most legitimate functions of the Supreme Government. Probably, Sir C. Trevelyan did not intend to push his theory so far as to suggest any check upon the regular outlay for irrigation, canals, and other works of a similar character, and certainly he has shown no want of liberality in the provision which he makes for the coming year. As a general rule, however, his maxims may well be accepted, and we hope that the confidence he feels in the natural progress of railway enterprise in India will be sufficiently justified by the event to dispense with the further development of a system so unsound and unthrifty as that of Government guarantees. Should the result be as favourable as is contemplated, India may be congratulated, not merely on the restoration of a sound financial position, but on the still greater advantage of having been fairly accepted on equal terms as a candidate for the accumulated capital which is constantly overflowing from England to develop the resources of almost every country in the world.

#### THE SEQUEL OF THE CASE OF JESSIE M'LACHLAN.

MR. STIRLING has rendered a considerable public service by obtaining from the Government the publication of the evidence on which Jessie M'Lachlan was saved from the consequences of the verdict found against her by the Glasgow jury, last September. Her case forms, on the whole, as curious a specimen as that of Smethurst of the practical working of one of the most important branches of the criminal law. Our readers will no doubt remember the general outline of the case; but, in order to do justice to the new matter which Mr. Stirling's motion has brought to light, it will be desirable to relate very shortly its leading facts.

On the night between the 4th and 5th of July last, Jessie M'Pherson, the domestic servant of Mr. Fleming, an accountant of Glasgow, was murdered, as it now appears, either by old Mr. Fleming, her master's father, or by Mrs. M'Lachlan, or by both of them jointly. The principal evidence against Mrs. M'Lachlan was, that on the following day she disposed, for her own benefit, of a considerable quantity of property belonging to the house in which the murder was committed; that

she subsequently disposed of a good deal of wearing apparel stained with blood; and that bloody foot-marks, corresponding to her feet, were found on the floor of the kitchen adjoining the room in which the dead body was discovered. When examined before the Sheriff, she said that Mr. Fleming had called upon her the day after the murder, and had given her the articles which she pawned, telling her to raise some money upon them for him, as he wanted to go to the Highlands. She also gave accounts which were undoubtedly false about the way in which she had passed her own time on the night in question. This was the gist of the evidence on which Mrs. M'Lachlan was convicted. Upon her conviction, she made a statement which shortly came to this:—She went to the house on the night in question. Mr. Fleming sent her out for drink. On her return, she found Jessie M'Pherson grievously wounded and almost disabled by him. She got her to bed, and whilst in bed M'Pherson recovered to some extent, and told her that old Fleming had given her the wounds in consequence of a quarrel arising from her threatening to tell his son that he had taken improper liberties with her. After a while, at M'Pherson's request, she got her out of bed, and laid her before the fire in the kitchen. There, after a while, during Mrs. M'Lachlan's temporary absence, the old man murdered her with a cleaver. He then made her swear to tell no one, and gave her the property, that the blame might be laid upon robbers. The principal circumstances which corroborated this story were, that old Fleming was in the house for nearly three days after the murder without discovering the body or giving the alarm, though, as he said, he heard "squeals" at 4 A.M. on the morning when the murder was committed; and also that he fell on his examination into some confusion about the time when he got up in the morning, saying that he lay in bed till nine, whereas the milkman declared that he opened the door and said that he did not want any milk, about eight or a little before.

Thus the matter stood at the end of the trial last September. A great controversy arose upon the question whether or not the prisoner's statement was true, and a number of witnesses were examined, first before the Sheriff and afterwards before Mr. Young, an eminent advocate of Edinburgh, for the purpose of throwing light upon the subject. In consequence of what they said, the prisoner received a reprieve, and the Parliamentary paper just published contains a report of their testimony. The leading points of it are as follows:—First, evidence was given to show that the prisoner's statement was made long before the trial, and was thus a *bona fide* account, and not one manufactured for the purposes of the trial from the evidence then given against her. To prove this her attorneys, Messrs. Wilson, Dixon, and Strachan, were all examined successively. Mr. Wilson said that she told him the story in question about the 11th or 12th of August, which would be about three weeks after the last of the three declarations which she made before the Sheriff. He took no note of what she said, but recollected the substance of it, and the fact that her story was circumstantial. Mr. Dixon said that he went to the prison and took the statement down in writing on the 13th of August, in pencil upon a sheet of thick paper, that these pencil notes were traced over in ink, that he and Mr. Strachan took them to a consultation with Mr. Clark, the prisoner's advocate at Edinburgh, and that Strachan read them to Mr. Clark from the notes. After this, a copy was made in due form from the notes, which were then destroyed. Mr. Strachan gave the same account of the matter, with the exception that he said that he did not read the notes to Mr. Clark, but verbally stated their substance to him. He also said, "I recollect that I asked Mr. Dixon for the loan of the original notes to use at the trial, and he and I then made a search for them, but they could not be found." It must be owned that the non-appearance of the original notes is unsatisfactory. In such a matter, everything turns upon the way in which the statement is made, and the degree in which it was prompted by questions or suggestions. A narrative which might be most important if it were the genuine, unadulterated statement of the prisoner, might be nearly worthless if it represented the result of long consultations between her and her attorneys. The statement, however, was shown to other persons besides Mr. Clark, and their account of it corresponded substantially with the account given by the agents.

The agents and their counsel had apparently great doubt as to what they ought to do with this statement. The prisoner herself was extremely anxious that in some way or other it should be brought forward, and there was a question whether it ought to be made a fourth declaration before the Sheriff. Her advisers, however, thought it too hazardous, as it admitted her presence during the murder, and they at last determined to keep it back, to be used in the event of a conviction in the manner in which it actually was used. The event appears to show that, considered merely with a view to the interest of their client, the resolution was wise; but it went to the extreme limit of professional zeal. Considering that the gist of the statement was to accuse old Fleming of murder, and that, by holding back that statement till after the conviction, he was placed in a position of unexampled hardship—the position of a man accused under such circumstances that he could neither answer nor be tried—it would have been fairer to every one concerned, to say nothing of the interests of justice, to have allowed the prisoner to make a fourth declaration at once, and to bring forward the whole of her case. As it was, she got the benefit of a merciful inconsistency in the law, at the expense of inflicting a frightful injury on another person. The judge, if he had done his duty severely, might have



stopped her. He might have said—"You have had your turn, you have said what you thought proper, and I will not allow you now to throw imputations on others which you did not dare to ask the jury to believe on your own account." Her advisers, it need not be said, knew very well that this course would not be taken, and they thus went into court with a double-barrelled defence—one for the jury at the trial, one for the public afterwards. This proceeding was one with which the public, at all events, cannot be expected to sympathize.

The result of it clearly appeared in the subsequent proceedings. They were in substance, though not in form, a highly irregular and most unsatisfactory trial of old Fleming for murder, behind his back. The evidence given was addressed to two points—first, to the corroboration of Jessie McLachlan, and, secondly, to the inculpation of Mr. Fleming. The chief point on which she was corroborated was her statement that, as she came back to the house, after being sent out for drink, she saw a Mrs. Walker and another woman standing at a particular point in the road. It appeared that they were standing there, and that, whilst there, they saw a woman like McLachlan going in the direction of the house. This, however, goes for little. It does not follow, because she went out, that Fleming sent her out, and that is the important part of the case. She might have gone out for the whisky on the suggestion of the deceased, and committed the murder afterwards.

Dr. Fleming, the principal medical witness for the prosecution, was examined at length upon the question whether the marks which he observed about the room were consistent with the prisoner's statement. He said that, on the whole, they were not inconsistent with it, though they appear to have suggested to him a struggle, and, according to the prisoner, no struggle occurred. The bloody footmarks looked as if there had been wrestling, and the hands and wrists of the body were cut in a manner for which the prisoner's statement did not account. On the whole, however, the result of his examination seems to be, that he found it difficult to draw a conclusion from the marks, and to form such a conclusion from a mere description of them is obviously impossible.

Several other circumstances, which might or might not have been connected with the murder, were deposed to by various witnesses, and, though indistinct, are not without importance. A dress-maker named McIntyre was passing the house at about eleven, when, she said, "I distinctly heard something which made me stop and listen; it was a low wailing noise, just like the moaning of a person in very great distress. It was my impression at the time that it was the moaning of a person in distress. . . . The sound was quite distinctly audible to me, a moaning doleful kind of sound, which rather frightened me." This certainly agrees better with the story of the prisoner than with that of old Fleming, who said he heard "squeals" at four, though it is not absolutely inconsistent with the latter. The dressmaker was, to some extent, corroborated by Mr. Stewart, the next-door neighbour of the Flemings. He went to bed about eleven, and immediately went to sleep. He says, "I awakened in a fright. I should not like to say it was a scream that awakened me, but my impression is that it was. My first thought on awakening, and I said so to myself, was, what can that be? It's surely not in the room, there's no person in the house." He added, "I have a very confused idea of the description of scream referred to. At the time I heard it I formed no opinion of who made the scream, or where it came from. There was just the one scream. I was in no dream at the time. I am quite sure of that." As to the time, Mr. Stewart could only say that it was quite dark when he woke, and the sun rose at 3.41. He might have been asleep a quarter of an hour or two hours. A further piece of evidence was given by a girl named Mary Brown, who said that on the Saturday morning, about 9 A.M., she went to the Flemings' house to wash the steps for the deceased, which she was in the habit of doing, that old Fleming called her in, and got her to wash the floor of a lobby on which were sooty footmarks. The place was close to the woman's bedroom door. She was recalled, and said, "The mark of the foot was like from the head of the stair into the bedroom. I thought soot had been put over it to hide it. The stain that the soot had been put over was liker blood than anything else." No doubt, if this evidence was true, the fact was highly suspicious.

A good deal of evidence was given as to old Fleming's habits and relations with the deceased. It was stated that in the year 1852, being then seventy-seven years of age, he had had an illegitimate child, as appeared by the records of the church to which he belonged. There was also evidence that the deceased was annoyed by his attentions. A Mrs. Smith said, "I have heard her say many a time that old Fleming wanted to marry her; but we laughed at it. She was not serious, but we understood he was serious." . . . "She seemed to feel disgusted at him." . . . "I thought there was something decidedly wrong from the way she spoke." In her statement the prisoner said that the deceased told her that the occasion on which old Fleming took liberties with her was on a Friday night some weeks before, that there had been a gentleman in the house on the Thursday night till Friday afternoon, when he left and old Fleming with him; that Fleming returned tipsy at eleven and went to bed, and afterwards got up and behaved improperly. It was proved that, about the time alleged, a Mr. Blair did sleep one Thursday night in the house; that Fleming did go out with him on the Friday, and did return rather the worse for liquor in a cab about four or five in the afternoon. Except as to time, this exactly agrees with the introductory part of the alleged statement of the deceased woman.

On the other hand, several witnesses spoke to the old man's general propriety of conduct.

This is the substance of the evidence produced at the subsequent proceedings. They supply an additional instance of the defect, shown by so many cases to exist, in the present administration of the criminal law. They imposed a cruel hardship on old Fleming. He had no opportunity of justifying himself or of explaining the charges against him. He was substantially tried for murder, though his character only, and not his life, was at stake; and the trial was conducted behind his back, by a private person, who had no power to compel the attendance of witnesses or to administer an oath. This proves that some kind of arrangement for revising judicially insufficient or unsatisfactory trials is absolutely necessary, both in this country and in Scotland. As to this particular case, some of the points raised against Fleming are no doubt worthy of notice, but his guilt, if proved, would not prove the woman's innocence. She, according to her own account, saw the crime, concealed it, and took the advantage of it. The inference that she at least took part in it, if she was not its sole author, is so strong as to be almost necessary, for there is nothing to set against it except her own word—the word of a woman who, for about 74, concealed the murder of her intimate friend. The practical conclusion to be drawn from the whole matter is that Sir George Grey and the Home Office are a most inadequate Court of Appeal, being amply gifted with the power of raising difficulties, but very sparingly with the means of solving them in a manner even proximately satisfactory.

#### MR. BERKELEY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT.

THE dreariest of Parliamentary farces was repeated on Tuesday, night with the customary result. For the fifteenth times, as he complacently tells us, Mr. Berkeley made his annual motion and his annual speech, containing the usual mixture, in the usual proportions, of dull theorizing and duller jocularities; and the Premier performed, with enviable vivacity, the supererogatory task of answering arguments which carry conviction to no living creature, and expounding political axioms which have long since passed from the category of truths into that of truisms. The time of the Legislature is not valuable just now, and an hour may as well be wasted in one way as in another; else one might complain that it was an unwarrantable abuse of Parliamentary forms to compel an impatient House to sit out a discussion on the moral uses of a mechanical device for enabling Englishmen to conceal their opinions. The solitary novelty imported into the debate by Lord Palmerston, when he announced the curious fact that advanced Liberalism itself has just abolished Vote by Ballot in its own Reform Club, can hardly be considered an important contribution to political science; and, on the whole, the world would have lost nothing if the inevitable division had been permitted to take place without the prefatory formality of speeches which we all know by heart. If, as may be presumed, the single object of the annual Ballot motion is to register the unfaltering fidelity of Radical borough members to an odious hustings pledge, and so to make matters safe for the next general election, the end might be equally well attained on easier and cheaper conditions. It is doubtless desirable, in view of a possible early dissolution, that the genuine Friends of the People should have the opportunity of proving their fearless consistency by voting in a safe minority for a crotchet which three-fourths of them probably detest; but the penance of hearing and cheering the member for Bristol seems a purely gratuitous addition to their periodical martyrdom. Mr. Berkeley himself might perhaps find it a relief to dispense in future years with an oratorical performance which, though it cannot be a painful intellectual effort, must by this time have only the same sort of interest for him that Brother Sam's letter has for Mr. Sothorn. The comfort and convenience of all parties would, we should think, be consulted by remembering that the annual speech is a wholly superfluous preliminary to the annual division.

Though we should despair of interesting a single reader in a grave refutation of the argument which Mr. Berkeley builds on transparently irrelevant analogies, and illustrates with frivolous or mythical electioneering anecdotes, there is nevertheless a point of view in which the subject of Tuesday's debate may repay serious attention. The place which the Ballot occupies at this moment in English politics is a remarkable instance of what use and wont can do to keep alive a decayed popular tradition. It would be impossible to name any other public question commanding upwards of a hundred pledged Parliamentary supporters—including more than one member of the Cabinet itself—which the country views with so unqualified an apathy. Maynooth has a genuine interest, in its way, for a not inconsiderable section of what is called the religious world. The Sunday Beer Bill can bring together crowded and enthusiastic tea-meetings, and can pile the table of the House with no end of petitions. But there are no signs that any appreciable portion of the community eagerly desires the privilege of voting in the dark. Mr. Whalley and Mr. Soames can each point to a numerous and noisy out-of-door following, but Mr. Berkeley himself does not venture to assert that his hobby is popular. It is really a very curious state of things. With rare exceptions, every Liberal borough candidate is expected, as a matter of course, to avow himself a staunch advocate of secret voting, and few have the courage to refuse their assent to the established formulary; yet it cannot be said that either those who exact the pledge or those who give it show any genuine zeal for the thing itself. The Parliamentary management of the cause is left, by common consent, in the hands of

a gentleman of whom we will only say that he possesses no qualification for lending dignity or interest to an intrinsically repulsive topic; and his inevitable annual failure is anticipated with indifference and witnessed without regret. It is considered the correct thing that Mr. Berkeley should make his annual motion; but Radicalism cheerfully acquiesces in a foreseen defeat, and complacently awaits the next year's repetition of the same dismal ceremony. The most sanguine votary of the Ballot—if it has any sanguine votary—cannot pretend to believe that the question has advanced one jot, either in or out of Parliament, since the first motion of the fifteen. In fact, it is in far worse plight now than it was a quarter of a century ago. There was a much larger amount of educated opinion in favour of secret voting in the first few years after the Reform Act than there has ever been since. Mr. Grote's minorities averaged a higher annual figure than Mr. Berkeley's, and it need not be said that his advocacy was incomparably better fitted to influence serious politicians. We do not observe, however, that our Ballot-mongers are in the smallest degree discontented under a series of reverses which are unredeemed by a single glimmer of rational hope. There is no visible reason to suppose that, at the present rate of progress, they will be a whit nearer twenty years hence than they are now to the consummation which they professedly desire; yet no attempt is made in any quarter to vary a mode of proceeding which is conspicuously abortive. It is difficult to believe in the sincerity of a faith which is so entirely unaccompanied by the ordinary indications of earnestness and zeal. There is no resisting the conclusion that Ballot, now-a-days, is simply a relic of the philosophical Radicalism of former years, which the present generation of Liberals have not yet formally discarded from their creed.

It would certainly be strange if the ostensible unanimity of Reformers on behalf of secret voting represented a true and living faith. The trite objection to the Ballot, that it is un-English, is merely the short expression of an undoubted truth. The concealment of one's political convictions is not an English habit of mind, nor one which it is desirable to encourage in a free country; and it would be wonderful indeed if any considerable number of English politicians were really enthusiastic in favour of a contrivance for hiding their opinions about public men and things. Even if we admit the theoretical force of arguments which have heretofore impressed such thinkers as Mr. Grote and Mr. James Mill, it may be safely said that the conclusion to which they lead is not one that would naturally commend itself to the feelings of the mass of Englishmen. In a country where publicity is the life and soul of all political action, it is very difficult to imagine a hearty popular cry for the sacred right of making a mystery of one's political sentiments; and it is absurd to suppose that there is an overpowering majority of ten-pounders who anxiously desire the opportunity of giving an underhand vote to candidates whom they dare not cheer. There may be minds to which there is something irresistibly attractive in the notion of "sneaking to the hustings with a paper in your hand, and poking it into a hole, hoping that no one will see which way your wrist turns;" but, as a rule, Englishmen who vote at elections like to have it known for whom they vote. After all, the Ballot-box is only a carpenter's contrivance for enabling men to conceal, on one particular occasion in their lives, opinions and preferences to which they are in the habit of giving unreserved utterance on all other occasions. Its utility would, from the very nature of the case, be limited to the infinitesimal minority of politicians who never talk politics. A zealous politician who cannot be comfortable without keeping his sympathies and antipathies a close secret from his neighbours, is, to say the least, an unfamiliar type of British character; yet the supposed popularity of the Ballot would imply that this highly exceptional idiosyncrasy is almost universal among the most numerous class of voters. The expediency, on moral grounds, of enabling a man to speak one way and vote another without being found out, is a question which we are not now discussing. We merely remark that the class of persons who are seriously desirous of the privilege of covertly returning representatives for whom they shrink from avowing a preference must be an exceedingly limited class, and that an agitation which assumes that they constitute an immense majority of British electors is a factitious and unreal agitation. The unruffled composure with which Radicalism accepts, year after year, the ignominious defeat of Ballot motions is a perfectly intelligible phenomenon; for Radicalism itself has no true sympathy with the peculiar mental taste which the secrecy of the Ballot-box is calculated to gratify.

For the present, we suppose, the hypocrisy must go on. An accredited tradition is long of dying out, and the causes which have accidentally made an essentially un-English dogma part and parcel of the hustings creed of ultra-Liberalism will, for a while, continue to generate intolerant bigotry in local electioneering cliques, and unworthy subserviency in "popular members." A Ballot pledge is so easily given, and seems so harmless, and may be redeemed on such remarkably cheap terms—requiring as it does only a single silent vote per annum—that the average Parliamentary candidate, perhaps with no strong opinion about the matter one way or the other, naturally falls into the fashion. Yet we need not despair of living to see the time when it will be possible for the least courageous of politicians to seek the suffrages even of a Liberal borough without going through the degrading ceremony of swearing allegiance to the ugly wooden idol of a past generation. It is certain that the worshippers of the

Ballot-box are not an increasing sect, and possibly, at no very distant day, "independent" Liberals may venture to assert their independence by withholding the tribute which superstition has so long exacted from insincerity. It will be creditable to Radicalism to devise some more respectable Shibboleth than the empty profession of belief in a fantastic innovation which is thoroughly alien to the free political life of England.

#### THE DUNDONALD PEERAGE CASE.

THE late Earl of Dundonald refers in his *Autobiography* to the remark made by a Scottish writer, that the family of Cochrane has long been noted for a quality which is sometimes called genius and sometimes eccentricity. The Earl says that, laying no claim to genius, he objects to the imputation of eccentricity, notwithstanding that appearances are, as he admits, somewhat against him. Among the circumstances of the Earl's life which might give colour to this imputation, he could not help reckoning his marriage. The question of the legitimacy of the present Earl has been lately settled after a protracted inquiry before the House of Lords. It may be safely said that that question would never have arisen if the late Earl had not been prevented, by some mental characteristic to which it is not necessary to give a name, from managing the ordinary affairs of life as people who cannot be accused of possessing either genius or eccentricity are content to manage them. It may be interesting to collect the story of this marriage from Lord Dundonald's book and from Lady Dundonald's evidence before the House of Lords, and then to contrast it with the evidence which the legal advisers of Captain Cochrane thought proper to submit to the House for its consideration upon the question of the legitimacy of his elder brother. Assuming, as, after the decision of the House of Lords, it is right to do, that this evidence produced on behalf of Captain Cochrane is incredible, it is obvious to remark how awkwardly or unfortunately Lord Dundonald must have shaped his conduct to bring upon himself and his wife imputations of unlawful cohabitation, forgery, and perjury. It seems that he fell in love with a young and charming lady, and might have married her at St. James's or St. George's, Westminster, if he had not objected to the usual method of procedure quite as strongly as Lydia Languish did to being called spinster. "Early in the year 1812" (when Lord Dundonald, who was born in 1775, had attained twice the age at which girls are supposed, at least upon the stage, to be romantic), "it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the orphan daughter of a family of honourable standing in the Midland counties—Miss Katherine Corbett Barnes." These are the words in which Lord Dundonald commences the story of his marriage. Shortly after his introduction to the lady, he made proposals of marriage, and was accepted. But here, he says, an unexpected difficulty arose. His uncle, Mr. Basil Cochrane, wished him to marry another lady, who was heiress to a large fortune, and intimated that the disposition by will of his own property would depend upon his nephew's compliance with his desire in this particular. Under these circumstances, Lord Dundonald proposed to Miss Barnes what he chose to call a secret marriage, but which he must have known, if he had been capable of looking at things in the common way, could not, if it were a fact, long remain a secret from his uncle. He goes on to say that Miss Barnes refused to acquiesce, but afterwards consented, and that they were married in Scotland. The marriage was not long concealed, and he did not succeed to a shilling of his uncle's wealth—"for which loss, however, I had a rich equivalent in the acquisition of a wife whom no amount of wealth could have purchased." It is a pity that Lord Dundonald did not see the matter in this light at first; for if he had openly married to please himself, he would not have displeased his uncle more, and he would have preserved his wife and children from the necessity of the late painful inquiry before the House of Lords. Lord Dundonald adds a statement which goes far to prove what might be suspected from other indications—viz. that, when he published his *Autobiography*, his memory had failed him without his being conscious of the defect. He says—"On the discovery of the marriage, my uncle, though then an old man, also married." It was objected to the case presented on behalf of the present Earl before the House of Lords that his father could not have been married in Scotland on the 8th of August, 1812, because he was at his solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn Fields on the 10th. This argument, which recalls to mind the inference drawn from Dick Turpin's celebrated ride to Gloucester, was answered by the observation that a journey from Scotland to London at the rate of 8 miles per hour was quite practicable in 1812; and it was added that the reason why Lord Dundonald hurried back was that he desired to be present at the marriage of his uncle, Mr. Basil Cochrane, on the 12th of August. The fact of this marriage having taken place only four days after the marriage of Lord Dundonald was of course ascertained during the late inquiry, and it disproves the above-quoted statement of Lord Dundonald.

The Dowager Countess of Dundonald appeared rather less than a year ago before a Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords, and gave evidence as to the circumstances of her marriage. The reports inform us that she showed great firmness, and spoke in a loud and distinct voice. If she stated that she was then only sixty-four years of age, it is to be feared that she was momentarily labouring under a similar defect of memory to that which has been above attributed to her husband. Her explanation of how she was induced to consent to a private marriage



contributes to support the notion which has been entertained by some observers of the career of her gallant husband, that he possessed, besides many other talents, a histrionic faculty which more than once proved useful to him. "She at first refused to consent to a private marriage, but, on his being taken ill, he sent to her begging her to walk opposite his uncle's house, as he was dying; and on her complying with his request, he was lifted to the window, and the sight of his corpse-like face and form softened her heart, and she consented to a private marriage." It is painful to have to say that, to a critical mind, the inference is inevitable that upon this occasion Lady Dundonald was made a victim to that remarkable cleverness at *ruses de guerre* which was so often exercised at the expense of Spaniards and Frenchmen when Lord Dundonald was employed against them. Such artifices are doubtless fair in love as well as in war, and it would have been idle to expect the daring and ingenious Lord Dundonald to lay siege either to a fortress or a lady's heart according to received methods of operation. He succeeded, as he could not fail to do, having at command Othello's argument, and desiring, as it would seem, to proceed in Othello's manner. They travelled to Scotland in a carriage, with her maid and his man; and, on arriving at an hotel at Annan, they wrote out, and signed before two witnesses, papers by which each acknowledged the other to be respectively wife and husband. When the papers had been signed, Lord Dundonald kissed his wife, and "he left for London directly afterwards, scarcely stopping for refreshment." She followed, after resting for a couple of days. On the 18th of August, she accompanied her husband to the Isle of Wight, and she cohabited with him from that time until his death.

The "marriage-lines," as they are called, are written upon paper which bears a water-mark of 1811. They were produced in 1844 from the custody of Lord Dundonald's banker, and in all respects they present the appearance of a genuine document. The story above narrated is credible, looking to the character of one of the actors in it; and the celebration between the parties of two subsequent marriages, one in England and another in Edinburgh, would not alone suffice to throw suspicion on the first. But just as in the celebrated trial for conspiracy, if Lord Dundonald was innocent he was the most unfortunate and persecuted of men, so here he seems, by marvellous ill-management or ill-luck, to have contrived, while only violating conventionalities, to have exposed himself and his wife to suspicion of immorality and even legal crime. A witness, named William Jackson, was examined on behalf of Captain Cochrane, or rather at the instance of Captain Cochrane's legal advisers, and he deposed that he was for many years the private secretary and the confidential friend of Lord Dundonald; that he had never heard of the alleged marriage at Annan; that in 1818 Lady Dundonald only occupied the position of a mistress; and that she complained of Lord Dundonald for not marrying her. The matter having reached this stage towards the end of last session, further proceedings were adjourned until the present year. The House of Lords has been lately called upon to decide upon this direct and painful conflict of testimony, whether it would believe Lady Dundonald or the witness opposed to her, who, like herself, is aged, and who was too infirm to attend the House. It should be observed that, according to the Scotch law, the English marriage of the parents of the present Earl after his birth would render him legitimate; and, therefore, the question in the case was not as to actual legitimacy, but rather upon which marriage that legitimacy ought to rest. That, however, was a question of sufficient importance to induce the House to entertain the case.

When the Committee for Privileges met in April, it was stated on Captain Cochrane's behalf that, being very much engaged last year in fitting up the *Warrior*, which he now commands, he had left this legal business to his professional advisers, who had thought it their duty to appear and produce evidence last session. These advisers, having discharged their duty, now withdrew from further intervention, and left the matter in the hands of the Committee. The case came on again last week, when Lady Dundonald was re-examined in contradiction of Mr. Jackson's statement. She denied that she was ever on terms of intimacy with Mr. Jackson, or ever made any confidential communications to him, or ever stated or admitted to him that she was not married to Lord Dundonald. There were some other doubts suggested by Captain Cochrane's counsel, but the chief difficulty of the case arose on Mr. Jackson's evidence. If Lady Dundonald spoke truth, Mr. Jackson gave false testimony, for which it is impossible to conceive a motive. The House of Lords, however, being compelled to entertain this painful question, did not hesitate to decide it in Lady Dundonald's favour. The Lord Chancellor rendered that testimony "which came from his judgment and was confirmed by his feelings"—he believed that Lady Dundonald had spoken the truth. He added a remark which appears to be well founded, that the whole life of Lord Dundonald, so far as it had been ascertained, was a testimony to the truth of the account which his wife had given. The Committee resolved that the petitioner had satisfactorily made out his claim to the earldom of Dundonald.

Without adopting in its full extent Lord Brougham's statement that Lady Dundonald stood by her husband's side on deck during a severe naval engagement, it may be admitted that she was quite capable of doing so, and it is certain that she went with her husband and two children to Valparaiso in 1818, when Lord Dundonald entered into the service of the Chilean Republic. Not only did Lord Dundonald take his wife out to Chili, when almost any

other officer going on such a service would have left his wife at home, but he actually employed her to carry despatches across the Cordillera, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. During this journey she was snowed up, and an attempt was made upon her life. She seems to have been always ready to dare and to endure everything, and the courage of the wife and widow of Lord Dundonald has not grown tame for want of exercise. It is remarkable how entirely she has shared her husband's lot, even to the extent of falling under grave imputations, and seeing her character completely, but not without difficulty, vindicated.

#### IRISH DISTRESS.

IT is evident that the distress of Ireland perplexes the Irish members quite as much as it does English statesmen. Either personally, or indirectly through their constituents, they feel its reality keenly; but they can neither discover an explanation for it nor suggest a plausible remedy. To attribute it, as one or two patriots did in the recent debate, to the imposition of a three per cent. income-tax, may be ingenious as a party taunt, but can hardly be discussed as a serious proposition. The minute difference, if difference there be, between what Ireland pays as taxation, and what she receives as Government expenditure, is utterly inadequate to account for any wide-spread pressure. Nor can it be traced to the absence of this or that public establishment. The present of a dockyard to Queenstown, for which Mr. Maguire prayed so earnestly, would convey but a very limited relief to the peasantry of Connemara or of Wexford. The explanation offered by the Government, on the other hand, though it is less wide of the mark, can scarcely be said to solve the enigma satisfactorily. It is true there have been bad seasons, and bad seasons always press hard upon the labouring class, especially when high prices are the result. But prices are not high in Ireland. The complaint is not that food is dear, but that there is no money with which to buy it. The bad seasons have produced no scarcity—free trade has cared for that; but they have paralysed employment by exhausting the capital of the farmers. Of course, this result of unfavourable seasons is familiar to us, upon a certain scale, even in the richest countries. The surprising part of the case is the intensity of the distress it has produced. In other countries, the weight of the blow is mitigated by various causes. With the help of remissions of rent from his landlord, a farmer generally has capital enough to struggle through the bad years until good seasons return. Scientific farming will counteract to a considerable extent the damaging influence of the weather. And, in the worst case, agriculture does not furnish the only species of occupation open to the poor. Some town, or factory, or mine within reach can generally offer some relief to the pressure caused by a deficiency in agricultural employment. But the Irish, unless they leave their country, enjoy none of these alleviations. The absolute want of capital precludes them all. The farmer cannot hold out against a bad harvest, or avert it by the excellence of his farming; and, except in a few districts, no other kind of production can subsist at all. The result is, that the Irish are, speaking generally, as much at the mercy of the skies as any race of savages. They are always living on the very margin of their resources; they are needy enough in years of plenty, and in bad years they starve. The word famine, which has almost lost its meaning in highly civilized countries, has all its old fearful import there.

It all resolves itself into the question—why have they no capital? In part, it is, of course, the direct result of national character. The Irish peasantry belong, not to the ant, but to the butterfly section of humanity. They have not yet reached the rudimentary philosophy which lies at the basis of all civilization—that of insuring, by accumulation, against failures of sustenance. But the mere absence of thrift would not of itself condemn them to the condition in which they now lie. It would prevent them from individually becoming rich, but it would not produce a dearth of capital in the country. Ireland is united in the bonds of close political union with a country where capital is generally overflowing, and directing itself towards the most distant countries in search of an outlet. If the Irish people would only suffer it to come, the mineral and vegetable wealth of the Irish soil, close at hand, would be quite as attractive as distant enterprises in Asia Minor and Brazil. The advantages of a near investment, under British rule, from which returns are quick, and in which a close supervision is possible, are abundantly appreciated upon the Stock Exchange. It is the Irish themselves who, by qualities to which it would be hard to find a parallel among any other Western people, effectually bar the influx of the only remedy for their constantly recurring miseries. Capital would speedily be invested in the erection of factories and the opening of mines, if the capitalist had any chance of a return for his outlay. It would soon find a use in the improvement of estates, and the employment of agricultural labour, if there were any security for the lives of those who brought it. Strikes and murders are the two causes that lie at the root of Irish distress. The seasons are not unkind to Ireland than to any other country, and would not produce exceptional effects but for these exceptional aggravations. And even the strikes, which, according to the testimony of O'Connell himself, have driven manufacturers away from the south and west of Ireland, would be powerless if it were not for the fear of assassination that lies behind them. Unless the leaders can enforce their authority by violence, a strike is soon worn out by counter-combinations. The insecurity of life is, therefore, the one great Irish evil which includes all the others. Any measure of relief

which does not attempt to deal with this is a mere temporary palliative. If the Government are prepared to repress the crime of assassination with a strong and merciless hand, all the other evils under which Ireland is suffering may be safely left to a spontaneous cure. The ordinary laws of political economy may be trusted to ensure that, where there is fertile land and hands ready to till it, the capital which is needed to bring them together will not long be wanting. Our statesmen, of course, do not deny the very obvious truism that there can be no prosperity where there is no security. But it is one thing to acknowledge a truth, and quite a different thing to give it an adequate prominence among other acknowledged truths. The insecurity of life is not sufficiently recognised as the one determining cause which loads a land, rich in all the bounties of nature, with a peasantry hopelessly destitute and unimprovable. If it were, so much hesitation would not be shown in applying a sharp and drastic remedy to the evil.

The failure of the Government has been more in the detection of crime than in its punishment when detected. The difficulties of procuring evidence are undoubtedly very great, on account of the demoralized condition of the people. Sympathy with murder is, among the lower classes, universal and uncondemned; and this makes the self-working machinery to which we are used in England almost inapplicable in Ireland. It is idle for the Government to content itself with receiving the evidence of those who offer evidence, and then arranging and applying it. If evidence is not forthcoming, the authorities must spare no efforts, and refuse no instrumentality, that will help them to obtain it. A large detective force—in other words, a machinery of *espionage*—is undoubtedly a great evil. But it is an evil infinitely small compared to the wide-spread insecurity of life which now prevails in Ireland. In many countries, it would tend to draw public sympathy to the side of the murderer; but this has already been accomplished in Ireland so completely and effectually that there is no room for any further progress in that direction. The same state of feeling, therefore, that makes the employment of special agencies for the detection of crime more necessary in Ireland than in any other country under the sun, robs it, at the same time, of its chief danger. But, by the strange fatality that has pursued all Governments in Ireland, it appears that the police of that country are singularly destitute of the very qualities that are most required there. They have been drilled, and armed, and tight-stocked, until they are more like regular soldiers than police. As soldiers, they are a very fine and effective body of men; but for the humbler duties which are peculiar to a police, and which require somewhat suppler instruments, they are a miserable failure. They belong, in fact, to a state of things that has gone by. During the lifetime of O'Connell, it was always impossible to predict what form the discontent which he so sedulously nourished would take, and an army of occupation was therefore necessary as a security against insurrection. But since his death, and the disappearance of all important leaders, and the dispersion of his organization by the famine, insurrection has ceased to be a danger. The only species of disaffection which is now formidable is that of which a landlord is the object, and a blunderbuss the instinctive channel of expression. To meet this danger, which is not new, but has acquired a new prominence by the disappearance of all others, a reconstruction of the police force is indispensable. If a proper machinery of detection is once established, it may be hoped that, even in the midst of a sympathizing population, the chances of escape will be against the murderer. It may then be possible to frighten, if not to persuade, the Irish peasant, into renouncing that "wild justice of revenge" which is the source and origin of all the evils that are special to Ireland.

#### THE THIRD SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

AN amount of vigour and military knowledge has been shown by the Federal commanders, both naval and military, in the recent attack on Vicksburg, which has not been evinced by those who have had the direction of the operations in other quarters. The desired result, however, is far from having been attained, and the news lately received would seem to point to the fact that, the attack against the Confederate works having failed, General Grant has been forced to have recourse to the slower process of a regular siege, with the prospect of being obliged to fight a covering army rapidly organizing in his rear, under the able command of General Johnstone. In order to appreciate the value of the recent movements, some knowledge of the locality is necessary, and also a retrospective glance at the actions which were fought prior to the investment of the place. After the failure of General Sherman's attack in the beginning of last year, and the want of success which attended the attempts to reach the rear of the lines round Vicksburg by operations directed against the upper portion of the Yazoo River, the Federal army placed its camp at Young's Point, above Milliken's Bend. Here General Grant concentrated his forces, co-operating with Admiral Porter in command of the Upper Mississippi fleet, and also communicating with Admiral Farragut, who, with a few gunboats, had run past the batteries of Port Hudson.

On the 24th of April, the Federal army marched from Milliken's Bend; some gunboats and transports succeeded in passing the batteries of Vicksburg by night with little loss, and on April 29th the Confederate batteries at Grand Gulf, about twenty-four miles in a direct line from Vicksburg, were captured. This was effected chiefly by the gunboats. On the 30th the army crossed the river and landed in the vicinity of Grand Gulf. Near this place—viz. at Port

Gibson—the Federals encountered a Confederate force under General Bowen, on the 1st of May, and, according to their own accounts, defeated them, with the loss of fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and missing, and five pieces of artillery. That they achieved some success there can be no doubt, as soon afterwards we find the Federal army in motion, and advancing in a north-westerly direction. It is not, however, apparent to what point General Bowen retreated, as his communication with Vicksburg was cut, owing to the position of the Federal army. General Grant's army may be estimated at 50,000 men, and is divided into three corps, under the respective commands of Generals Sherman, M'Pherson, and M'Clermand, all officers of the old United States' army. In three columns, therefore, the army advanced, the object aimed at being to attack the lines of Vicksburg in the rear, and, at the same time, to clear the country of any Confederate force which might interfere with the investment of the place. In order to do this, the march was directed on Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, and the point where the four lines of rail join—viz. the railways from Grenada, from Meridian, from Louisiana (formerly the New Orleans line), and from Vicksburg. The distance between Grand Gulf, which may be said to have been the base of operations during the advance, and Jackson is between fifty and sixty miles. On the 7th of May, the army had accomplished about half the distance, and occupied the country between the Big Black River and Tallahala Creek; but it does not appear that the former had been entered by the gunboats. On the 12th, General M'Pherson came up with the enemy at Raymond, eighteen miles from Jackson. This force appears to have formed a portion of the army under the Confederate General Pemberton, and, after the battle, seems to have retired in the direction of the Jackson and Vicksburg railway, towards Vicksburg. After this success, General M'Pherson pushed on to Clinton, a station on the above-mentioned line; whilst General Sherman advanced on Jackson, and, on the 14th, encountered a small force (stated by the Confederate accounts to have been 9,000 men) under General Johnstone, which force he defeated, and consequently occupied the State capital. General Johnstone, in the meantime, retired and placed his headquarters at Canton, twenty-five miles due north of Jackson and seventy miles from Vicksburg. For two days only did General Sherman occupy Jackson, but before evacuating the place his troops are reported to have fired the town, which, if true, was a piece of wanton and barbarous destruction, as the place is unprotected by fortifications and is of no military importance. It may be hoped, however, that only the Government stores were destroyed, and that private property was respected, as General Sherman throughout the war has shown himself an honourable man, and averse to measures of unnecessary severity. The direction of the march of the Federal army was now changed, and the troops advanced towards Vicksburg along the railway. On the 16th of May, General M'Clermand, with a portion of General M'Pherson's corps, came up with the enemy in position at Champion Hills, near Edwards station, about half way between Jackson and Vicksburg—that is, about twenty miles from either place. Here an action took place, which resulted in the retreat of the Confederate army under General Pemberton, towards the Big Black River. During this action General Sherman, who had left Jackson, was held in reserve. On the 17th, the Confederates, having crossed the river, destroyed the bridges, after an action between their rear-guard and the advancing Federals. Following up his advantage with energy, General Grant proceeded to throw bridges across the river, General M'Clermand being ordered to cross at the railway bridge, General M'Pherson five miles higher up, and General Sherman six miles above General M'Pherson. All these operations were successfully accomplished, and on the 19th the Federal army found itself in front of the lines of defence of Vicksburg—General Sherman's corps forming the right attack, his own right resting on Chickasaw Bayou and the Yazoo River, General M'Pherson's corps in the centre, whilst General M'Clermand, who, after crossing the river had marched in the direction of the Warrenton and Vicksburg road, formed the left attack.

Whilst the land forces were employed in executing these movements, Admiral Porter had not been idle. On the 18th of May he despatched Lieutenant Walker in command of a gunboat up the Yazoo River, and succeeded, apparently without much opposition, in capturing the batteries at Haines Bluff, together with a considerable amount of stores accumulated there, and at the same time communicated with General Sherman. In consequence of the success of this expedition, and the opening up of the Yazoo River to the Federal gunboats, Chickasaw Bayou became the place where the stores for the army, and also the reinforcements, could be landed without the necessity of running the guns of Vicksburg, and so reaching the army by Grand Gulf. Another result arising from this success was the attack on Yazoo city, fifty miles higher up the river, and the consequent destruction of three steamers and a ram, besides the Confederate Navy Yard. It seems strange that so important a position as Haines Bluff should have been abandoned by the Confederates almost without resistance; and the fact can only be accounted for on the supposition that their forces were too few in number to hold so extended a line of works, the distance between Haines Bluff and Vicksburg being about ten or twelve miles.

Having followed up the advance of the Federal forces until the investment of the place, let us glance at the position of the Confederates. For many months preparations to resist a siege had been made, not only on the river side, but also in the rear, advantage having been taken of the nature of the ground, so well adapted for the purpose



of field fortification. The country around Vicksburg is thickly clothed with wood, and broken into steep ridges, between which run lagoons and creeks which flow into the Yazoo River. Engineers had been employed in directing the construction of earthworks, and connecting them together by means of parapets defended by abattis. The works are probably of the same nature as those which for so long a time held General McClellan's army in check at York Town. The position, therefore, of the Confederates is rather an entrenched camp than a fortified town. Large quantities of stores and provisions have been accumulated in the place, and General Pemberton's forces are reported to amount to fifteen thousand men. Vicksburg cannot, in fact, be said to be completely invested. The Mississippi is commanded by its guns, and the movement of the army from Milliken's Bend must have left open the communication, to a certain extent, with Texas. On the 22nd and 23rd of May, Friday and Saturday, an attack was made by the Federals along the whole line, the brunt of which appears to have fallen on General Sherman. The men advanced boldly enough up to the works, but seem to have found the obstacles insurmountable. One fort is reported to have been taken; but even Federal accounts allow that the attack was repulsed with a loss on the side of the Federals of two thousand men. General Grant, finding that the works were too strong to attack with any prospect of success without having recourse to siege operations, proceeded to entrench his army preparatory to undertaking in form the siege of the place. At the same time he threw up entrenchments in his rear in order to guard against an attack from General Johnstone. During the engagement the gunboats shelled the town from the river, but with little effect. Delay is likely to prove of greater advantage to the Confederates than to the Federals. General Johnstone has the means of collecting reinforcements more quickly than Grant, railways to every part of the Confederate States run within a short distance of his head quarters, and he has the advantage of operating in a friendly country. Rumour is busy in assigning various positions to his force, but the most probable line of his advance will be the road which leads from Canton to Vicksburg. By attacking the right of the Federal army, and separating it from the gunboats and the Yazoo River, he will throw back the right and centre on the Mississippi, forcing it to make a march of many miles through a hostile and difficult country. The Confederate General Loring is also reported to be somewhere in the vicinity of the Big Black River. The losses sustained by the Federals in the recent actions must have weakened the army considerably, and the distance from which reinforcements and means for conducting a siege must necessarily be brought adds to the difficulties to be encountered by General Grant. There is no news of any attempt being made by General Banks to join Grant's army. Indeed, it appears that he is well engaged three hundred miles lower down the stream, at Port Hudson. He has crossed the river at Bayou Sara, and has invested the place on the land side, whilst Admiral Farragut engages it from the river. The Confederates are reported to have 10,000 men at Port Hudson, whilst General Banks's force numbers about 20,000. The occupation of Port Hudson by the Confederates is essential to the safety of Vicksburg, as the batteries of that place command the river, and prevent the transports, which would otherwise bring General Banks's troops up the river, from passing.

Whatever may be the result, General Grant must be allowed to have conducted the operations with energy and skill, and he also appears to have been ably seconded by the commanders of corps. In fact, the career of General Grant has as yet been more successful than that of any other Federal Commander. He was originally a graduate of West Point, of about the same standing as General Franklin; he served with distinction in the Mexican war, and since the commencement of the present war has been employed entirely in the West, both as second in command to General Halleck, and, on the removal of that officer, in chief command of the district of Tennessee comprising the Upper Mississippi. His opponent, General Pemberton, is also a graduate of West Point, of older standing than General Grant. He graduated in the same class as Generals Hooker and Sedgwick, and the Confederate General Bragg; he also served with distinction in the Mexican war. The importance of the siege of Vicksburg is almost greater regarded politically than in a military point of view. Its capture by the Federals would, no doubt, be a blow to the Confederacy, but would not necessarily open the trade of the Mississippi River; for other points would be fortified and other sieges necessitated. The failure of General Grant would, on the other hand, increase the desire of peace which is making itself apparent in the North, and would convince the West that their trade can only be regained by treaty, and not by force of arms.

#### THE CORSALETTO DI MEDICI.

THAT facile and original composer, the poet attached to the establishment of Messrs. Moses & Sons, is in a fair way of being superseded. He would be well advised to look about him if he does not want to be shouldered out of notice by a successor, who writes in prose indeed, but such prose as one falls in with not more than once or twice in a lifetime. This writer has doubtless already given to the world many a masterpiece with which we have not had the good fortune to become familiar. Let him be consoled by the deferential tribute which we hasten to pay to his present *brochure*. It is a work in four pages—somewhat short measure, we allow, but the profound views on natural philosophy crowded into those four pages, as well as the masterly criticism on questions of art, make them fully equal to any other man's forty

chapters. On first thoughts, we doubted whether this striking pamphlet might not be the work of the Mosaic minstrel himself, reappearing in an unwonted garb, and, like Scott, having deserted poetry for prose fiction. But, as we read on, we learnt to scorn the idea. There is occasionally a quiet simplicity about the author of—

Five minutes' time is all we ask  
To execute the mournful task—

which suits ill with the sonorous utterances of the new-comer. The latter is unquestionably the "prince of modern fine-writing;" and, as his name is not yet revealed, he must be for the present recognised as the Great Unknown, or the author of the four-page treatise on the *Corsaletto di Medici*.

Now, in order to explain adequately what the *Corsaletto di Medici* is, we must follow Clodius a pardonably short distance into the sacred mysteries which he invaded. We know not how it happens that the civilized part of the human race seems always to be in some ridiculous and unaccountable hobble about costume. But, however it may be explained, the weakness is a fact which cannot be denied; and it is certainly incident more to the female, than to the male, section of humanity. The difficulty is now about crinoline, now about a becoming head-dress, and now—with reverence be it spoken—about stays. That the female frame must necessarily be tightly supported by steel and whalebone, is a maxim which has obtained among English matrons, more or less, for several centuries. Of recent years, the medical faculty, seconded by a whole army of sanitary reformers, has begun to lift its voice in earnest against the practice. It appears that stays produce every result that is bad, without any balance of advantage whatever. They limit the movements of the trunk, and degrade the condition of the muscles from a firm to a soft and unhealthy state. They further check the circulation of blood through the muscles, by pressing them between their own hard substance and the bones of the chest; and the muscles accordingly become wasted, or, in technical language, *atrophied*. The heads of the profession cannot be reasonably charged with not having spoken out. One eminent surgeon, heartlessly indifferent to the feelings of his fair, and still imprisoned, patients, grimly points to "the wasted leg of the mendicant" as an instance of the effect of pressure, assuring them that that leg, "through tight bandaging alone, can be reduced to the condition which excites our commiseration." Cruveilhier will only allow a small percentage of the sex to be "free from some deformity of the liver, consequent on the use of tight and unyielding corsets." And Erasmus Wilson asks the point-blank question concerning the same article of dress—"If we wished to produce curved spine, could we adopt a more scientific or certain plan?" Words like these were certainly calculated to produce, not only a flutter within the artificial *robur et es triplex* of the female breast, but also a crisis in the history of certain portions of female costume. It was a great occasion; and, in justice to Mesdames Marion and Maitland, of Oxford Street, sole manufacturers and patentees of the *Corsaletto di Medici*, we must admit that they have been equal to it. They proceeded to invent a substitute for the obnoxious article of dress, "so truly in harmony with the highest type of beauty, that the *Corsaletto di Medici* is so designated as suggestive of the 'Venus de' Medici,' the statuesque ideal of beauty of form and womanly grace."

With admirable foresight, Mesdames M. and M. secured the services of the Great Unknown by whose aid we are enabled in some degree to grasp the real proportions of this unparalleled discovery. Page 2 in the explanatory *brochure* is headed, with appropriate dignity, in these terms—"The invention suggested by the manifestation of Divine Wisdom in Nature." The scientific patentees turned their attention to the arrangement by Nature of the spinal and thoracic ligaments, and, "as might be anticipated, from this unerring teacher the intimation has been gained of the most efficient means of combining firmness with elasticity. . . . Everywhere in Nature a wondrous organization of means to ends is recognised; the beauty of her adaptations has for ages awakened the emulative energies of the highest of human intellects." With how admirable a refinement does the Great Unknown contrive to work into the thread of his remarks a perfectly unstudied compliment to his employers, who casually find themselves enthroned among "the highest of human intellects," seated along with the Newtons, and Davys, and Faradays, and doing a thriving business in Oxford Street all the while! By-and-by he condescends to specify by name a few of those contemporary or recent achievements of scientific energy which may, on the whole, be regarded as worthy to suggest a parallel to the *Corsaletto di Medici*:—

It is related of Smeaton that, on undertaking to rebuild the Eddystone Lighthouse, he was perplexed by the amazing difficulties to be overcome. The task had baffled the utmost skill of the best architects. Again and again their erections had been lifted in the Titanic grasp of the tempest, and tossed in fragments to the waves. Yet the problem had to be solved; and Smeaton, travelling alone in wind and rain, rested under a mighty oak, when momentarily the thought came to him, "Which of all the trees of the forest has Nature formed more surely than this, to endure and bid defiance to the storm?" Thereupon he modelled his lighthouse to the bole of the oak, and it stands now as he planted it, as much a monument to Nature's wisdom as to human sagacity. From the worm that bores itself a residence deep in the ship's timbers Brunel learnt the method for constructing his famous Thames Tunnel. The great tubular bridge spanning the Menai Straits—the boast of modern engineering skill—owes its origin to a hollow reed growing under English hedgerows, which, in its peculiar construction, suggests the surest method of attaining in such a span the requisite strength, since, by imitating in the bridge the structure of the reed, the weight of materials was greatly reduced, and at the same time the self-supporting capabilities increased in an extraordinary degree. Instance upon instance might be multiplied, alike in

the results of art, the labours of science, processes of manufacture, and applications of industry, showing our indebtedness to Nature for the principal hint of all that we worthily accomplish.

We make no pretence of concealing our conviction that, though unfortunately escaped our notice in the papers at the time, there must have been some grand "opening day" of the Corsaletto, together with its companion discoveries—the Resilient Bodice, the La Prima Donna Corset, and the Spiral Alobetic Skirt. Royalty, attended by the chief Ministers of State, doubtless graced the ceremony with its presence. By the kind permission of the Florentine authorities, the Medicean Venus was lent for the occasion; and the principal point of interest in the proceedings consisted in the trying on of the Corsaletto and other unparalleled novelties, of which the highest personages in the realm declared their unqualified approbation. At any rate, whether our own *insouciance* about public events of interest be as great as we have supposed or not, the patronage received by Mesdames Marion and Maitland has been unceasing, and, if that were possible, worthy of the Corsaletto. Notes of approval, collected together in volumes, are open to the inspection of visitors. These are dated—"from Abbey and Castle and Tower—from Rectory, Priory, Vicarage, and Parsonage—from Manse and Grange—from Palaces and Parks, and Cottages and Halls, and homes of every class throughout the land." But then, the advantages of the article are so surprising. It is "fully confirmed by evidence" that many ladies have commenced wearing this modern attire when past seventy years of age; while "the little lady of three years old" is equally well fitted with her grandmamma. We cannot wonder, therefore, that ladies are wearing the Corsaletto in every clime, "from Canada to Australia, from New Zealand to Hong Kong, from the Thames to the Ganges, the Mississippi to the Nile, from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, from Cairo to Calcutta, from Paris to Peru;" nor that every Overland Mail brings "ample attestation, in orders renewed, and additional purchasers by recommendation, who forward their measures from the most distant countries." We compliment Mesdames M. and M. on having secured the services of a literary gentleman so thoroughly well up in his geography; and we are happy in bearing testimony to his equal proficiency in an enumeration of the component parts of the British Isles, even up to "those little specks of islands dotted down in the far north of Britain, in which to serve one family is literally to receive the patronage of its whole population."

Now, the mystery of all this kind of thing is, why a new and simple discovery in costume cannot be invented, patented, manufactured, and successfully sold, without a word of puff to help it out. The substitute for stays, now so loudly called for from "abbey and castle and tower," and from "the Mississippi to the Nile," has been made to claim alliance, first, with "that statue that enchants the world," and then with the Eddystone Lighthouse and the Menai Bridge. Mesdames M. and M. may be presumed to know their own business best, and to have been right in supposing that, without being thus highly connected, the Corsaletto had no chance of getting on in the world. If so it is, all we can say is, why should it continue to be so for the time to come? How long is trade to supply a race-course on which petty sensation writers may run races one against the other? Is there no possibility of pensioning off the Great Unknowns, or do the successful houses regard them as pleasing appendages of their dignity, recalling the chroniclers and bards of other days and other houses? Is it that the inventor, or the lucky speculator in other men's brains, muses over his bargain until his own brain gets a little turned, and, with Don Adriano, he exclaims, "Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme; for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio." Or is it that the public deliberately chooses, for purposes of amusement or otherwise, to countenance and encourage the use of the long-bow, and the composition of a twaddling *farrago* of half-understood scientific facts? If so, we sincerely hope that the public may ere long transfer its countenance to some worthier quarter. All the world's a stage; and the audience seems, now-a-days, to be as easily taken by tricks of eye and ear as the Roman populace in the days of Horace. Hence the flourishing trade done by the most flaring advertiser and the loudest trumpeter.

#### THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITIONS OF 1863.

ARCHITECTURE, as usual, stands this year displayed both in Trafalgar Square and at the Free Exhibition in Conduit Street, and, as usual, it is little more than a record of private taste or private caprice, and of the ability or the audacity of individual architects. Besides the ostentatious display of Captain Fowkes' stucco facings of the Brompton shed, governmental architecture is singly represented by a pile of huge warehouses for the Indian Department which Mr. Digby Wyatt is erecting, near Charing Cross Bridge, with somewhat more attention both to mass and to detail than has heretofore been bestowed on such structures. Our architects made an unusual effort last year at the International Exhibition to put their best leg foremost. It is not, therefore, surprising that a collapse should have been imminent in this season's architectural show.

Two incidents have, however, saved the Conduit Street Gallery. The one was, that its managers invited all designs which were warranted to have made their first and only appearance at Brompton, and the other that a competition of more than average artistic importance had taken place during the preceding summer for the Protestant Cathedral at Cork. We commend this fact to Mr.

Dillwyn. Some dozen of the unsuccessful sets of designs, out of the sixty-three that were sent in—for the most part meritorious compositions—are shown at the Architectural Exhibition, while a perspective drawing of the interior inadequately represents the victorious building at the Royal Academy. The prize was carried off by Mr. Burges, first prizeman with Mr. Clutton for the Cathedral at Lille, and first prizeman in his own sole right for the Memorial Church at Constantinople, as well as author of the design, not competed for, for the Cathedral of Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. We recapitulate these works of Mr. Burges, because we see the same idea running through them all, and we discover its ultimate and most perfect expression in the Church for Cork. At Lille, the task proposed to the competitors was to reproduce a mediæval cathedral in France for a worship nearly identical with that of the middle ages. The preference of the judges for the massive style known as Early French was not obscurely hinted, and Mr. Burges' own predilections jumped with theirs; so the successful partners offered a church perfect as an imitation of the thirteenth century, and not ill adapted, perhaps, to the Romanist worship even of the nineteenth century. In his three subsequent works Mr. Burges had to accomplish a less grandiose but a more real and satisfactory task, in designing a church of unusual dignity, and of a size which was to be rather, though not excessively, above the usual parochial scale, for the use of the Anglican communion. In the two earlier cases the building was intended for a semi-tropical climate; in the third and last for that of these islands. Mr. Burges' own taste had been fixed in its preference for Early French, and at the same time he had realized with peculiar vividness the special architectural distinctions which mark off the Minster from the ordinary church. In his Constantinople design he had to flavour his Early French with a strong dash of Italian Gothic. Whether or not the mixture was abstractedly felicitous, the result was a very dignified building, of which the noteworthy feature was the apsidal east end, with its procession-path, and triple height of arcade, triforium, and clerestory. At Brisbane there was no mixture of style, but economy dictated the omission of the procession-path, while clerestory and triforium were married in a contrivance destined to produce that combination of shade and ventilation which almost tropical Queensland demands. Cork required no introduction of southern forms, and its climate needed no unusual precaution. The church to be built was a real Cathedral for a Lord Bishop of Parliament, and the figure at which the work was assessed gave the architect just margin enough to produce something bigger and grander than a parish church, while it left him hopeless of rivaling the usual size of similar structures in England or France. The problem was a very nice one. In some points it was just what such an artist as Mr. Burges would best desire; still, it had its shackles of a material kind. It was precisely the thing to prove the real quality of the man, and he has come out of the trial with signal success. His Cathedral is emphatically a Minster, grave and rather severe, with not over-much ornament, for which there is no money, but still graceful. The element of height predominates, and the aisled apsidal east end which signalized the Constantinopolitan Church re-appears in a purer style, and with still more stately proportions. The arcade, the triforium, and the clerestory are none of them absent, and the congregational accommodation withal is well provided for. The general feeling of the building recalls the eastern portion of Canterbury Cathedral. We have no hesitation in saying that the design is one of the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture which have been produced in England since the Gothic revival. It is the more fortunate that Mr. Burges should be able to appeal to it at this moment, when, as it is said, he has been unaccountably superseded as architect of the Memorial Church at Constantinople.

We must be brief in our notice of the unsuccessful designs. Mr. Seddon competes with a well-balanced and graceful building in Early Middle Pointed, which courts originality by the introduction of a band of painting or sculpture in low relief in lieu of the triforium. This is an idea worth being worked out in the architecture of the future. It also occurs in the design by Mr. Beazley, who is, by the way, alone among the competitors in showing a square and not an apsidal east end—for which peculiarity Mr. Wallen offers compensation in his fantastical design with an apse at each end. Mr. Mileham's type is, like that of Mr. Burges, the Early Pointed Minster. His church indicates considerable power, and a grasp of proportion, but it does not possess the altitude which marks the prize design. Mr. E. W. Godwin would have done better to have eschewed circular spires, and mitigated the exuberance of his tracery. Mr. Lightly's spacious interior reminds us of those large and dignified collegiate churches with which the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries endowed the Flemish and German cities, and which are well suited for the requirements of large English congregations. Mr. Driver has studied in Mr. Street's school, but he gives a church and not a minster.

Beyond the Cork competition, and apart from the designs already displayed in the International Gallery, ecclesiastical architecture does not make a large show this year. Mr. Slater's two minsters for Burntisland in Scotland, in English Pointed, and for the Sandwich Islands, in a style dictated by the fact that the only materials there procurable are porous coral and Chunam, patient of colour but not of moulding, belong to the last-named class, otherwise we should notice them more fully. They are remarkable for the contrast of treatment which they exhibit, justified as it is by the difference



of circumstances. Mr. Street is, as usual, conspicuous for that massive picturesqueness which he so well knows how to handle. We should much desire to see his great ability employed in the erection of a minster or some other large building. Always meditating on parish churches is never good for an architect's style. In the Royal Academy, Mr. E. M. Barry exhibits an attractive sketch of the under chapel of St. Stephen's—still happily preserved—fitted up for the use of the numerous inhabitants of Westminster Palace; and an interior of the new chapel which he is building for Leeds Grammar School. An external perspective but ill enables us to judge of the large and costly apsidal chapel which Mr. Scott is to raise for St. John's College, Cambridge, in place of the present inadequate one.

In domestic architecture, the largest designs are those for colleges and hotels, competitions for colleges at Malvern and Clifton having, apparently, afforded much occupation to our young architects. Both exhibitions give specimens of these encounters, and each contains Mr. Giles's design for the Langham Hotel, which is in the course of actual construction, under his and Mr. Murray's joint superintendence. The style seems to be a repetition of Renaissance, without any very striking point about it; but the mass possesses the recommendation of height and sky line, which is the more important from its position as the base of Portland Place. We have with much satisfaction observed numerous indications in the recent street architecture of London, that at last, after a hard fight, our architects have been brought to understand sky line, to make the roofs visible, ornamental, and pyramiding, and to deal with their chimneys as architectural features. Mr. Seddon's tender for the Langham Hotel, in Pure Pointed, is too much broken up, and looks more like a row of houses than a single structure. A big hotel at Brighton is useful as a warning that height may be gained, and yet dignity be totally absent. Country houses, which are usually and deservedly favourite fields for our architects' invention, do not appear in any great number. The reason perhaps is, that they were so strongly represented at the International Exhibition. The most important is Mr. Scott's Gothic Kelham Hall, Notts, which is shown at Conduit Street, both in coloured drawings, one of which appeared at Brompton, and in some photographs which are exhibited for the first time. If we were to have believed the drawings, we should not have thought it a successful work. The photographs led us to form a very different and a higher opinion of its merits. When will our architects learn that exhibition drawings, tricked out with colour, smart ladies lounging, and very green trees, are not a little apt to prove Pharaoh's reeds to the men who lean upon them? Plans and elevations for those who understand architecture scientifically, and photographs of completed works to the world in general, would form the most truthful and the most valuable exhibition. If we are to believe the coloured picture (perhaps by the artist of Kelham), we do not think Mr. Scott's new hospital for Leeds, which is shown in the Royal Academy, his master-piece. The proportion between the centre and the wings, which are joined to it by low screens, seems to require reconsideration. The draughtsman does not do justice to the pile in ornate French Renaissance which two hitherto unknown architects, Messrs. Griffith and Dawson, have built for Messrs. Longman in Paternoster Row, and which is shown in the Architectural Exhibition. The pity is, that the building should be stuck into so narrow an alley. Still, where it stands, its lofty French roofs look eminently picturesque and civic. Mr. E. W. Godwin's Gothic Town-hall, which is being built at Northampton, deserves notice as an experiment which might with advantage be elsewhere followed. We do not think, however, that Mr. Stapleton's pinched and drawn-up suggestion for an Hotel de Ville at Tourcoing, with its huge half-Byzantine central hall—suggestive of a swimming-bath—is likely to be a successful advocate in favour of civic Gothic. Mr. Goldie's offer, in the same style, for the Hotel de Ville at Brussels, has some very pretty details. The mass is not, however, altogether satisfactory. As a sign of the times, we may note that Mr. Taylor's huge station for the London, Chatham, and Dover Line, near Blackfriars Bridge, shows vestiges of Gothic. We should rather have seen the Company distinguish itself by abstaining from the attempt to cut up Ludgate Hill with its viaduct. Mr. Bazalgette's gigantic project for the quays and landing-places along the Thames, shown at the Royal Academy, has a sort of Egyptian massiveness and grandeur. It is not often that an engineer succeeds in an architectural composition, so that Mr. Bazalgette deserves credit for the attention he has given to a work on which much of the future artistic value of the capital depends.

After all, the most remarkable architectural exhibition of this month has been the renovation of Guildhall by Mr. Crace. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the City, it has had two signal æsthetic successes this year, in the decoration of London Bridge and of Temple Bar by Mr. Bunning at the time of the procession, and in that of Guildhall for the late ball. In spite of its disfigurements, the Hall is still a spacious apartment in the ornate style of the fifteenth century. Its great eyesore was the roof constructed by Wren after the fire of London, and soon to be removed. This roof was concealed by the insertion under it of an imitative open timber one, of a style corresponding with the date of the Hall. The details of this work did not bear very minute investigation, but the general effect was good, which was all that was wanted for the occasion. Mr. Crace's great success was in the decoration of the side walls, a large expanse of late Gothic panelling in stone. He was bold enough to cover them entirely with colour, and fortunate enough to bring that colour into harmony without

profuseness or gaudiness. The diapers were well chosen, and the large display of heraldry gave an historical character to the whole work. In a word, he thoroughly caught the spirit of the fifteenth century; and even the intrusive monuments, by the help of red curtains, were made somewhat tolerable. We trust that when the promised restoration of Guildhall becomes a reality, Mr. Crace will be commissioned to perpetuate these decorations in a permanent form. The temporary vestibule, with its imitative aisles, served its purpose well, and the whole work stood in conspicuous contrast to that miserable exhibition of sham Gothic upholstery which the wits and the liberality of the Board of Works ran up at the entrance of St. George's Chapel for the Royal wedding-day. When poor Pugin's intellect first gave way he betook himself to Guildhall under the belief that he was charged with its restoration and adornment. It marks the progress of taste that in so few years the hallucinations of his disordered genius should have become an accomplished fact in connexion with a great national event.

#### FAUST AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THOSE who, like ourselves, are fairly weary of the perpetual round of the worn-out stock works of the operatic repertoire, must hail with delight the appearance of a really new and successful opera. Nothing daunted by the failure—for such it must be confessed it was—of *Niccolo di Lapi*, Mr. Mapleson has ventured upon a new work which must and will, if there be any love of good music amongst us, recompense him for his previous ill-luck. Considering, too, the fate of M. Gounod's *Suppho*, given some twelve years back at the old Covent Garden, Mr. Mapleson might well have had misgivings as to the success of *Faust*, notwithstanding its triumphant career in Paris, where it has had a run of more than three hundred nights, and notwithstanding the hold it is obtaining on every lyrical stage in Germany and Italy. Since 1851, however, M. Gounod has risen to be the musician of the only country which now possesses a distinct school of music. Fairly trained vocalists, and composers with an endurable individuality of their own, are now to be looked for only in France. All modern operatic music has come under the influence of M. Meyerbeer's grand operas, and of the method which he has attempted to develop in them. What Gluck was to the eighteenth century, Meyerbeer has been to the nineteenth—a protest against the conventional forms which again bade fair to choke natural utterance in opera. Meyerbeer has attempted, and in many instances successfully, to fit the persons of his operas with music which should disclose and express their individual characters. This principle renders the working out of his ideas in proper musical form far more difficult than the plan adopted by Rossini and the Italians. How much easier, for example, to give but one phrase to *Assur* and *Semiramide* in the grand duet in Rossini's opera, and work the two voices together upon that phrase, than to combine two perfectly different passages, as Meyerbeer has done in the duet between *Valentine* and *Marcel* in the *Huguenots*. To follow this principle out in all the concerted music of an opera is, no doubt, far from easy; and Meyerbeer has often been compelled to adopt the ordinary method of distributing the parts with regard only to musical, and not dramatic, propriety. When, in a concerted piece, all the singers happen to be animated by the same sentiments, this is right enough; but this is not often the case, and in the beauty of the music of many of the Italian operas we forget the absurdity of several persons giving forth sentiments diametrically opposed in notes identically similar. To avoid this error, and to make the musical subservient to the dramatic element in opera, we conceive has been Meyerbeer's leading notion, and in this he has been followed by Wagner, in whose hands, however, the musical element has nearly disappeared in the uncouth and un-rhythmical phrases he employs. Great science and great technical skill are necessary to bring numerous and distinct phrases into harmonious and pleasing combination; and as Meyerbeer is confessedly weak in these very points, it has been charged against the principle he has adopted that it cannot be worked out save by those perpetual changes of key and time, restless modulations, interpolations of bars, and other shifts, with which those who are at all acquainted with his French grand operas are so familiar. That these faults must be those of the man, and not of the system, we think M. Gounod has shown most triumphantly in *Faust*. He has succeeded in working out, in the sound method of the standard composers, the modern notion of giving characteristic music to each of the persons of his opera, and he maintains that characteristic throughout his work. Between the two extremes of composers like Rossini, on the one hand, who, provided they get a pretty passage, care nothing into whose mouth it is put—and, on the other, of men like Wagner, who, to carry out their notion of dramatic propriety, care nothing how unvoiced or unmusical their phrases may be—M. Gounod, like M. Meyerbeer, steers a middle course, wanting, perhaps, that piquancy of rhythm and phrase which has such a fascination in the operas of the latter, but possessing a power of legitimately working out his ideas in a complete and symmetric form far more satisfying in an artistic point of view.

The libretto of the new opera is identical with the spectacle of *Faust and Marguerite*, produced in the spring of the year 1853 at the Princess's, by Mr. Charles Kean; and as that piece, with its final tableau, taken from the celebrated picture of "St. Catherine," was the town talk for some time, we are relieved from giving any further description of the story, as the opera follows exactly the

scenes of the drama. Throughout the whole opera, the beauty of the instrumentation, and the masterly skill with which the stringed quartet is treated, are most conspicuous. Since Mendelssohn and Spohr, no one has exhibited in a higher degree the power of solid, accurate writing. M. Gounod has employed several cunning combinations of the instruments. One especially, of which he is very fond, has a very pleasing effect; it consists in supporting the harp as the leading instrument with muted strings. There is no overture, that test of orchestral writing; but a short introduction, mysterious and vague, as the drama demands, shows that a master of orchestral effect is present. Faust's opening recitative, interrupted by the chorus of villagers at break of day, is highly dramatic, although the melody is not altogether new. The accompaniments to the scene between Mephistopheles and Faust are extremely beautiful, although we may here remark that we think the music assigned to the demon the least characteristic in M. Gounod's work. Faust's air, in which he expresses to Mephistopheles his desire for youth, is redeemed from what might otherwise sound rather like commonplace by the skill with which it is supported by the orchestra, in a delicious combination of the harp and horns with the stringed instruments muted. The music in the scene in which Marguerite is shown to Faust by Mephistopheles, is most charming—a fresh and original melody, which is heard again in the third act. The duet between Faust and Mephistopheles closed this act with immense spirit.

The next two acts contain the best music of an opera in which all is good. The second act opens with a most elaborate chorus of very ingenious construction. Six different phrases are allotted to parties of students, soldiers, old citizens, girls, young students, and matrons, and, after each chorus has sung its own phrase, the whole are combined with great skill. We have said six different phrases; but in point of fact, the female voices, the girls, young students, and matrons have the same phrase in different keys. The phrase for the old men was encored most rapturously, and is remarkably piquant. It is an ingenious idea, and one opposed to the usual convention, to make these old gentlemen sing a shrill treble. In Paris they were represented by boys, which must have increased the effect intended to be produced. After this chorus, Valentine addresses the medallion given to him by Marguerite in a charming passage, but the following air in praise of gold by Mephistopheles has hardly the requisite satire in it for the sarcastic demon. It is quaintly accompanied, in the earlier part of the air recalling Meyerbeer's *Piff Paff*. The whole of the scene, with the students' attack upon Mephistopheles, the breaking of Valentine's sword, and the students' victory over the demon by holding the hilts of their swords towards him in the form of a cross, is very grand, especially the concluding passage, which is a broad, noble phrase, admirably treated by the full orchestra. This act concludes with a tuneful waltz, "Come la brezza," to which justice was hardly done by the ladies of the chorus. An episode occurs where Marguerite crosses the stage, and Mephistopheles drives off Siebel. The melody in which Marguerite rejects Faust's advances—

No, signor, io non son damigella nè bella;  
E bisogno non ho del braccio d'un signor—

is delicious from its simplicity, and expresses most beautifully Marguerite's character. The contrast to the noise and bustle of the waltz which it breaks in upon, and which is resumed after she passes from the scene, shows a fine instinct for dramatic effect. The third act comprises the celebrated garden scene. Siebel has a graceful song as he gathers the flowers to lay at Marguerite's door, and there is an admirable phrase on the words, "Tutta la spira," after he has removed, by dipping his fingers in the holy water, the spell thrown over him by Mephistopheles, that all flowers plucked by him should wither. The gem, however, of this act, and indeed of the opera, is the tenor air for Faust, "Salve dimora casta e pura," in the favourite tenor key of A flat. The melody of this lovely song is pure and smooth, recalling Mozart without a trace of direct imitation. The passage before the original subject returns is most deliciously accompanied with writing for the strings such as is not often heard in the present day. Sung as it was to perfection (and we should question if M. Gounod had ever before heard it delivered as he heard it last Thursday week), it created quite a *furor*, ending in a most enthusiastic encore. The ballad of the King of Thule, which Marguerite sings to distract her mind from her meeting with Faust, is quaint, and the passages interspersed between the verses of the ballad in which Marguerite cannot help reverting to Faust, are highly dramatic; but the bravura song, in which she expresses her delight at the jewels, is not quite in keeping with the simplicity of her character. To this succeeds the quartet between Faust and Marguerite, and Martha and Mephistopheles, which is rather a double duet. The different phrases given to the young people and to the old housekeeper and her wily admirer are each admirable, and are combined with a skill that leaves nothing to be desired. A very graceful duet for Faust and Marguerite succeeds this quartet, in which there are some delicious passages for the wood band, and the act concludes with Marguerite's song at the window. It was too much to expect that we could in this song have a pendant to the tenor air at the beginning of the act, but we certainly desired something more marked than the notes M. Gounod has employed. The song is dreamy to the verge of vagueness, and depends altogether upon the orchestra for its effect. Surely Marguerite should have confessed her love to herself in a clearly defined melody. In the fourth act there is a fine passage for Marguerite and the

chorus—"Signor, accogli la preghiera"—although perhaps the climax is delayed a little too long. In this act is one of the best choruses that have been heard for some time, built upon a broad large phrase. It is sung by Valentine and the soldiers on their return from battle. It was extremely well sung and loudly encored, and will be so, we imagine, every time the opera is heard. There is an imitation of the leading phrase by the horns, trombones, and trumpets, under the rest of the instruments, which is very cleverly managed. Mephistopheles then sings a mock serenade, which, like his song in the first act, is in a minor key, but even this device fails to give as much mockery to the piece as we fancy was intended. The act closes with the death of Valentine, expressed in a well-written finale. The trio of Faust, Valentine, and Mephistopheles is especially good, and the passage in which Valentine, while dying, curses Marguerite, is very fine indeed. The last act has a charming duet for Faust and Marguerite in the prison, the phrase in which Marguerite is first introduced in the second act being repeated; and the opera concludes with a trio between the three principal characters, in a situation similar to the concluding trio in *Robert le Diable*, and to which it bears considerable similarity. There can, we think, be but one opinion as to the beauty and excellence of the music of this remarkable opera. It must be admitted that M. Gounod's vein of melody wants something of spontaneity, and has not the flowing quality which seems the gift of the Italians. But M. Gounod never indulges in commonplace, and there is evident thought in all he writes. He is, moreover, careful to avoid that disappointing treatment of his subjects which is far too usual in the present day.

With some slight drawbacks, the performance of this opera was very good indeed. Signor Giuglini sang better than we had heard him sing this season, and he did endeavour, according to his lights, to act. The music is not of that kind which he loves, and affords him no opportunities for those rallentando effects so dear to the Italian tenor. He therefore deserves all the more credit for taking so much pains with such unfamiliar and difficult music. In the air in the third act he was absolute perfection, and the exquisite manner in which he sustains and diminishes the concluding note is alone worth a visit to hear. His intonation, no easy thing to maintain in M. Gounod's music, was faultless throughout. Mdlle. Titiens did all she could do for Marguerite, but the part can never be one in which she will be very successful. The music, like all French music, requires more precision, more clearness and sharpness of outline than she can give it, and her style of acting and walking the stage does not enable her to assume the simple character of Marguerite to our satisfaction. We think the cast would have been improved had Mdlle. Artôt played the part. It shows Mdlle. Trebelli in a very amiable light that, to strengthen the cast, she should sing so insignificant a part as Siebel, whose one air she of course sang exquisitely. There can be little doubt that Signor Gassier is the best Mephistopheles to be found among Mr. Mapleson's bass singers, but we can hardly help thinking that he might have done more with the character, and his singing was not always in tune, though this may be attributable to a first performance. Mr. Santley looked and acted the part of Valentine most admirably, and his singing was what it always is—perfect. Both in his opening address to his sister's medallion, and in the finale to the fourth act, it would be impossible for any artist now on the stage to sing with more refinement and yet with more force. His voice, too, seemed to have recovered from the fatigue we fancied we detected when last we heard him. To Signor Arditi the greatest credit is due for the great pains he must have taken with his orchestra. The very difficult music which M. Gounod has entrusted to the instruments was played with a precision and accuracy, and, above all, a delicacy, which we have not before heard in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. As we have several times pointed out shortcomings in this respect, it is the more pleasing to notice so marked an improvement; in short, the accompaniments left little or nothing to be desired. The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the chorus, which, especially the soprani, were undecided and weak. The Soldiers' Chorus was well sung, but a good deal remains to be done with the other pieces of the opera in which the chorus takes part. There is, of course, the excuse of the first night of a new and unfamiliar work, and we hope that by this time the chorus is tolerably up to the mark. The dresses and scenery are quite new, and very rich and appropriate, and, having done all he could to deserve success, we very heartily congratulate Mr. Mapleson that he has commanded it. He has made us acquainted with a most masterly work from a composer from whom we shall hope in days to come for much pleasure in operatic music, and he is honestly carrying out the pledges of his prospectus in a manner which his subscribers next year should not fail to remember.

## REVIEWS.

### CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD.\*

A SECOND series has been published of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, and the new series is quite as good as the first. There is little writing like that of the authoress of these charming, fresh, and original tales. They take us into a world of their own,

\* *Chronicles of Carlingford. The Rector and the Doctor's Family.* London: Blackwood. 1863.



where we are in a common English country town, among common people—clergymen and dissenters, and surgeons, and the young ladies who agitate the hearts even of country clergymen and country doctors—and all is probable and consistent, and yet all is new. We have new characters and new phases of English life. There is too, throughout, the piquancy of a lively and facile style, full of flashes of humour, enriched with subtle remarks, and so polished, and even, and well-ordered as sometimes to be monotonous from its very goodness. If the authoress wishes for praise, she is entitled to all that the pen of critics can offer. But she is not in need of much praise or much criticism. The only thing to do is to read her—to enjoy, admire, and observe her, and her ways, and her discoveries. In her former series she invented a new sort of young man, and in this she has invented something even harder, for she has struck out a new sort of young woman. To those who have been through a thousand heroines, and know all about the Emmas and Julias as well as they know about the shape of the room they sleep in or the things they have every day for breakfast, it is as refreshing as the morning to have a positively new unheard-of heroine, and to read the history of the sufferings and loves of Miss Nettie Underwood.

But, before readers get to Nettie, they will find a short tale at the beginning of the volume which has merits of its own. The subject is very slight and the tale is very short; but there are touches in it that will delight every careful observer. A new Rector is appointed to Carlingford, a learned man, a University Don, who has written about the Greek verb and has edited Sophocles, but who has no notion of parochial work, and is flattered by the young ladies among whom he is thrown, and by gleams of blue ribbon such as he has never seen in his life. Either by some peculiar piece of bad luck or in a spirit of audacious irony, the authoress chooses to represent this meek recluse as a Fellow of All Souls. No choice could be more amusing to an Oxford reader, and if the authoress had consulted any of her University friends she would have learnt that Fellows of All Souls generally know and care much more about blue ribbons than about Sophocles. This quiet gentleman of fifty comes to Carlingford with an aged mother, to whom he is happy to think he can at last give a comfortable home. It is the Rector's mother who is designed to relieve the piece, and give it fun and distinctness. Nothing, in a small way, can be better than the picture of the lively old woman—deaf, but still interested in everything, full of fun, keen in her views as to the designs of lady parishioners, and accustomed to talk, and to make him talk, in a voice which, to the Rector's horror, is necessarily audible in the kitchen. Soon after his arrival, he makes the acquaintance of an overwhelming and fussy parishioner, Mr. Wodehouse, one of whose daughters he subsequently marries. His mother naturally wishes to hear what his new parishioners are like, and the following dialogue ensues:—

"But now tell me, my dear," said old Mrs. Proctor, "who's Mr. Wodehouse?"

With despairing calmness, the Rector approached his voice to her ear. "He's a churchwarden!" cried the unfortunate man, in a shrill whisper.

"He's what?—you forget I don't hear very well. I'm a good deal deaf, Morley, my dear, than I was the last time you were in Devonshire. What did you say Mr. Wodehouse was?"

"He's an ass!" exclaimed the baited Rector.

Mrs. Proctor nodded her head with a great many little satisfied assenting nods.

"Exactly my own opinion, my dear. What I like in your manner of expressing yourself, Morley, is its conciseness," said the laughing old lady. "Just so—exactly what I imagined; but being an ass, you know, doesn't account for him coming here so often. What is he besides, my dear?"

The Rector made spasmodic gestures towards the door, to the great amusement of his lively mother; and then produced, with much confusion, and after a long search, his pocketbook, on a leaf of paper in which he wrote—loudly, in big characters—"He's a churchwarden—they'll hear in the kitchen."

"He's a churchwarden! And what if they do hear in the kitchen?" cried the old lady, greatly amused; "it isn't a sin."

The old lady likes a position, and wishes her son would like it too. But he is an honest man, and he soon ceases to disguise from himself that he is wholly unfit for parish work. A scene at a death-bed—when he has no notion what to say, except to suggest to the patient that perhaps she is not so very well, and when the zeal and readiness of a young curate shows him, by a painful contrast, his own deficiency—decides him to leave, and he settles to go back to All Souls. He announces his resolution so doggedly and firmly to his mother that all her power of managing him is gone, and she is startled and overcome by finding the reins taken out of her hands. "She watched him, as women often do watch men, waiting till the creature should come to again." But she watched in vain, and her son ceased to be Rector of Carlingford.

The Doctor of "The Doctor's Family" is a young practitioner at Carlingford, who has no very settled position, and works very hard for a precarious livelihood. He is scarcely in society, and leads a melancholy, laborious life, burdened by the company of an elder brother who preys on him, and, without exerting himself to earn a penny, smokes and drinks at the Doctor's expense, and abuses him with a helpless, maudering pertinacity. Suddenly, to his horror, the Doctor hears that there have arrived at Carlingford some very unexpected relations. The miserable Fred, in his purposeless wanderings, has, among other places, wandered to Australia, and there taken to himself a wife as listless, and spiritless, and mean as himself, and this creditable couple have been blessed with a nice young family. Fred has never hinted even at the existence of wife or child, and so the Doctor is in the last stage of consternation and

wrath. But his feelings are changed, almost against his will, by the presence of some one who has come over with his sister-in-law. For his sister-in-law has a sister, and this sister is Nettie Underwood. This is the new, original, admirable heroine—a character probable, complete, interesting, and cut after no recognised type. She is a little brown, active, restless woman, with luxuriant dark hair, and an invincible spirit. She alone protects the helpless pack that she has brought with her. She carries Fred off to an hotel, and begins to look for lodgings. All blindly obey her, and reckon on her to do everything for them. "Was it a vague faith in Providence which had brought the helpless household there; or was it a more definite, if not so elevated, confidence in Nettie?" She knows what she is doing. She is giving up her little fortune and her youth, and her happiness, for a set of worthless, silly, ungrateful people. But she never falters. She will not allow that she is making a sacrifice, or doing anything heroic. She clings firmly to the practical side of the business, and has nothing to say but that she cannot help it. "If one's friends are not very sensible," she observes to Miss Wodehouse, who expostulates with her on her terrible sacrifice, "is that a reason why one should go and leave them? What else can I do than stay with them? If you will answer this, then I shall know how to answer you."

Of course the Doctor falls in love with her, and is in the last stage of fiery indignation at the way in which she is put upon by Fred and his fool of a wife. Nor is Nettie insensible to so much ardent sympathy. The Doctor is in a more especial fury one evening, when he comes to the cottage and finds Fred actually taking a base advantage of Nettie's accidental absence to smoke in her own little room. And when the Doctor met her next day, and said, with a flush of anger on his face, how horrible it was to see such a pollution, Nettie could do no less than say, "with a momentary timidity against which the unhappy Doctor fell defenceless"—"Did you mind? Thank you for caring so much for me." But when the Doctor tells his tale, she does not allow her strong practical sense to be for a moment overcome. She cannot leave Fred and Susan, and he could not stand them. She does not pretend she is indifferent; but it cannot be. "One may be sorry," she says, "but one must do what one has to do all the same." And the Doctor knows she is right. He could not go through what she does. As Nettie on one occasion remarks to him, when, in a vein of half-resolution, he says that it is as much his business to take care of Fred and Susan as it is hers—"Ah, yes, I daresay; but then you are only a man." He feels he is only a man, and that he cannot endure the burden which the woman he loves is so ready to carry; and his own perception of this difference between them is one of those traits of character which mark the real power of the work. "He was not very capable of heroism, but he was capable of seeing the unheroic in his own composition, and of feeling bitterly his own self-reproaches, and the remarks of the world which is always so ready to taunt the very cowardice it creates."

At last Fred is good enough to die by drowning his useless and drunken self in a canal, and Nettie has new troubles to go through. She gets no escape except from Fred's smoke, for her sister is more helpless and selfish than ever, and Nettie has still to be the Providence of the family. The Doctor comes, hoping to find some sort of change. "He grew pale with passion, resentment, and impatience before he had been a minute in the room. Always the same, not relieved out of her bondage, closer bound and prisoned than ever." Again he offers to take her out of her prison, but she is firm. She is doomed to support her sister, and she cannot give her heart as she would. But she lets the wretched Doctor know that she would give it if she could, and so he goes off in a whirl of anger and disappointment, and yet of triumph. Naturally, he relieves his emotion by taking his feelings out of his horse. "In the excitement of the moment, he touched too sharply with his whip the horse which had suffered the penalty of his vagaries of temper and imagination for some time past." Carlingford was amazed at the fury of his grief, and at the passionate and ultimately successful contest he entered into with his enraged brute. "Ah! if life and adverse fortune could but be vanquished so;" but all the Doctor's resolution and courage died into hopeless disgust before the recollection of Mrs. Fred and her children—

Even with Nettie at one hand, that peevish phantom on the other, those heartless imps in insolent possession of the wonderful little guardian who would not forsake them, made up a picture which made the Doctor's heart sick. No! Nettie was right. It was impossible. Love, patience, charity, after all, are but human qualities, when they have to be held against daily disgusts, irritations, and miseries. The Doctor knew as well as Nettie that he could not bear it. He knew even, as perhaps Nettie did not know, that her own image would suffer from the association; and that a man so faulty and imperfect as himself could not long refrain from resenting upon his wife the dismal restraints of such a burden. With a self-disgust which was most cutting on all, Edward Rider felt that he should descend to that injustice; and that not even Nettie herself would be safe against the effusions of his impatience and indignation. All through the course of this exciting episode in his life, his own foresight and knowledge of himself had been torture to the Doctor, and had brought him, in addition to all other trials, silent agonies of self-contempt which nobody could guess. But he could not alter his nature. He went through his day's work very wretched and dejected, yet with an ineffable touch of secret comfort behind all, which sometimes would look him in the face for a moment like a passing sunbeam, yet sometimes seemed to exasperate beyond bearing the tantalizing misery of his fate. A more agitated, disturbed, passionate, and self-consuming man than the Doctor was not in Carlingford, nor within a hundred miles; yet it was not perfect wretchedness after all.

This is a powerful picture of such conflicts of feeling as real men really feel, although they are only doctors in country towns.

But relief came at last, just when all seemed over and hope gone. With the wearing importunity of a fool, Susan had teased Nettie into consenting to go back to Australia; and Nettie, although well aware that to go was to leave all happiness behind her, had determined, in a fit of weariness and desperation, that it was better to know and bear the worst and to put three months of salt water between her and her Doctor. She had even stood his burst of indignation when he had come suddenly to the cottage and found her already beginning to pack for a voyage of which she had given him no intimation. He could not believe it was true:—

He stood among the chaos, and saw all his own dreams broken up and shattered in pieces. Even passion failed him in that first bitterness of conviction. Nettie stood opposite, with the sleeves of her black dress turned up from her little white nimble wrists, her hair pushed back from her cheeks, pushed quite behind one delicate ear, her eyes shining with all those lights of energy and purpose which came to them as soon as she took up her own character again. She met his eye with a little air of defiance, involuntary, and almost unconscious. "It is quite true," said Nettie, bursting forth in sudden self-justification; "I have my work to do, and I must do it as best I can. I cannot keep considering you all, and losing my life. I must do what God has given me to do, or I must die."

Never had Nettie been so near breaking down, and falling into sudden womanish tears and despair. She would not yield to the overpowering momentary passion. She clutched at the bundle of frocks again, and made room for them spasmodically in the box which she had already packed. Edward Rider stood silent, gazing at her as in her sudden anguish Nettie pulled down and reconstructed that curious honeycomb. But he had not come here merely to gaze while the catastrophe was preparing. He went up and seized her busy hands, raised her up in spite of her resistance, and thrust away, with an exclamation of disgust, that great box in which all his hopes were being packed away. "There is first a question to settle between you and me," cried the doctor; "you shall not do it. No! I forbid it, Nettie. Because you are wilful," cried Edward Rider, hoarse and violent, grasping the hands tighter, with a strain in which other passions than love mingled, "am I to give up all the rights of a man? You are going away without even giving me just warning—without a word, without a sign; and you think I will permit it, Nettie? Never—by heaven."

This is mighty pretty love-making; but it would not have been successful, for Nettie still said she must do her duty, only that a blessed *Deus ex machina* appears in the shape of a big Bushman, who has come over from Australia, and, having known Susan there, resumes the acquaintance, woos and wins her. The effect which the tidings of this unexpected solution of their difficulties produces on the Doctor and Nettie respectively is one of the most masterly and subtle parts of the book. The Doctor sees his deliverance in a moment, is in a rapture of delight, shakes the Australian by the hand, and is all radiance and hope. But Nettie is not so much rejoiced at having escaped from her burden as dismayed at finding that her sister is wholly insensible to all she has done, and is willing to get away from her, and secretly to make arrangements for a new life of her own, without one thought for the guardian and stay of herself and her children. She cannot speak to the Doctor, or look at him, but hurries from the room to bury her wounded feelings and her poignant disappointment in solitude and silence. Time, however, and the Doctor do wonders; and, although she is very proper and explicit in declaring that the Doctor is quite free, and is bound by nothing he has said, he will not stand any modest nonsense of that sort, but insists on marrying her, and thereby brings to a conclusion one of the best stories that novel-readers have had offered them in recent years.

#### VIRGIL IN VERSE.\*

MR. KENNEDY has been a good deal before the world in various ways, and in particular, has enjoyed considerable reputation as a scholar. Neither can it be denied that he has given evidence to the world of the validity of his claim to that character. Still, it does not appear that his translation of *Virgil* will add to his reputation in this respect. The truth is, he has undertaken a very difficult task, and one upon the successful execution of which few men would like to stake their credit as scholars. For, in the first place, *Virgil* is really one of the most difficult writers in the Latin language, although it is very hard to make people believe it. His difficulties are of that precise kind which it requires a certain amount of scholarship even to discover, and much more to remove. In this respect, he occupies a position analogous to that of Sophocles among Greek poets. In the case of either, it is not difficult to grasp the general drift of a passage; whereas, long after that feat has been accomplished, there remains the one great difficulty—which to ill-grounded scholars is unhappily no difficulty at all—of grappling with the writer's abnormal and frequently ambiguous constructions. Again, it is true of both, that their sentences are very often untranslatable even when the meaning and the construction have been mastered. For in both the idioms are, so to speak, at the very opposite pole to that which is occupied by our ordinary English idiom. This is one of the most usual sources of difficulty in translation. The words of some writers are found to flow off more easily and naturally when rendered into another language than those of others, quite irrespectively of any degrees of difficulty in their matter or form of expression. *Virgil* is one of the most *un-English* of Latin writers. Again, he frequently produces an effect by side-strokes of language. A word is thrown in, which has no place in the logical connexion of the sentence, but which serves to colour the whole sentence by its presence. Delicate touches of this sort can hardly fail to evaporate in translation; or, if the

translator makes an effort to retain them, he runs a considerable risk of overloading his sentence, and elevating a purely secondary point to a primary place in it. Then, again, it needs not merely a scholar but a poet to preserve the stateliness and sweetness of *Virgil's* numbers. A man must be a thorough master of his own language, to represent the inexhaustible richness of his diction. In a word, an attempt to render *Virgil* into English verse, is one of the most hazardous that a scholar can make. Mr. Kennedy has followed notable examples in making the attempt; but we cannot say in fairness that he has been uniformly successful. Not but that his translation shows in parts considerable poetical power, together with a large appreciation of the original. And, in judging of its merits, it is only fair to remember that it is (to all appearance) designed to be a *translation* in the proper sense of the term, and not a mere poetical paraphrase. But after making these allowances, we are bound to conclude that the book, regarded as a whole, is somewhat of a failure, however much its faults may be redeemed by good passages.

The point which strikes us as most obviously open to criticism is this—that Mr. Kennedy does not appear to move at ease, even in the light fetters of blank verse. There is a certain stiffness and hardness, a want of simple and natural flow which characterizes his style, and which looks as if his words were forced into their places, and kept there by some kind of uncomfortable constraint. The numbers themselves in many cases move heavily and joltingly. Such blank verse as this is not at all difficult to write. Some men, indeed, cannot help writing it, even when they suppose they are writing prose. But then, it is not worth much when it is written. Rhyme gives a certain roundness and finish even to indifferent lines; but unrhymed verse is entirely dependent on the rhythm, and cadence, and balance, and harmony of the lines themselves. Another point which makes Mr. Kennedy appear less at ease than he should be in his verses is his frequent use of rather queer and out-of-the-way forms and words—archaic, it may be; but if so, out of place in verses the general character of which is not archaic, and in a translation of a poet, on the whole, so little archaic as *Virgil*. Let us take a few examples. We will begin at the beginning:—

Thou, Tityrus, reclining in the shade  
Of this *disproportioned* beech, with oaten quill  
Court'st the sylvan muse.

By-the-by, what is an "oaten quill?" Our idea of a "quill," in relation to music, is that of an instrument used for striking the strings of a lyre—the plectrum, in fact. We need not say that *Virgil's* Tityrus performs on a wind instrument and not on a stringed one, in accordance with the orthodox pastoral practice. Shall we follow the guidance of Collins, and read "oaten stop?" A few lines lower down we have another case:—

So to great things I *paragon'd* the small.

We do not quite know what Mr. Kennedy's idea of a "paragon" may be, or whether he thinks the example of Spenser sufficient to justify him, as perhaps it is; but ordinary modern usage assigns to "paragon" the meaning, not of "comparison," but of something beyond comparison. And, in this case, Mr. Kennedy has committed the double barbarism of first using a noun in what is, in these days at all events, a wrong sense; and then converting it into a verb. In the lines which come next, the word marked in italics is unexceptionable, but flat:—

He with snowy side,  
Propp'd on a bed of hyacinthine flowers  
Under a holly ruminating lies,  
Or courts a *female* of the numerous herd—

the "female" being simply a cow. We suppose Mr. Kennedy tried to be as vague as the original, and failed:—

Aut *aliquam* in magno sequitur gregem.

Let us try again:—

'Tis time my ox began  
To groan with *traction* of the sunken plough.

"Traction" has an uncomfortably technical and mechanical look. And if the plough were "sunken," which is scarcely implied in *depresso*, we should think the traction would be very considerable.

Is the following form in use? If not, why use it, when "laden" would have done as well?—

Why mention him, who, lest the *laden* cars  
Pull down their stem, depastures, &c.

Why is the "light air" called the "buxom ether," according to Mr. Kennedy's often recurring formula?

In the mediæval matrimonial formula, the promise of the bride to be:—

Blithe and *buxome* at bedde and borde—

would have sounded very odd if "buxome" were replaced by "light."

Then we have another epithet in which Mr. Kennedy delights, very *Virgilian*, but not very English:—

Then o'er the leas  
A river of *sequacious* water brings;

and—

Thy face foment  
With jets of waters, and *sequacious* fumes  
Before thee carry.

Another odd word:—

A calf is form'd just bending to a curve  
His *bimal* horns.

It is not, however, quite fair to judge of a work by such isolated scraps as we have given. It will be better to take a few entire

\* *The Works of Virgil.* Translated by Charles Rann Kennedy, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Translator of "Demosthenes," &c. London.



passages for examination. We will begin with one which contains several difficulties, and which may therefore be expected to test a translator's merits. It is from the First Book of the *Georgics* (vv. 71-83, *Alternis idem*, &c.).

Thy ploughlands, after cropping, thou shalt leave  
Alternate years to rest, the plain with scurf  
To stiffen idly; or the golden spelt  
Sow there, the season changing, whence before  
Pod-shaking pulse, a plenteous gathering, came,  
The growth of tiny vetch, or fragile stalks  
Of bitter lupine rustling in their field.  
Oats burn the land, and so do flaxen crops,  
And poppies tinged with Lethæan sleep.  
'Tis easy toiling in alternate years:  
Only be not ashamed with rich manure  
To saturate the mould, and unclean ash  
To scatter o'er the dry exhausted leas.  
Thus ever changing produce they shall rest;  
Nor vantage in the fallow is there none.

On the whole, we suppose Mr. Kennedy is right in taking *novales* simply as "ploughlands," as the other meaning which it will equally bear, and which is more commonly assigned to it in this place (viz. "fallows,") would involve a tautology. In what sense does the translator use "cropping"—as a literal rendering of *tonsas*, or as an English farmer would use it? *Situs* does not mean "scurf," in this place, but that of which *situs* (when it does mean scurf, or anything like it) expresses the result, viz. inaction. If "the season changing" is meant to be a literal translation of *mutato sidere*, it is so literal as to be scarcely intelligible. But Mr. Kennedy seems to have intended to express that which we believe to be the true meaning. "A plenteous gathering" is a little too full for *letum*, and—

Fragile stalks  
Of bitter lupine rustling in their field,

is not at all equivalent to—

tristique lupini  
... fragiles calamos, silicemque sonantem;

but then we despair of finding an equivalent. In the next three lines, very commonly misunderstood, it is true that Mr. Kennedy has not gone wrong, but he has not gone right:—

Urit enim lini campum seges, urit avenæ:  
Urunt Lethæo perfusa papavera somno.  
Sed tamen alternis facillis labor.

Mr. Kennedy, leaving the particles *enim* and *sed* untranslated, has not enabled us to determine how he understands the connexion. So again with the last two lines:—

Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fetibus arva,  
Nec nulla interea est inarata gratia terre.

Here Mr. Kennedy has not touched *interea*, which contains the whole gist of the last line, and by translating *inrata terre*, "fallow," he has left it very doubtful whether he understands the passage at all. Of course the point to be observed is one which cannot be reproduced in a literal translation consistently with our idioms, namely, that *nec* belongs to *inrata* as well as to *nulla*; and if we roll up *inrata terre*, as Mr. Kennedy does, into one word, we shall be even further from the true meaning. The passage which follows is much better (*Georg. II. 458-475—O fortunatos, &c.*):—

Oh, more than blest were tillers of the ground,  
Could they but know their happiness! for whom,  
Remote from arms and strife, th' all-righteous Earth  
A plenteous living from her bosom pours.  
If theirs no lofty portall'd ample dome,  
Whose every chamber vomits forth a tide  
Of morning greeters; nor agape they stare  
At pillars chequer'd bright with tortoise-shell,  
Corinthian brass, and vestures trick'd with gold;  
If wool is not with Syrian drags disguised,  
Nor cassia-spice corrupts the liquid oil;  
Yet calm content, life innocent of guile,  
And stored with large variety of wealth,  
Farms ample, deep retirement, living lakes  
And grottoes, vales of beauty, lowing kine,  
And slumber at the foot of whispering trees  
They lack not; lawns of chase and forest game  
Are found among them, youth to scanty fare  
And toil accustom'd, worship of the Gods,  
Age held in reverence. Last in their abodes  
Astræa linger'd, ere she quitted earth.

But these lines are very far from faultless. In the first place, Mr. Kennedy has disregarded the tense of *norint*;—

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint  
Agricolæ!  
"Too happy husbandmen, if they but knew  
Their happiness."

There is no attempt to preserve the exquisitely touching repetition of the conjunction in vv. 467, sqq.:—

At securæ quies, et nescia fallere vita,  
Dives opum variarum; at latæ otia fundis,  
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe.

In "farms ample, deep retirement," Mr. Kennedy unduly severs *otia* from *latæ fundis*; and "vales of beauty" is very poor, flat, and general after *frigida Tempe*.

We must notice one or two other minute points:—

Hiberno lætissima pulvere farra,  
Lætus ager.  
"In wintry dust,  
The corn rejoices and the fields delight."

No; *pulvere* is an instrumental ablative; and *lætus* is used in its common meaning of "fruitful."

"An mare, quod supra, memorem; quodque alluit infra?"

Of seas that wash our coast, above, below.

The English is scarcely intelligible; the original is a mere resolution of the proper names of the two seas between which the Italian peninsula lies.

These examples are, to a great extent, taken at a venture, and it is only fair to balance them by passages which are free from faults, like those which we have noticed, and which fully justify the publication of Mr. Kennedy's volume. With two of these we will conclude our extracts:—

DAMOCLES.

Me with an apple Galatæa pelts,  
Then runneth to the willows, wanton girl,  
And, ere she reach them, wishes to be seen.

MENALCAS.

But my beloved Amyntas comes to me  
All unsolicited, that better now  
Not even Delia to my hounds is known.

DAMOCLES.

A present for my sweetheart I have found;  
For I have mark'd the spot where cushat doves  
Have built their airy lodging in a bough.

MENALCAS.

I did my best; ten apples rosy red  
I gather'd from the tree and sent my boy;  
To-morrow I will send as many more.

(Ecl. iii. 64-71.)

And were I not about my journey's end,  
Nigh striking sail and turning prow to land,  
Of fertile gardens and their culturing care,  
Of Pæstan rosebeds haply I had sung  
The double flowering, and how rills imbibed  
Refresh the endive and the parsley-bank;  
How curling cucumber along the grass  
All to a belly grows; nor tender spray  
Of pleach'd acanthus had my lay forgot,  
Nor cup of daffodilly sprouting late,  
Shore-loving myrtles and the ivy pale.  
For once do I remember to have seen  
Under Ebalia's lofty battlements,  
Where dark Galeus laves the yellow fields,  
An old Corycian gardener, who possess'd  
A few scant acres of forsaken ground,  
For pasture or for ploughing all too poor,  
Ungenial for the vine; yet here he rais'd  
His vegetable fare, verbenas, lilies,  
Esculent poppies in the brake he sowed,  
Rich as a king in happiness; and home  
Returning late at eve, his frugal board  
With unbought dainties cover'd: first was he  
To cull the vernal rose, the autumn fruit;  
And when a wintry frost was even yet  
Splitting the rock and fettering the stream,  
That old man shore the soft acanthine leaf,  
Chiding the Zephyr and the spring's delay.  
Therefore his hives the first with offspring teem'd,  
And swarms abundant; soonest would the combs  
Their foaming juices to his pressure yield;  
The pine, the linden flourish'd best with him;  
And every blossom that with beauty clothed  
His orchards to autumnal ripeness grew.  
He to the vineyard carried elms far grown,  
Moved the strong pear, the sloe-graft bearing plums,  
And plane that for the winecup lent a shade.  
But all these little cares, by space confined,  
An argument for future bards I leave.

(Georg. iv. 116-143.)

#### THE LIFE OF BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

(Second Notice.)

THE happiest years of Bishop Blomfield's life were probably those he passed as parish priest and scholar. For nearly forty years his highest earthly desire was to be Master of Trinity, and it was not until his appointment to Bishopegate that he seems to have entertained any other ambition. However, a Bishop he was to be. While yet a child, when his playmates were choosing their favourite destinations in life, young Blomfield said, "I mean to be a Bishop," and the child was, as it often happens, prophet as well as father of the man. There were, moreover, in his composition certain elements which seemed peculiarly to mark him out for the office, as its requirements were then understood. A strong sense of decorum, ritual and other, and a somewhat donnish manner, made him respected among the High Churchmen of the time; a liberal appreciation of the spiritual excellence of the rising school which then almost monopolized the practical religion of the Establishment, made him not unpopular among the Evangelicals; and he had an unusual aptitude for business, with an almost greediness for work, which contrasted hopefully with the solemn dullness of the dignified clergy of an age in which (as he and others said) the Church was dying of dignity. "He had an eye for everything, and an ear for everybody; he lived in an atmosphere of work, and few of those around him could long withstand the contagion of his example." Added to this was a pliability, political and social, or, as he preferred to call it, a "readiness to sacrifice everything except a principle," which gained him the name of the Peel of the Church, and a ready ability in debate—the ability (as his biographer happily puts it) of a man who spoke because he had something to say, not because he had to say something—which made him far more than a match for the Eldons and Newcastles, and formidable even to the astute *bonhomme* of Lord Melbourne.

This latter nobleman and the Bishop of London were, in truth, in direct ethical antagonism to each other. He was rough and ready—Melbourne polished almost to a fault. He was brim-full of "principles" and "the awful times we live in"—Melbourne very scantily furnished with the former sort of apparatus, and wholly devoid of any alarm about the latter. Above all, the insouciant Premier's favourite "Can't you let it alone?" was a view that never once occurred to the Bishop during the whole course of his life about any question whatever.

His see of Chester was oddly recommended to him in a characteristic letter of Lady Spencer, as a stepping-stone to London:—"If the Metropolitan is translated, which his looks portend, the Bishop of London replaces him; and who so likely as yourself . . . to be the Bishop of this diocese, if you are on the bench? but there you must be, or my plan can't take place." Chester was notoriously poor, and the diocese had suffered severely from the frequent translations of its Bishops; so the new prelate set himself to work at once to make as much of his transient episcopate as possible. The queer atmosphere into which he was transplanted may be learned from an anecdote or two:—

He used to tell a story of one clergyman whom he had reproved for certain irregularities of conduct which had been brought to his notice by his parishioners, and who had replied, "Your Lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappadocians were liars, and I can assure your Lordship that the inhabitants of — are liars also." Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk, while waiting for a funeral, that he fell into the grave; another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the Bishop's own servants. A third, when rebuked for drunkenness, replied—"But, my Lord, I never was drunk on duty."

"On duty!" exclaimed the Bishop, "when is a clergyman not on duty?"

"True," said the other, "I never thought of that."

The honesty of this last confession redeems its sottishness; but one gets a fair notion, by the way, of the sort of material out of which the Bishop had to construct some faint imitation of a Christian diocese. It may be doubtful whether his peremptory compulsion of this sort of clergy into residence was likely much to mend matters, and no one can help smiling at his prim suggestion to the Warden of Manchester, that the clergy of the place should set to work to impress duly upon the manufacturing myriads the dignity of their office by wearing their canonicals in the streets on Sundays. The Warden happily had the sense to save his brethren from making Guys of themselves in public; and the Bishop's more rational efforts began the large system of church and school building which has done so much for Lancashire. Much of the credit of the work is due to the vigorous prosecution of his plans by his successor; but the merit of originating it, and, we may add, of introducing almost a new notion of the work to be done and of the Bishop's part in doing it, is unquestionably due to Bishop Blomfield.

But his London Episcopate, to which he was raised in 1828, is that by which he will be best remembered. We have no space to go through his work here in detail. Nothing was too small for him, and nothing too great. From the reforming of bishops' wigs to the 200 churches that he consecrated, and the Colonial Episcopate, which he may almost be said to have founded—for Quebec, Nova Scotia, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Calcutta were all the bishoprics he found existing, while he left behind him about thirty-five—nothing was done without him, and there was almost nothing that was not done by him. And all this, while the Church was passing through the stormy times of the Reform Bill. The Reform Bill itself, by the way, was passed mainly under his manipulation of the Episcopal Bench; or, at all events, it was owing to him that it was carried without the threatened deluge of the House of Lords. Out of the majority of forty-one by which the bill was rejected in 1831, twenty-one were Bishops. When it was eventually carried, in 1832, by a majority of nine, he had secured the votes of ten or a dozen in its favour, and almost all the rest abstained from voting. On this, and his able assistance on the Poor-Law Commission, rests his chief political reputation, except in so far as his influence contributed to the overthrow of Lord Melbourne's ecclesiastical policy for Ireland, and to the modification of Lord John Russell's education schemes for England. As an administrator and a debater, he would, had he been a layman, have been an acquisition to any Government; but he would scarcely have taken rank as a statesman.

To the greater matter of Church Reform, we do not hesitate to say, he was unequal. Much there was that needed reforming; the sturdy middle classes, just beginning to feel their new power, were in no humour for playing at the thing; and the ubiquitous Bishop of London was the man to whom everybody looked to do the deed. But here his unfitness for his place showed itself most unsatisfactorily. A portly man, with a thin and irritable skin, endowed also with a good deal of sharpness of manner, and with the mixture of timidity and rashness of which these outward tokens are symbolic—one like the Bishop, at once nervous and conscientious, subject to panic fears, and open to every vague alarm—was just the man who should not have meddled with a matter which required, above all things, a firm hand and solid brain, entire suavity of manner, and a far-seeing, meditative appreciation alike of the heady times in which he lived and of the deep realities he was meddling with. But the Bishop could hardly be said to meditate at all. He lived in the present, formed his plans to meet the emergency of the moment, and legislated on the promptings of clever haphazard. A walk a mile and a half through the spiritual destitution that existed in every direction to the eastward

of St. Paul's, and a reflection that in St. Paul's itself twenty-nine servants of the Church were doing nothing for about 12,000*l.* a-year, sound all very fine, and were exactly in his line; but they are almost a caricature of the right preparation for providing what was really wanted. Sydney Smith's gibes were not wholly ludicrous when they described this odd concatenation of means and ends. That Sydney himself was absurdly unreal in all he said and wrote about the matter was the happiest accident that could have happened to the Bishop; for it neutralized almost his only able opponent. That the Canon of St. Paul's was unreal, we know, not only from his sturdy resistance to a bit of real Church Reform when it touched the Vicarage of Edmonton, and from the insincere style of all his letters on the matter, but we have his own confession of it. At the very time when he was abusing both the Bishop and his Cathedral scheme in public, calling the former "the whole Church of England here upon earth," and the latter "the most awful confiscation ever known in England," and insinuating that the object of the whole scheme was to give power and patronage to Bishop Blomfield (who surrendered under its insecure patronage of the value of 10,000*l.* a-year), he writes to the Bishop himself as follows:—

I think the best reason for destroying the Cathedrals is the abominable trash and nonsense they have all published since the beginning of the dispute. It is not unlikely that they may endeavour to preserve all the resident stalls in Cathedrals, and, perhaps, by the assistance of the dissident Bishops and the Tories in the Lords, they may do it. But they are a miserable lot, and I should think their courage would fail. They have not the elements of sedition in them; if one Bishop was to come in his pontificals and charge them, they would all run away, and then thank him for his charge and beg him to publish it. As far as I am concerned, I want only justice; but if I am compelled to fight for justice, I will avail myself of all collateral topics.

This was written before the publication of the third Letter and its "collateral topics;" and his argument throughout simply amounts to this:—The Cathedrals, and the Church itself, for that matter, are too rotten to be mended; touch a stone of the fabric and the whole concern will come tumbling about your ears. Let it alone, and it will last my time out—who cares about the rest? So, I repeat, let it alone, or, if you don't, look out for a little ditch-water. The Bishop had unquestionably the best of the argument, but bad was the best.

That the Cathedrals did not perish altogether under such attack and such defence is owing to a vitality which neither Bishop nor Canon seem at all to have understood. One cannot help a regretful feeling of what might have been then done, had there only been a head and heart to take a large and bold view of the thing that was really needed to make the Cathedrals the centres and Church-homes of their dioceses, and the Church herself the Church of the people. As it was, the old edifice was simply peeled and scraped, stuccoed and whitewashed; the Cathedrals were left as full of abuses, of non-residence and non-work, as ever; only they were curtailed in the number of their serving-men, and shorn of their revenues. The Bishop aimed at what one of his archdeacons too felicitously called, on another occasion, "satisfying the public;" and for the moment he succeeded, at the cost of the Ecclesiastical Commission, a permanent mutilation of noble, though abused, establishments, and a great opportunity of real renovation thrown helplessly away.

The Bishop's conduct in the matters which arose out of the Newman movement and his Charge of 1842 has had the usual fate which attends rash timidity. He should either have ordered, and enforced his orders, or been silent. Unhappily, an unbroken tide of prosperous activity had landed him in the belief that he was the man, *pietate gravis et meritis*, who could rule or lay the storm at will—a comfortable delusion which *The Times* demolished without unnecessary ceremony. What was a Charge in '42 was a *sauve qui peut* in '43 and '44, and in the undignified rout the Bishop's greatest fault betrayed itself. A long life of unchecked good fortune had made him, unconsciously, a worshipper of success. Then, when his more faithful clergy tried to carry out his views, and failed, he naturally laid the fault on them, not on himself. Few things are more unpleasant to bear than a snub from a superior when the subordinate has done all he could to obey his master's bidding and been foiled. Yet this was the reward too commonly earned by his followers, and far too liberally bestowed by the bothered diocesan. That he suffered acutely, this biography bears testimony; but that he made others suffer needlessly, many living witnesses can attest. *Odisse quem læscres*, was the natural result; and to those clergy whose only fault was that they had obeyed their Bishop, and really took him to have meant what he said, he was never decently civil to the end of his life. It should, however, be added that, in not a few instances, he was unfairly committed to the quasi-approval of rubrical and other practices by people whose logic seems to have been about this—"The Bishop is a High Churchman; I am a High Churchman; ergo, whatever I do, the Bishop agrees with it;" and who grumbled audibly enough when the Bishop whom they worshipped in the abstract required a little obedience in the concrete, and required it, perhaps, a little too peremptorily. They were hard times for him; and the worst of it was, that he had brought the hardness upon himself. The *mitis sapientia Lati* of good Archbishop Howley was worth a world of Blomfieldiana, grave or gay, at this time.

The severity, however, and the snubbing were of the surface only. At heart, the Bishop was as kind a man as ever lived. He was far more acrid in word than in meaning; and, however he might "chaff" or snub, he never for an instant bore malice. In the



midst of some furious attacks upon him, when some one asked how he felt towards those who were reviling him, he said—"Do you think I do not pray for them?" And this, from a man who studiously veiled his deeper feelings, says much. One beautiful story that is told of him, and which probably his biographer has never heard, we venture to relate. A curate of one of his pet Bethnal Green churches, who has since won high rank among the educational benefactors of his age, had preached a sermon which was rather "strong"—on auricular confession, if we remember. The Bishop, who was doubly sensitive about ecclesiastical mistakes in that particular locality, brought up his man at once, and rated him soundly. The curate was a man of true dignity; he waited till it was all over, and then said—"My Lord, you are my 'Father in God;' I venture to ask, have you spoken to me like a father now?" The Bishop paused for a few moments, the better Blomfield reassured itself at once, he burst into a flood of tears, and they were thorough friends and intimates from that moment. There was none of the grudge that inferior people bear against persons who have for once unveiled them to themselves, and been present at the revelation. The Bishop was really great at heart, though prosperity had crusted over his truer nature, and made him speak and act at times as though the apostolical orders were, not bishop, priest, and deacon, but bishop, rector, and curate. Fashionable London congregations may forgive him the mistake; it is one they make themselves every day.

A word or two, before we conclude, about the Bishop's most inveterate habit—his punning. It is very wrong, no doubt, but his conversation lacked entirely what Evangelical old ladies of both sexes call "savour" and "unction." Some of his *mots* were very twaddly, many of them were very personal, the whole thing was very unspiritual, beyond all question. Only he couldn't help it; like the man with the wry neck in the story, he was "born so." In him it was neither right nor wrong; it was the natural and necessary frothing off of an innate effervescence which must either find vent in this comparatively harmless shape or burst out in some more objectionable sort of fever. The biographer is rightly and reverently silent where a very lively chapter or two might have been written. We respect and imitate his reticence, and forbear a tempting paragraph. On one matter—on which, again, his biographer is almost silent—we venture to say a parting word. He was, perhaps, the greatest giver on record. It has been said that you must estimate a man's liberality not by what he gives, but by what he keeps; and, tried by this test, Bishop Blomfield stands out very nobly. He gave away, on a very moderate estimate, 150,000*l.* during the years of his London episcopate alone; and this, when at times he had to excuse himself from further giving, on the honest ground that "he had no money at his banker's." Meanwhile, with almost unbounded patronage at command, he enriched no son, or son-in-law, or relation of any sort. One son is now laboriously winning his way to fame as an architect; another went out, if we remember, as a colonist with Bishop Hills to British Columbia; another—the biographer—has taken charge of the most desolate and poverty-stricken district in all London, a living monument to his father's memory of the purest sort. To one son he gave a tolerably rich City living, but only after docking it of half its income to improve the scanty endowments of suburban churches. His sons-in-law are laborious clergymen with very moderate preferment. No one, within living memory, has lived and died so voluntarily and magnificently poor as Bishop Blomfield.

And here, with the most cordial sense of the tact and taste, the sound judgment and fine feeling of his biographer, we leave the good Bishop. Of much quickness of temper, and great warmth of heart; prompt, even to hastiness, in thought and action, but always open to conviction; with little of the meditative faculty, and little profundity, but with an enormous capacity for effective work; too much accustomed to deference, and therefore too exacting of it, and occasionally taken in by people who could put on the "dropping-down-dead"-ness of manner which the satirist remarked as the attitude he preferred in those who approached him; shy, brusque, and sadly *gauche* in manner, but single-eyed, clear-headed, and true-hearted; with no jealousies, no pettinesses, and not a thought about himself from one end of his life to the other; boundlessly munificent, and severely self-denying; and finally, with a healthy under-current of true, un-demonstrative, un-wordy piety, running like a silver thread through his whole being—such was Bishop Blomfield. If we have not been able to assign him a high place among the wise and great, we gladly and thankfully reckon him among the very noblest specimens of the peculiar type of Christian which it is the distinguishing glory of the English Church so often to have reared. His mistakes we have not been slow to mark; but when we remember Granville Sharp's well-weighed words, that, "of all the changes he had witnessed in the course of a long life, none was so great as that in the character of the English clergy," we cannot but record our belief that very much of the change was owing to the teaching, discipline, and personal example of the late Bishop of London.

#### RUSSIAN LIFE.\*

WE have here some sketches of the Russia of to-day, taken respectively by the leading Russian novelist and by a specimen of the average English tourist. The *Nouvelles Scènes*

\* *Nouvelles Scènes de la Vie Russe. Éléna. Un premier Amour.* Par Ivan Tourguénief. Traduction de H. Delavau. Paris: Dentu. 1863.  
A Visit to Russia in the Autumn of 1862. By Henry Moor, Esq. With Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

de la Vie Russe are a translation of two tales—*Éléna* and *Un Premier Amour*, by M. Tourguénief, already known in the West by his *Nichée de Gentilshommes*. The reader who opens this volume expecting to find the scene laid in a region of perpetual snow, and the actors employed in sleighing and bear-hunting, will be disappointed. The atmosphere in both stories is warm and balmy, the trees are in full leaf, the personages are generally staying at their country-houses, and spend most of their time out of doors, except, indeed, the hours when they are afraid to venture out on account of the heat.

The opening scene of *Éléna* is quite idyllic. Two young men are lolling on the grass in the shade near the banks of a river. One has just come out "third on the list" at the University of Moscow; the other is still a nominal attendant at the anatomy classes, whilst his real occupation is sculpture. The two friends presently go to dine at a neighbouring house, and we are introduced to the household. Nicolai Artémievitch Stakof, a retired officer of the Guard, speaks tolerable French, and passed in his youth for a philosopher, because he refused to join in excesses, and loved to discuss with obstinacy such points as, "whether it is given to man to know what happens at the bottom of the sea;" and in such discussions he always maintained the negative side of the argument. If "nerves" are mentioned in his presence, he asks, "What are nerves?" If any one enlarges on astronomical discoveries, he says to him, "And you believe in astronomy?" or crushes him at a blow by calling out, "These are mere words, Sir, nothing more." This worthy spends very little of his time with Anna Vassilievna, his wife, whom he had married for her fortune, preferring the society of a German widow, Avgoustina Kristianovna. His daughter *Éléna* is the heroine of the tale. Both of the young men are in love with her in their different ways, but she loses her heart to one of their fellow-students, whom they introduce to her, Inçarof by name. He is a Bulgarian by birth, and a patriot, the sole object of whose life is to avenge the wrongs suffered by his parents from the Turks, and to free his country from their hated yoke. So absorbed is he in plotting with a view to this end, that, though deeply smitten by the charms of *Éléna*—so at least we are told, though he really gives very little proof of it by word or deed—he prepares to start for his fatherland without coming to a declaration, of which, moreover, his poverty forbids him to think. The lady, however, has no notion of letting him slip in this way, and, in fact, proposes to him herself. She throws aside all conventional reserve, finds him out in his shabby lodgings, comforts him in his sickness, and her pompous father at last discovers with horror that they have been secretly married. All unpleasantnesses are, of course, eventually got over. Stakof gives his blessing to the runaway couple, and Inçarof sets off with his bride to take advantage of the commotion caused in Bulgaria by the outbreak of the Crimean war. Just, however, as we are looking forward to some description of that struggle from the Russian point of view, our hero dies at Venice from the effects of his privations and illness, his widow disappears, the other characters are summarily disposed of, and the story ends abruptly. Though *Éléna* is not an exciting narrative, a good deal of interest will be found in the characters to which it introduces us—the invalid fine-lady wife, the brutal and unfaithful husband, the prim Government official whom *Éléna* refuses, and *Éléna* herself, the innocent girl head over heels in love.

In *Un Premier Amour* we again make the acquaintance of a languid lady and an inattentive husband. The scene is again laid at a country-house, where a very young gentleman falls violently in love with a young lady considerably his senior, who is staying at the adjoining semi-detached villa, but whom he at last discovers to be carrying on an intrigue with his father! This curious story is supposed to be told by the young gentleman himself, now an older and a wiser man, to two friends, and their observations upon it are, perhaps, the most noteworthy thing in the volume:—

I mean to say (remarks one of them) that we live in strange times, and that we are ourselves a strange people. It appears to me that in Russia only a similar story is possible.

The other friend goes further into the matter:—

I mean that the social conditions in the midst of which we have all grown up have taken a form which is quite unique, which never has occurred, and probably never will occur again. Your simple story has inspired us with a sort of fright. Not that it has shocked us as immoral. It reveals something darker and deeper than a simple immorality. In every word of your story I feel I know not what wide-spread fault, common to a whole people, which I dare almost call a national crime. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." Let us hope, at all events, that our children will have a different story to tell of their youth, and will tell it differently.

M. Tourguénief in these two tales confines himself entirely to the description of manners and morals. Politics are untouched; and with all deference to the dicta which we have just quoted, there really appears to us to be very little local and national colouring in the volume. If the Moscow undergraduates discuss the relation of Nature to Art as prettily as Berceuf and Choubine are made to do in the first chapter of *Éléna*, or if they read Grote's *History of Greece*, as we find to be the case further on, they would not find themselves out of their element on the banks of the Isis. Ladies and gentlemen do not, we believe, in England, frequently walk, like Berceuf and *Éléna* (p. 36), hand in hand. But it is surely not only when "two individuals who have only a slight acquaintance meet on the Perspective of the Neva," that they "show their teeth, close their eyes with affectation, twist their nose and cheeks, and as soon as they have passed one another resume their first countenance, indifferent or sullen, almost always unwholesome-looking."

*Club, speeches, and gentleman*, being English inventions, are, it appears, known only by their English names. The Russian nobles, we are told, all learn music, and all learn it ill. We will only further remark on the odd effect that is produced by everybody being addressed by his or her second, or patronymic, as well as Christian name. Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Stakof would respectively address one another as Anna Vassilievna and Nikolai Artémievitch. It may also be noted that in Russia people are said to come down "to tea" in the morning. No one, indeed, who has ever enjoyed the hospitality of a Russian family can have failed to notice the prominent place taken by this refreshing beverage, and the solicitude with which it is brought to perfection by means of the charcoal furnace or *samovar*, and the padded nightcap of worsted work. Mr. Henry Moor tells us that he was informed at St. Petersburg that the price of the rarer sorts of tea ranges there as high as seventy shillings per pound. His visit to Russia took place last autumn, and might very well have remained imprinted solely upon the tablets of his memory; but if all tourists and story-tellers who have nothing in particular to impart to the public were to exercise a judicious reticence, what would become of the circulating libraries, and of the large class of readers who prefer a book that gently occupies their attention, rather than one which calls for any co-operation from their own minds?

In sympathy, probably, with this popular weakness, Mr. Moor has not only described his journey in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but has reprinted his contributions to that periodical, and now presents them to the world in the shape of a thin octavo. It is, probably, inevitable that books of this kind should be composed in a jaunty, deadlively style; but the reader will find compressed into a couple of pages (2 and 3) more than the usual amount of this entertainment. The party arrive at "Cologne the unsavoury." At Minden they "looked for that 'wood-crowned height' on which Eliza is poetically stated to have stood, and been 'o'er Minden's plain spectatress of the fight;'" seeing, however, several hills, they console themselves with the reflection "that if it was not that one it must be another." At Berlin they "came by their own" luggage; the master of the hotel leaves them "to the tender mercies" of a waiter; and they find the Unter den Linden "shorn of its pristine glory," and the trees "presenting a very sickly, and in one, though not in the best sense, *shady* appearance." To this sample of Mr. Moor's spirited writing, we will add a favourable specimen of his jokes:—

I imagine that a skin won in the chase from the grey back of a marten would have passed current for value more readily in those coinless times than a greenback of Mr. Federal Chase would do in these days. Still, to give every one his due, it must be admitted that when it came to quantities, the spoils of the American Chase are easier to carry in the pocket than those of the Russian one would have been; and that is about all that can be said in favour of the former.

It is fair, however, to say that the narrative is, in general, quite unpretending and sensible. Mr. Moor speaks very highly of the hospitality which he met with from strangers, which completely disabused him of the notion that, since the Crimean war, English people are at a discount in Russian estimation. The friend by whose invitation the journey had been undertaken possesses "sixteen villages, with a population of about 2,400, the estate itself comprising about 2,200 English acres." His country-house was "a large square building with spacious rooms, library, and billiard-room; a long deep verandah ran nearly the whole length of the back part of the house, fitted up with curtains, cushions, and tables." About twenty yards from the mansion was a smaller house, in which four rooms were set apart for the use of the travellers, with two female and one male *dvorovi*, or slaves, to attend to their wants. There were two large buildings for the *dvorovi*, numbering about forty, and a separate building for the baths, whilst, moored in the middle of the river, was a bathing-house for summer use.

Of the bathing customs of the country Mr. Moor tells us a good deal. He was naturally astonished to find men and women running about in a state of nudity on the river-banks, with people passing by constantly, but was assured that, so innocently-minded are they, they do not give the matter a thought. Recent publications have brought the subject of Russian religion prominently before the notice of the nations of Western Europe, and a splendid church recently built in Paris has made the Byzantine architecture and ritual generally accessible. Mr. Moor gives little information upon this topic, and his plate of a Russian church is wrongly made to face the description of a village shrine. He gives, however, a sketch of Polish history, and devotes a chapter to a *résumé* of the information afforded him by his Russian friend and host upon the serf question. This account is by no means exhaustive, and neither host nor guest seems to have an inkling of the wide-spread existence and spontaneous growth of the village proprietorship of which the Russian serfdom is only one development. Since the original publication of the papers which compose the volume, "three subjects," says the author, "alluded to in it have received their *dénouement*." The ordinance of February 1861 has come into effect, and the serfs are free. . . . The second event is the insurrection in Poland." And the reader will be surprised to learn that "the third is, that the new system for regulating the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors has become the law of the land." But the abuses in the management of the excise were, it seems, previously so great as really to make this reform important enough to take the rank which Mr. Moor has assigned to it. The Russian Government used to put up to auction the right of farming the sale of spirits, and to realize in this way two-fifths of the

revenue of the empire. The farmer was bound to sell at prices fixed by the Government, but found it worth his while to evade this obligation by offering enormous bribes to the officials. The peasants, to protect themselves against ruinous prices for an adulterated article, leagued themselves into Total Abstinence Societies; but the farmers actually had influence enough to induce the Government to proclaim these societies illegal, and to get the police to compel the peasants, by the free use of the stick, to buy and drink. We recommend the remedy of this abuse as a topic of rejoicing to Temperance orators in England.

#### A NATURALIST ON THE AMAZONS.\*

IT could hardly happen that a naturalist should visit an unexplored country with the definite purpose of studying its fauna, and paying his expenses by the produce of his researches, without collecting a vast body of valuable information over and above the specimens he sought. Mr. Bates went out with such a purpose, resided during eleven years within four degrees of the equator, sent home nearly fifteen thousand species, eight thousand of which were new to science, and has now published an account of his travels and adventures, distinguished by a manly simplicity, an entire absence of book-making, and a rich collection of suggestive facts. The work is meant only for readers of natural history; but they will be very grateful for it. Marvels and novelties will arrest them in every chapter. Even the familiar animals often wear an amazing shape, as when ants "an inch and a quarter in length, and stout in proportion," are seen marching in single file through the dense thickets, over which perhaps are hovering moths a foot in expanse; and spiders are met with of a size so immense that one of them was led about the house by a cord round its waist, as if it had been a dog! Spiders that pounce on birds, as ours pounce on flies, are sufficiently formidable; but the idea of a house-spider chained up in lieu of a bull-dog is staggering. What shall we say, also, to the moth (*Macroglossa Titan*) which, although somewhat smaller than a humming-bird, is yet so extremely like one in appearance, and in its manner of poisoning itself before a flower whilst probing with its proboscis, that even the eye of a naturalist, trained to niceties of observation, could not distinguish one from the other till after many days' experience? The Indians firmly believe the humming-bird to be a metamorphosed moth:—

The resemblance between this hawk-moth and a humming-bird is certainly very curious, and strikes one even when both are examined in the hand. Holding them sideways, the shape of the head and position of the eyes in the moth are seen to be nearly the same as in the bird, the extended proboscis representing the long beak. At the tip of the moth's body there is a brush of long hair-scales resembling feathers, which, being expanded, looks very much like a bird's tail. But, of course, all these points of resemblance are merely superficial. The negroes and Indians tried to convince me that the two were of the same species. "Look at their feathers," they said; "their eyes are the same, and so are their tails." This belief is so deeply rooted that it was useless to reason with them on the subject. The *Macroglossa* moths are found in most countries, and have everywhere the same habits; one well-known species is found in England. Mr. Gould relates that he once had a stormy altercation with an English gentleman, who affirmed that humming-birds were found in England, for he had seen one flying in Devonshire, meaning thereby the moth *Macroglossa stellatarum*. The analogy between the two creatures has been brought about, probably, by the similarity of their habits, there being no indication of the one having been adapted in outward appearance with reference to the other.

It has been observed that humming-birds are unlike other birds in their mental qualities, resembling in this respect insects rather than warm-blooded vertebrate animals. The want of expression in their eyes, the small degree of versatility in their actions, the quickness and precision of their movements, are all so many points of resemblance between them and insects.

Mr. Bates is a philosophical naturalist, and not simply a hunter of species. Estimating details, but estimating them according to their real significance, he does not suffer his mind to be submerged by them. He is always on the track of general principles, and, thus guided, many of his observations have a distant reach. He is led, for example, to doubt the commonly received notion of the general aspect of a fauna being wholly dependent on external conditions—such as light, heat, moisture, and so forth. He cannot reconcile with facts the current belief that the superior size and beauty of tropical insects and birds are due to the physical conditions of climate, or are in any way directly connected with them. The surprised reader concentrates his sceptical attention as Mr. Bates compares the members of genera which are common to two regions—say Northern Europe and equinoctial America—showing that the supposed effects of climate are not visible on nearly-allied congeners, that is, on animals very similarly organized. In the first family of the Coleoptera, for instance, the tiger-beetles, there is one genus common to both regions. The species found in the Amazon valley have precisely the same habits as their English brethren, running and flying over sandy soils in the bright sunshine. About the same number is found in each of the two countries; but all the Amazonian species are far smaller in size and more obscure in colour than those inhabiting Northern Europe, none being at all equal in these respects to the handsome light-green tiger-beetle, spotted with white, so familiar to all country boys in England. In butterflyes, again, there are eight genera common to the two regions. Of these, three only are represented in handsomer species in Amazonia; three others are far more beautiful in England; and between the remaining two there is

\* *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*. By Henry Walter Bates. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1863.



scarcely any difference. Another fact upon which Mr. Bates insists, and justly, is that the beautiful colouring is almost exclusively exhibited by the males. The brilliant dress is rarely worn by both sexes of the same species. Now, if the colouring be due to climate, why do not both sexes share this influence, or why are the males of genera living under the dull English sky adorned with such brilliant colours? Here the sceptical and somewhat nonplussed reader will object that it is nevertheless notorious that the tropics have a vastly greater number of brilliant butterflies than can be found under more temperate skies; the birds and insects of the tropics are celebrated for their splendour. True, good sceptic, most true, but if you are a statistician you will at once see the fallacy of your conclusion; for if the tropics produce a greater number of splendid species, and species wearing a greater splendour, this is because the tropics produce a vastly greater number of genera and species; and you would not argue that military genius is determined by a low social condition, because in France more great generals have risen from the ranks than in England, when you remember how rarely men rise from the ranks in England at all. The tropics have a wider area on which to rear their more splendid average. Moreover, as Mr. Bates remarks:—

It holds good in all families that the two sexes of the more brilliantly-coloured kinds are seldom equally beautiful; the females being often quite obscure in dress. There is a very large number of dull-coloured species in tropical countries. The tropics have also species in which the contrast between the sexes is greater than in any species of temperate zones; in some cases the males have been put in one genus and the females in another, so great is the difference between them. There are species of larger size, but at the same time there are others of smaller size, in the same families, in tropical than in temperate latitudes. If we reflect on all these facts, we must come to the conclusion that climate, to which we are naturally at first sight inclined to attribute much, has little or no direct influence in the matter. Mr. Darwin was led to the same conclusion many years ago, when comparing the birds, plants, and insects of the Galapagos islands, situated under the equator, with those of Patagonia and Tropical America. The abundance of food, the high temperature, absence of seasons of extreme cold and dearth, and the variety of stations, all probably operate in favouring the existence of a greater number and variety of species in tropical than in temperate latitudes. This, perhaps, is all we can say with regard to the influence of climatal conditions. The causes which have produced the great beauty that astonishes us, if we really wish to investigate them, must be sought in other directions. I think that the facts above mentioned are calculated to guide us in the search. They show, for instance, that beauty of form and colour is not peculiar to one zone, but is producible under any climate where a number of species of a given genus lead a flourishing existence. The ornamental dress is generally the property of one sex to the exclusion of the other, and the cases of widest contrast between the two are exhibited in those regions where life is generally more active and prolific. All this points to the mutual relations of the species, and especially to those between the sexes, as having far more to do in the matter than climate.

Another curious point noticed by Mr. Bates respecting the climbing trees may also be mentioned. He observed with surprise that there is no particular family or genus of climbers. There is no order of plants whose special habit is climbing; but species of many and the most diverse families, the majority of whose members are not climbers, seem driven to adopt this habit; and their number and variety are interesting taken in connexion with the fact of the very general tendency of the animals in this region also to become climbers. All the Amazonian monkeys climb. There is no group answering to the baboons of the Old World which live on the ground. The gallinaceous birds—representing the fowls and pheasants of Asia and Africa—are all adapted by the position of their toes to perch on trees, and it is only on trees, at a great height, that they are seen. A genus of the Plantigrade Carnivora allied to the bears, found only in the Amazonian forests, is entirely arboreal—and in fact has a long flexible tail like the monkey. The carnivorous ground beetles in this region are fitted exclusively to live on trees. In confirmation of this remark, it is interesting to observe that the spider monkey is the extreme type to which Nature has advanced in the New World; no nearer approach to the highest forms having been found either in living or in fossil types:—

The tendency of Nature here has been, to all appearance, simply to perfect those organs which adapt the species more and more completely to the purely arboreal life; and no nearer approach has been made towards the more advanced forms of anthropoid apes which are the products of the Old World solely.

In other respects, American types are inferior. One fact will probably not a little surprise the reader who has often read, at last with nausea, tirades about the marvels of bees and their cells, especially of the universal perfection of their architecture—namely, that none of the American bees have reached the high degree of skill exhibited by the European bee. The wax cells of the *Meliponæ* are generally oblong, showing only an approximation to the hexagonal shape in places where several of them are built in contact. So that all the rhetoric and mathematics which have been devoted to prove, from the architecture of our European bees, propositions about “instinct,” have lost their force. The bee is educable; its “instinct” is progressive. In America we see the earlier stages. These American bees, moreover, are without a sting. But they bite furiously; and when their colonies are attacked, they do as much execution with their mandibles as our bees with their stings. Mr. Bates saw a hive opened, and tasted the honey; but the Indian who opened the hive was set upon by the bees with tremendous energy, and was soon completely covered by them.

Our limits will not permit us to draw upon Mr. Bates's pages for amusing notices of ants—which really seem the supreme marvel of the insect world—nor for accounts of the various tribes among whom he sojourned. The character he gives of the Amazonian Indians is, on the whole, favourable in a moral aspect, though

somewhat deplorable in an intellectual aspect. He seems to have been much struck with their apathy to every kind of intellectual stimulus. They are wholly without curiosity, almost without superstition. They have no religious ideas, for they want the elementary sensibilities which could awaken even the first explanations of the great mysteries of existence. Here, again, favourite philosophical theories are at fault. Indeed, we may say of these volumes, that any philosopher with the candour which will admit the force of disturbing facts will find in them several nuts to crack; while, for the more modest lovers of natural history, Mr. Bates's pages abound in interest.

#### MARIE-ANTOINETTE.\*

IF an illustration were needed to show the difficulty of arriving at historical truth, it might be found in the endless controversies on the faults and virtues of the personages who were in turn the heroes or victims of the French Revolution. Though two generations have passed away, party feeling still survives, and on the suspicious evidence of contemporary pamphlets and private memoirs it is constantly being attempted to reverse, or at least to modify, opinions that have for a long time held their ground. Historical criticism was never more active and more intelligent than it is at the present day in France. There is a much greater disposition than was formerly the case to consult well-authenticated documents, instead of adopting the stereotyped conclusions of popular writers. Therefore, notwithstanding the brilliant inaccuracy of a Thiers and the undisguised advocacy of a Louis Blanc, we are disposed to hope that in the present age some progress may be made in arriving at a true appreciation of the actors in the greatest drama of modern history. Though, no doubt, individual opinion or party feeling may often diminish the value of the numerous essays on the French Revolution which the press of Paris furnishes, yet, upon the whole, we think it must be admitted that there is an increasing tendency to examine and judge the Revolution and its epoch with greater calmness and moderation. Malignant vituperation and slander, accompanied with the fiercest denunciations, are the worst weapons of attack and defence in times of violent popular commotions. The most vindictive persecutions and punishments are their natural consequence, and infamy is frequently, whether justly or not, attached to the memory of the victims. But it may sometimes happen that a later generation may reverse a wrongful verdict, and rescue from undeserved obloquy bright and honourable names.

Few of the great characters of the French Revolution have been more perseveringly and more foully assailed than Marie Antoinette. For the last dozen years of her life she suffered from persecution, and at length from such ferocious cruelty as would have seemed to be impossible in a civilized age and a Christian country. The most slanderous imputations were recklessly made upon her conduct and character, by a nation which professes to be the depositary of the spirit of chivalry; and it has often, in comparatively modern times, been attempted to insist upon those charges, supported as they were by the most questionable testimony of insinuations contained in private memoirs. Even historians have, in some cases, passed an unfavourable judgment on the Queen, based as it would seem on the *médisance* of Parisian society, and not upon any reliable evidence. On the other hand, there are innumerable defenders of the outraged Queen, who seek to represent her as a saint in her life and a martyr in her death, and who, from compassion for her sufferings and indignation at her traducers and oppressors, have been led to exaggerate and falsify what could be said in her favour. The last champion that has appeared is M. de Lescure, who begins by assuming an attitude of judicial impartiality, which, however, occasionally verges on indiscriminate admiration. Now there can be no question that, when Marie Antoinette became Queen of France, she enjoyed universal popularity. Her youth and beauty won the affection of all. The society of Paris rejoiced in having a Court presided over by a high-born princess, and those who were less frivolous hoped that the time had come when the reign of Dubarry and her fellows was to cease for ever. Never was a reign more auspiciously commenced. And yet within a very few years her popularity had utterly vanished. The worst stories were freely circulated about her. She was alleged to spend vast sums in enriching her favourites; she was charged with furthering the interests of Austria at the expense of France; her private life was reported to be scandalous. After the affair of the Diamond Necklace, she became odious in France. Though nothing at that trial was proved to implicate her in the matter, the popular belief undoubtedly was that she was really compromised by the disclosures made in the course of the proceedings. When the Revolution broke out, there were no limits to the hatred which she encountered. By some it was believed that she was the chief obstacle to the efforts of the revolutionary party, and that her force of character and her influence over her feeble husband rendered her dangerous to them. Others maintained that she was for ever intriguing with the Court of Vienna and conspiring against France. It was also said—and the charge has been repeated by M. Louis Blanc and Sismondi—that her faults of temperament and judgment were fatal to Louis XVI. and were among the causes of the final crisis of the revolution. Yet this was the Princess who a few years before had been welcomed with enthusiastic affection, but at length became the object of such bitter

\* *La vraie Marie-Antoinette, Étude Historique, Politique et Morale.* Par M. de Lescure. Librairie Parisienne. Paris: 1863.

hostility with the people of Paris—an implacable hatred that was scarcely satiated with her blood.

At first sight it seems difficult to account for such a change of feeling, unless we ascribe it to the fact that the French people were, in those memorable years, in that state of unreasoning frenzy that they could accept the vaguest rumours as proofs of criminality, and that the popular leaders lost no opportunity of trying to counteract at any price an influence which they felt and feared. It is simply idle to dwell upon the charges of personal misconduct. There is no proof that they had any foundation except in the malignant slanders of a corrupt Court, which have been preserved in the memoirs of Besenval, and Tilly, and Lauzun. But the unpopularity which finally matured into such deadly hatred no doubt began in the Court itself. Marie Antoinette did not possess the tact to conciliate those by whom she was surrounded, and—what in French eyes was worse than a crime—she was wanting in the knowledge and practice of etiquette. She was impulsive enough to have favourites like the Countess de Polignac, and to make any one a favourite was to expose herself to the certain enmity of all who were not equally distinguished. She had been brought up an Austrian Archduchess in the easy and homely fashion of the German Courts, and she could not endure the stately ceremonial of Versailles. Gay and good-humoured, she sought to please more than to command, and she liked to be on terms of greater intimacy with her chosen friends than was then customary among royal personages. It was well observed by the Prince of Ligne, who had, from his long residence at the French Court, frequent opportunities of observing the character and manners of the Queen:—

Sa prétendue galanterie ne fut jamais qu'un sentiment profond d'amitié, et peut-être distingué pour une ou deux personnes, et une coquetterie générale de femme et de reine pour plaire à tout le monde. Dans le temps même où la jeunesse et le défaut d'expérience pouvaient engager à se mettre trop à son aise vis-à-vis d'elle, il n'y eut jamais aucun de nous qui avions le bonheur de la voir tous les jours qui osât en abuser par la plus petite inconvenance. Elle faisait la reine sans s'en douter. On l'adorait sans songer à l'aimer.

This is certainly not the portrait of a Queen who, by some writers, has been classed with Mary Stuart and Henriette of Orleans; and, in all probability, no efforts would have been made to tarnish her memory but for the animosity felt by the Revolutionary party towards her. Perhaps she did not come up to the French ideal of a Queen of France; but even if she had been as wise as she was courageous, she could hardly have guided the King through the perils of the Revolution. The day for timely concessions and judicious compromises had long gone by. In the state in which the country then was, no Government could have effected without violence the changes that were needed. The Church and the nobles, either by open opposition or covert intrigues, rendered any compromise between the Crown and the people impossible. It is too much to expect that the influence of one woman, however wise and bold, could have saved the Monarchy from the consequences of centuries of oppression and injustice. Nor, in justice, could much have been expected from a half-educated princess, who had spent her youth in the Court of Vienna, and the rest of her life in the fêtes and frivolities of Versailles.

As for the King, his character was so weak that it is doubtful whether he could ever have been induced to act under the pressure of a nature more energetic than his own. Marie Antoinette was full of courage, but had not more than average capacity for the conduct of public affairs. In September 1791, Count de la Marck, in writing to Count Marcy-Argenteau, says:—

Il faut trancher le mot, le roi est incapable de régner, et la reine bien secondée peut seule suppléer à cette incapacité. Cela même ne suffirait pas; il faudrait encore que la reine reconnût la nécessité de s'occuper des affaires avec méthode et suite; il faudrait qu'elle se fit la loi de ne plus accorder une demi-confiance à beaucoup de gens, et qu'elle donnât en revanche sa confiance entière à celui qu'elle aurait choisi pour la secourir.

But if she proved unfit to govern, she at least was able to set an example of courage and dignity to all around her. Though exposed to every insult and menace, her heroic spirit never failed her. She endured to the end, with true nobleness of spirit, the brutalities of her accusers, and the last letters which she wrote from her prison are full of tenderness and affection. When her nature was tested by misfortune and suffering, it proved to be true metal. The last years of her life are sufficient to atone for far more than can be with truth laid to her charge, and ought to silence the voice of calumny. The aim of M. Lescure is to show that Marie Antoinette deserves not only our compassion but our adoration. He declares that all the evidence that has been brought to light in modern times tends to show the absolute blamelessness of the Queen's life—a more favourable view than that entertained by M. Sainte-Beuve, who seems to us to insinuate more than he is in a position to sustain. Perhaps the most interesting portion of M. Lescure's volume is the collection of Marie Antoinette's letters. They are forty-four in number. Among them are letters to the Emperor Leopold, Madame Elisabeth, the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel, the Dauphin's governess. The last in the series is one addressed to Madame Elisabeth, on the morning of the 16th of October, the day of the Queen's execution. The original of this letter is in the archives of the Empire; it breaks off suddenly with an unfinished sentence, and bears no signature. It is believed that its conclusion was prevented by the arrival of the executioner. It is extremely touching in its allusions to her children and her friends. We believe that a great many more of her letters, especially those

to her brother, the Emperor, are in existence in the archives of Vienna; they probably would throw some additional light on the views of that Court at the time of the flight of the King to Varennes. But we must admit that the mass of literature referring to Marie Antoinette has already reached most preposterous dimensions. M. Lescure gives us a list of some two hundred works, without including the countless piles of scurrilous pamphlets which are to be found in the collections of the curious.

#### A NORSEMAN'S VIEWS OF BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH.\*

It is a dangerous undertaking to write about foreign countries, for this reason, that there is so much in them that we do not understand." With this observation, none the less true because it is not precisely new, commences one of the letters in which M. A. O. Vinje, Advocate before the High Courts of Justice at Christiania, has laid down the law on the political, social, and literary state and prospects of Great Britain. With incontrovertible boldness, this hardy Norseman has confronted the danger which he had not failed to recognise, and has subjected our various institutions to a keen and vigorous criticism, in which there is much of the rude power of a Cobbett, and more of the rude impertinence of an Assolant. It is not because M. Vinje happens to be a Norwegian democrat of the purest water (for we presume it is only his humour when he talks of being accused of aristocratic prejudices at home), and because he surpasses even most of his fellow-countrymen in their union of Scandinavian *amour propre* with the French doctrines of social liberty, that his teachings are not likely to be received with gratitude by that British public into whose language he has considerably caused them to be translated. The publications of M. de Montalembert and M. Esquiros were hailed on this side of the Channel as deserving of respectful consideration, though their authors, differing widely from one another in their political and religious views, in many respects differed no less widely from those prevalent amongst ourselves. Even Mr. Emerson's *English Traits* failed to find an attentive public, not because that philosopher is an enthusiastic American republican, but merely from the inherent impossibility of consecutively reading so lofty a rhapsodist. M. Vinje, who apparently lacks neither sense nor power, would have secured the welcome which is always accorded to an intelligent foreigner who is at the pains of studying our institutions, if he had not disdained to set about the right way of obtaining reliable information. But we must demur to a wholesale condemnation of British society by a gentleman who deliberately refused to avail himself of the only method of effectually studying it. His letters of introduction, he informs us, "still occupy an honoured place in his writing-desk;" and, instead of using them, he preferred the guidance of acquaintances whom chance sent him. Thus, he gratefully mentions an obliging person whom he addressed on first landing at London Bridge, and who "took such a deal of trouble with me during the whole of my stay in London, that I really got ashamed of all the kindness he showed me." This opportune Mentor was otherwise principally engaged in "starting companies;" and from this unexceptionable source M. Vinje derived his somewhat severe views of British commercial morality. Another friend in need presented himself at the Wimbledon review—where M. Vinje was accidentally at a loss for a sum to enable him to pass the barrier—in the shape of an "hotel friend," who, "presenting me with a ticket, bade me, in a jovial tone, come along." But a deeper impression was made on the Norseman by the society which he occasionally enjoyed on nights at a tavern in London, where

the guests were chiefly well-to-do retired tradesmen, friendly and jovial, every one of them. But at the bare mention of money their eyes sparkled, and their gestures resembled those of our *forefathers* who made the hammer's sign when mentioning Thor. They gave me as a foreigner a piece of friendly advice—always to look well after my purse.

M. Vinje has, accordingly, come to very melancholy conclusions on the state of British society. England, he thinks, is engaged in two worships alone—that of money and that of rank. With the cynical quotation, "Omnia Romæ venalia esse," his book concludes. To become rich, and in becoming rich to take up a high position in society, is the sole object of the Briton's exertions throughout life. Much success, it is true, attends the struggle, and—

Shallow observers might even call the state of things here perfect. When they see pampered dogs running amongst half-starved people, when they see the dashing equipages and gorgeous liveries of the aristocracy and gentry, when they contemplate wealth and ease in a thousand shapes all over the land, the exclamation is common:—"We too must be Englishmen!"

But a philosopher like M. Vinje is not blinded by the prospect of being able to turn his favourite spaniel loose among envious paupers, when he remembers the corresponding fact, which he has learnt, that "infants are thrown like cats or curs into the sewers of London every year by thousands, till the bed of the Thames is said to be paved with murdered infants." This is a statistical item which the Messrs. Mayhew should not omit to notice in the next edition of their popular work. When such are the extremes of British civilization, who can wonder at the disregard which is paid to everything but the main chance by its leaders? Hence the following illustration will be readily credited by all but the hopelessly prejudiced:—

\* *A Norseman's Views of Britain and the British.* By A. O. Vinje. Edinburgh: 1863.



Suppose a party of men worth, say, 1,000*l.* a year, engaged among themselves in familiar conversation, and a man of 5,000*l.* enters; the conversation instantly drops, as if a cat had come upon a party of mice. Even 50,000 pounders would be completely silenced by a 100,000.

It is to be presumed that the reasoning is merely from analogy; or one would be inclined to wonder into what club M. Vinje was introduced by one of his jovial friends, where he found the conversation monopolized by the member who returned the largest amount to the Income-tax. A conversational census would certainly not be without certain minor advantages.

The Bishops fall particularly under the Norseman's unsparing lash. They "play at being bishops, and the sheep are left to tend themselves in the wilderness, as best they can." The inferior clergy are little better than their mitred superiors. In England they are paid for doing nothing; and in the Free Church of Scotland they have to institute a "reign of holy terror," to "drag the people to the churches against their will," since from crowded churches accrue their emoluments. Even Bishop Colenso must surely have been "a gentleman by birth, or a friend of such a one, or it may be that he has 'good connexions,'" unless his promotion "for his dexterity in solving algebraical formulæ" was a case of exceptional honesty.

But for the prevalent worship of rank more extraordinary vouchers are introduced. They include Lord Brougham, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Thackeray, the *Saturday Review*, the *Cornish Telegraph*, and Professor Jowett. Lord Brougham, because he "began his far-famed speech on the Reform Bill by saying, 'I feel that I owe some apology to your lordships for standing in the way of any noble lords who may wish to address you;'" Mr. Tennyson, because he allows the heroine of his *Lord of Burleigh* to sink under the feeling that she was not "born to the honour" of marrying a nobleman; Mr. Thackeray, because he allowed to be inserted in the *Cornhill Magazine* an article on the disadvantages of poverty among Scotch students; the *Saturday Review*, because it pointed out the usual motives of Church patronage; the *Cornish Telegraph*, because it admitted a letter upholding Major Yelverton's pedigree; and Professor Jowett, because he asserted that differences of rank vanish in the presence of the highest natures, and that the customs of society do not admit of a literal imitation of Our Lord in washing the feet of his disciples. When the leaders of public opinion are thus at one on the deference which rank universally commands in England, what wonder that the humbler classes tamely submit to the yoke? Accordingly, scenes like the following are known to be of constant occurrence, at least on the boards of the Victoria Theatre:—

I saw (the Norseman here quotes his personal experience) a gentleman by birth treating his underling as I would have been ashamed to treat a dog; and the poor creature rebelled not, but licked the chastising hand and skulked away.

Under such circumstances, it is a matter of additional regret that the idols we worship are so little worthy of our adoration. They are not even personally beautiful to look upon, notwithstanding that, from a morbid tendency to cleanliness, "they lash themselves literally into a soap rage." While "lounging for weeks in Rotten Row," M. Vinje gazed upon the British aristocracy as they unsuspectingly passed, and thought them, on the whole, "disfigured from debauch." Nor is he better satisfied with their intellectual proportions, when he remembers that—

The son of a Jew is accepted as a recognised leader of the Conservatives. From an intellectual point of view this is poor, very poor, but consoling, very consoling for the sake of humanity.

Whether it results from this reflection alone, or from the general generosity of the Norseman's mind, we are gratified to find that he is not entirely without hopes for us. We are rapidly passing to that state when the volcano must burst. "A Gracchus" is looming in our author's prophetic eye, who will overthrow our rotten civilization, and regenerate us by means of a universal smash. In the meantime, his eye is less prophetic than jaundiced. After "spending weeks" in the Exhibition (M. Vinje seems always to have had plenty of weeks on hand when wanted), he came out persuaded that such undertakings "are rivalry, and must, as such, promote war?" With such gloomy ponderings he sat under the dome, experiencing impressions akin to "water under hydraulic pressure oozing through thick iron tubes." On first reading the latter phrase, we imagined that the Norseman was referring to an actual experience which the edifice not unfrequently afforded; but we subsequently discovered it to be a metaphor, referring somehow to the "disappearance of all individuality." M. Vinje was much annoyed at the word Exhibition being substituted for Show. This latter he shrewdly suspects to be of Gothic origin, and he regrets to see it reserved for dog shows and for cattle shows, in which pigs are displayed who have lost, "by crossing and breeding, whatever natural grace they possess." And, viewing in a similar spirit the Volunteer force, which he thinks "is mostly made up of men from manufacturing firms and offices," he found the soldiers—

pale and sickly, and to me prophetic of the ultimate results of commerce and manufactures. . . . They are generally well, and even gaudily dressed, but it is like the tinsel trappings that surround a bier. Life seems within them flickering on the wane.

In conclusion, we must condole with the author for having been but ill-rewarded for his only display of modesty. Being doubtful as to his powers of English composition, he engaged another gentleman, who, fortunately for himself, remains nameless, to aid his hesitating pen. We cannot say that he was peculiarly fortunate in obtaining the assistance of a linguist who believes in an

English adjective like "executative," and a Latin substantive like "circences," who talks of a "succé pyramidal" in France, and of the Germans "becoming frantic" as well they may, "when they hear of anything Deutch." M. Vinje, whose book is published at Edinburgh, is so convinced of the superior intellect and education of the Scotch to those of the English nation, that we should much regret if he had been induced by this consideration to make so unfortunate a choice of an interpreter. M. Vinje has discovered that the old hatred between the English and the Scotch still burns lustily; but it would be a pity if a member of the latter nation had given vent to his bitterness of feeling, not only by translating a virulent attack on the sister-country, but by perpetrating murder by his own hand on the language of its Sovereign.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS (COLONIAL SERIES), EAST INDIES.\*

MR. SAINSBURY, to whose labours the public are indebted for this collection of State Papers, would have added to the favour thereby conferred on the general reader—though at the risk, perhaps, of disappointing the antiquarian—if, by omission or compression, he had reduced his abstracts of 1189 public documents into narrower limits than those of this ponderous volume. We have before us (exclusive of a preface) 487 royal 8vo. pages of matter calendared from three great archives—the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and the India Office—and extending over a period of little more than a century; the first document bearing date June 6, 1513, and the last December 31, 1616. The collection comprises memorials and petitions from merchants and adventurers to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, soliciting aid and encouragement from those sovereigns in the almost uniformly disastrous or resultless enterprises for the discovery of N.E. or N.W. passages to India and "Cathay;" letters missive from English monarchs to Eastern potentates, political and commercial negotiations with European Powers, especially Spain, Portugal, and Holland; firmans and licences obtained in favour of British trade from Asiatic kings; grants and charters of incorporation conceded during the early portion of the seventeenth century to trading companies by the British Government, together with commissions and instructions from the corporate bodies so constituted to their officers and representatives abroad. Various communications relating to commercial enterprise, during the reign of Elizabeth, and addressed to each other by her Ministers—among the rest, various letters between Walsingham, Leicester, and Lord Treasurer Burghley, and the report of Sir Fulke Greville to Cecil (already printed in Bruce's *Annals*), on the Memorial of the Adventurers who formed the first East India Company—are calendared in this volume.

The first beginnings of British trade with Persia at the close of the sixteenth century, originated by the efforts of the brothers Sherley and their intervention with Shah Abbas, already recorded by Purchas and in the Harleian Collection, are illustrated by various memorials to James I., and communications between officers of the East India Company at ports in the Persian Gulf and their employers. The origin of the short-lived commercial intercourse between England and Japan, which began in 1611, and ended by the abandonment of all the factories in 1623, will be found in two letters of William Addames, who was hired by the Dutch in 1598 as pilot-major to a fleet of five ships. From the first of his letters, addressed to his "unknown friends and countrymen," it appears that the vessels lost company—

And Addames, the pilot, was forced, with his ship, to winter at the Straits of Magellan, where, "with cold on the one side, and hunger on the other, the men grew weak." After meeting with extraordinary adventures and escaping unheard-of dangers, the twenty-four men who alone were left resolved to direct their course for Japan; the general, master, and all the officers of the ship had been murdered at the Cape. "A wondrous storm of wind as ever I was in, with much rain;" and failing to find the Cape they sought, "by reason that it lyeth false in all cards and maps and globes," added to their discomfiture. When at length land was seen, on 19th April 1600, only six men besides Addames "could stand upon their feet;" six out of the twenty-four left, died soon after landing. Addames, in this letter to "his unknown friends and countrymen," gives an account of his audiences with the Emperor of Japan; of his being sent to prison, and subsequent kind treatment; the efforts of the Jesuits and Portuguese to have him put to death; the allowance of two pounds of rice a day and twelve ducats a year from the Emperor; of his building a ship of 80 tons at the Emperor's command; and the favour he ultimately got into with the Emperor, whom he taught geometry and mathematics, and pleased him so, "that what I said he would not contrary." He promised that Addames should be a means for both English and Hollanders to traffic in Japan, "but by no means he would let me go;" and he gave Addames a "living with a lordship with 80 or 90 husbandmen that be as his slaves or servants." Addames specifies the commodities vendible in Japan, describes the island and the people, who he says are of good nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war; that there is not a land better governed by civil policy; that the Jesuits and Franciscan friars have converted many to Christianity, and have many churches in the island. He hopes by some means or other to hear of his wife and children, and prays all into whose hands this letter may come to do their best that they and his good acquaintance may hear of him.

A second letter from Addames, dated January 1613, gives the reason of his long silence—why nothing had been heard of him from his arrival in Japan to 1611, a period of eleven years—"All his former letters had been intercepted by the Hollanders." When Addames told the Emperor that "the King of England would send his ambassador with merchants and merchandize to trade in Japan, he was very glad, and rejoiced that strange nations had such good opinions, with many other good speeches." Sir Thomas

\* *Calendar of State Papers (Colonial Series), East Indies, China and Japan, 1513–1616.* Edited by W. Noel Sainsbury, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

Smythe had written to say he would establish a factory; Addames boldly asserted that his countrymen would be as welcome and free as in the port of London.

The most ample privileges appear to have been, in this year, granted by the Emperor. A factory was left at Firando, and Richard Cocks, a person of great experience, was appointed chief factor. Tobacco and Jesuits were, however, very obnoxious to the Emperor, and at Osaka "one hundred and fifty persons are (in 1614) apprehended for buying and selling the former, contrary to the Emperor's command, and are in jeopardy of their lives." As to the latter, their houses and churches being pulled down or burnt, they appear to have recanted, "so as there is no more Christians of Japanners in these parts." Notwithstanding these drawbacks, trade appears to have prospered, and all to have gone well in this respect till 1616, when Ogusho Same, a new Emperor, arose, who knew not Cocks; who not only refused to "abide padres in any sort," but—which the traders regarded as far more important—refused to renew their privileges. Richard Cocks, in writing from Firando in 1616, declares that "he is weary of the place, and were it not for extraordinary hope to get trade from China, would rather depart from hence to-night than tarry till the morning." Seven years afterwards, all the British factories in Japan were abandoned.

There are several documents relating to the British trading factories in Borneo, Java, and Sumatra, as also those at Macassar and Siam, with which, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, a trade sprang up with China. With the King of Sumatra the correspondence is not of an exclusively mercantile character, as appears from a proposition submitted for the East India Company's consideration in November 1614, in which the king, wishing to manifest his affection to the English nation, desires King James to grant him one of his subjects for a wife—

With sundry proffers of privileges to such issue as God should send unto them. A gentleman of "honourable parentage" proffered his daughter, a gentlewoman of most excellent parts for music, her needle, and good discourse, as also very beautiful and personable." The proposal was entertained. It was thought, among other things, to be "a means for the propagation of the Gospel, and very beneficial to this country by a settled trade there." Her father was to take her and remain with her in the country; and the action itself, "was referred to the learned Fathers of the Church," to be "approved and held lawful." They appear to have raised objections. But the young lady's father "collected certain reasons to prove by Scripture the lawfulness of the enterprise," which were held by the Company "to be very pregnant and good." Further arguments were satisfactorily answered by the father, among others, "that the rest of the women appertaining to the king, if they shall find the king's favour extraordinary to her, will not leave until they have poisoned her;" and "it was thought it would prove a very honourable action to this land" if the father "could work His Majesty's consent." Perhaps he could not, as there is no further mention of the subject.

With reference to China, extracts from certain Court minutes of the East India Company of 1615, reciting reports from their sanguine factor at Firando, in Japan, hold out expectations of profitable trade, which are rather contradicted by contemporary minutes (Sept. 15, p. 428) as to "deceit used by the Chinese. Their silks not worth bringing over; drugs, especially China-root and rhubarb, which prove rotten, not to be bought." To a generation which has witnessed and paid for three Chinese wars, undertaken, if for anything, in the ultimate hope of commercial advantages, it may not be uninteresting to look back two centuries and a half on the efforts of their forefathers to infect with the spirit of Anglo-Saxon enterprise the citizens of the Celestial Empire.

With reference to the earlier portion of the papers calendared in this volume, the most interesting are for the most part those which, having been already printed in Hakluyt or Purchas, and elsewhere, it was the least necessary to reproduce. The spirited but abortive efforts undertaken sometimes (as in the case of the Cabots) by foreigners in British service, but more frequently—as in those of Gilbert, Jenkinson, Frobisher, Fenton, Raymond, Waymouth, Davis, and Middleton—by British-born subjects, are evidences of that dauntless but resultless courage which prompted our countrymen to face all the risks of shipwreck, mutiny, starvation, and violent death, supported by no more substantial encouragement, even in the event of success, than the vague omnipotence conferred on the adventurers by Royal charters over territories the very existence of which was unknown to the monarchs who affected so munificently to bestow them. But by far the most interesting and instructive of the series, are those papers which contain the records of the first formation of the East India Company, and the earliest plantation of their factories in Hindostan. Here we trace the first infantine efforts which were, in the course of less than three centuries, to lead to the foundation of an empire which can now maintain from its own revenues a permanent garrison of 70,000 English troops, besides maintaining the vast costs of its civil government. The contrast is in itself so full of interest, that facts and statistics which would otherwise seem wholly trivial acquire an importance, simply because they enable us to revert in thought from the British India of 1863 to those days when peaceful traders presided over our earliest factories, to be afterwards succeeded by the warriors who expelled the French and crushed the Mahrattas, and the diplomatists who were to absorb, one by one, under British supremacy, nearly all the ancient feudatories of the Mogul Empire.

Now that the East India Company with all its charters and traditions is swept away, and even the ancient local habitation of its home Government is no more, the records of its birth in the

autumn of 1599 have an interest not the less real because they have ceased to be associated with the conflicts of English politics. Whether the substitution of one form of "double Government" for another, of disputes between Victoria Street and Calcutta for the ancient altercations between Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row, will eventually simplify the process of Indian administration, is a question which time alone can solve. In the meantime, no English commoner can look back without pardonable pride to the spirit of homely and unpretending perseverance in which that little band of grocers, cloth-workers, and ironmongers, whose names are recorded in the earliest entries of the meetings of the "Adventurers," set to work in laying the foundations of an empire which was destined to surpass in extent and to survive in duration all the grandest Eastern enterprises of all other European States.

The first five meetings of the Hundred Adventurers, who had subscribed a capital of little over 30,000*l.*, appear to have been held in September and October of 1599. The Adventurers, at a meeting on September 24, appoint, as appears from the minutes entered in the Court Book, fifteen directors, who, on the following day, nominate two committees of their own body—one "to solicit the Privy Council," the other "to seek for Shipping." At a general meeting of these committees, on October 16, the Queen's favourable reply to their memorial is reported, together with the decision of the Privy Council, that the contemplated enterprise should be stayed till the treaty of peace, then in progress with Spain, should be concluded. An interval of nearly a year having elapsed, the Adventurers meet again at "Founder's Hall," on September 23, 1600, Fulke Greville, Treasurer of the Navy, having in the meantime favourably reported to Sir Robert Cecil on their memorial. His report, dated March 10 of the same year, sets forth "certain reasons why the English merchants may travel into the East Indies, especially to such rich kingdoms and dominions as are not subject to the King of Spain and Portugal; together with the true limits of the Portugal's conquest and jurisdiction in those Oriental parts." (P. 103.) At this meeting it is resolved to "go forward in the voyage," and seventeen directors thereof are appointed. The "Susan" is subsequently ordered to be purchased for 1,600*l.*, upon condition that Alderman Bannyngh, the owner, receives her back again on her return at half-price. Fulke Greville is requested to move the Lord Admiral for the use of Woolwich and Deptford Docks.

The first charter of the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading with the East Indies" (which, after various renewals, amalgamations, and changes of title, has retained through all its vicissitudes a traditional identity), was granted on December 31, 1600. The early enterprises of the East India Company, including the voyages of Lancaster, Middleton, and Davis, have been so fully recorded in the pages of their "historiographer," Hakluyt, that any detailed notice of the reproduction of these annals in the volume before us would be superfluous. A large proportion of the "Court Minutes" calendared in this collection during the early years of the seventeenth century possess, apart from their antiquity, about the same interest as those of any commercial undertaking of the present day. We find whole pages occupied with inventories of "ship furniture," bargains about "mariner's wages," "boatswain's stores," "leather buckets," "nutmegs," and "cordage." It is recorded as an important fact that Sir Walter Pope requested the Court "on behalf of a young man to go for parrots, monkeys, marmosets for Lord Salisbury." On the renewal of the Company's charter on June 1, 1609, it is thought worthy of registration in the Court Minutes that "a brace of bucks were sent by the Earl of Southampton to the Company to make merry withal, in regard of their kindness in accepting him of their Company. Thereupon committee appointed, who agree upon a dinner." (P. 188.) A rather romantic interest on the part of the present generation in the affairs of an extinct corporation is assumed by the insertion in a calendar of "State Papers," two hundred and fifty years after date, of entries, of which the following is a fair sample:—

823. Firando, Dec. 12, 1614. Cocks (the factor) to Wickham. Expected him, Capt. Addames, and Ed. Sayer, to dinner. Sends some fresh fish. Is writing to Eaton. Many such meetings aboard would give the writer much content. Hopes the wind will be good in the morning. [*Half a page.*]

We read in a court minute of April 1, 1609, of a payment of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* to one "John Davis, pilot in the *Ascension*, for a book presented to the Governor and Company, written by himself, of all the courses and occurrences" of the last voyage with Captain David Middleton. If Mr. Davis's work was composed of the Company's "State Papers," some readers would perhaps have thought it rather dear at the money.

It must not, however, be supposed that the general character of the "Court Minutes" contained in this Calendar is trivial or ephemeral. Some of the most interesting—as, for instance, the circular letter of Queen Elizabeth in 1601 to all princes to whom her subjects might present it, the privileges conceded in 1613 to the Company's traders by the Emperor of Japan, and the records of their various voyages—having been already long ago published to the world in Bruce's *Annals*, Purchas's *Voyages*, and other authentic works, can scarcely be said now to challenge criticism, or to need any framework of modern illustration. There are, however, some points in which these early records of the administration of the East India Company conflict in some degree with that which, for the want of any more accurate word, it has been the fashion to call its "traditional policy." The adventurers who started under the auspices of Elizabeth and James do not appear to have been quite so sensitive as to the supposed peril to their commercial



and political prospects from the infection of Christianity as their representatives have been sometimes supposed to be in our own time. In conformity with the arguments addressed in 1607 by the Conde de Lemos, Spanish President of the Council for the Indies to Sir Charles Cornwallis, then English Ambassador at Madrid—to the effect that “the Spaniards had found by experience that the access of French, Germans, Hollanders, and English had wrought amongst the Eastern nations, but newly seasoned with the Catholic faith, such a mixture and confusion of diversity of sects and opinions as, once tasted, were hardly possible to be rooted out”—the East India Company appear to have taken such precautions as were open to them in order that this confusion might not be increased. But, so far as appears from these Minutes, the responsibility of appointing ministers of religion at their Eastern factories seems to have been uniformly admitted. Their church discipline appears, indeed, from a Court Minute of March 22, 1614, to have been somewhat more strict at their remote factories than our own now is at home. In that minute (p. 286), we read that Mr. Evans, the preacher, is dismissed, “about whom as ill a report goeth as of any about this town of his coat.” Again, in the same Minute, it being reported of Mr. Sturdivant, who had been appointed in 1609 (after preaching before the Company on the 5th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew), that “he hath a straggling humour, can frame himself to all company as he finds men affected, and delighteth in tobacco and wine,” “he is conceived unfit for one of his profession, and for the Company’s employment.” In a Minute dated February 9, 1614, we find a discourse of the Governor to the factors, acquainting them with the Company’s care to furnish them with “all things needful for their spiritual comfort,” and in which, after reciting the offensive behaviour of some of the factors in the East Indies, he admonishes them to “be the more respective, and shun all evil behaviour, that the heathen may take no advantage to blaspheme our religion by the abuses and ungodliness of our men.”

In the preface to this volume, attention is called to certain remarkable Court Minutes relating to a very different subject. We allude to the occasional employment of the ships of the Company for the transportation of criminals. Their precise destination does not appear to have been fixed; but in a Minute dated January 26, 1615, we read of—

Seventeen condemned men from Newgate sent down by the Sheriffs of London, and put aboard, which even appeared as a very charitable deed, and a means, as was hoped, to bring them to God by giving them time of repentance and to crave pardon for their sins.

Again, in a Minute dated June 25, 1616, we find—

A writing subscribed by three condemned men set ashore at Saldanha Bay; they acknowledge King James’s clemency in granting them their forfeited lives, and according to their own desire transporting them to this foreign land, where they promise to do his Majesty good and acceptable service to the uttermost of their powers.

(Signed) by Matthew Clifton, Arthur Pilliton, and William Harris (his mark).

There are various other Court Minutes relating to this subject, which tend to throw light on some old Orders in Council, directing certain criminals by name to be delivered to the Governor of the East India Company, to be transported to the East Indies. These are to be found in the MS. collection at the Colonial Office, and bear dates July 1614, July 1615, and March 1617 respectively.

On the whole, though so large a portion of this volume is, in fact, a reproduction of matter already accessible to the general reader in other forms, yet it may safely be said to convey, even apart from its merits as a compilation, enough new information on the subject to which the documents it contains relate, to justify its publication. To the statesman, the value of the materials it affords may be inconsiderable, but they can hardly fail to be of interest to those who appreciate the minutiae of historic details, no less than to the antiquarian.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE sixth volume of the *Political History of the most recent Times*, which is being published by Hirzel of Leipzig, is devoted to a history of Austria since the peace of 1809, written by M. Springer.\* In the view of the author, this period constitutes a turning-point in Austrian history. It was the period at which Austria began to have an independent Austrian policy, pursued for Austrian objects alone, without regard either to the interests or the commerce of Germany. The external severance had taken place in 1806, when the German Empire was abandoned; but a German policy was not definitively renounced till the victory of Wagram had mutilated the German possessions of Austria so seriously as to convert her almost entirely into a Slavonic and Hungarian Empire. At the same time—and, the author would infer, as a necessary sequence—the domestic policy of the Austrian Government became stagnant and torpid. The last impulse of Joseph’s reforming spirit had died away; and the dislike to ideas of all kinds, which was the result of Joseph’s efforts at home, and of the revolutionary excesses that had taken place abroad, found an expression in an almost Oriental immobility. This change was due in a great degree to the peculiar character of the two men who, as Sovereign and Minister, directed the Austrian policy for so many years. M. Springer has bestowed

a good deal of labour upon the pictures of Francis and Metternich, and, by the number of personal traits he has accumulated from a great variety of sources, he has at least made them very entertaining. Perhaps their attraction is not diminished by the fact that they are the very reverse of complimentary. M. Springer writes from a strongly German point of view, and in politics is very decidedly what Napoleon would have called an ideologue. He has, consequently, little tolerance for the practical, but narrow and temporizing, policy which Austria pursued at the beginning of this century. His character of the Emperor is worth extracting as a specimen of the fashion in which he despatches those whom he condemns politically:—

Frivolity, dread of every considerable exertion, a false stoicism which concealed an icy indifference to every higher interest, mistrust of himself, but a hundredfold greater mistrust of every one else, a taste for the petty and the mean, and fear of every prominent and strong character, formed the permanent features in the character of the good Emperor, who, though in essence thoroughly shallow, was yet seen through by few, especially in his later years, because he well knew how to deceive, by his insignificant exterior, his apparent good humour, and his citizen manners, and by individual peculiarities, such as the use of the coarsest Austrian dialect, the contempt of all foreign culture; and even in the matter of orthography, and the parade of being a genuine unsophisticated Viennese, flattered the multitude of the lower class, who saw in him one of themselves, and felt their own value at the same time enhanced through him.

The author is, however, driven to the exercise of some ingenuity to justify this unfavourable description in detail. The frivolity and dislike of exertion are rather hard to reconcile with known facts, whatever might be said of the rest of the character; and the author explains it in the following curious fashion:—

Every day saw him for many hours at a time sitting at his writing-table, and emulating the most veteran councillor in dry industry and unthinking occupation. This was spoken of and admired as a conscientious discharge of duty; but it was nothing else than the overflow of a love of trifling, which showed itself satisfied when the idle time was whiled away in a little laborious manner.

It requires a German mind to conceive of sitting at a writing-table for many hours a day as an unlaborious manner of whiling away idle time. The charge of frivolity, however, appears principally to rest on a love of violin-playing, which, like most musical pursuits, naturally led him into somewhat unintellectual company. His passion for it was so strong that he insisted on having fiddlers in his body-guard, who could make up the daily quartett during the whole march from Dresden to Paris in 1813–14. The author’s picture of Metternich is not quite so bitter, and yet it is severe enough. He denies him all claim to statesmanship; and attributes his success entirely to the pleasing manner, and subtle flexible mind, which made him equally dexterous in leading astray a victim of either sex. The motive of this extreme judgment is probably to be found in the reproach which the author fixes on him, that “he had no definite, positive political principles.” Metternich’s taste for shifty expedients is inevitably antipathetic to M. Springer’s stern and unbending dogmatism. Not the least interesting part of the book is a review of the reigns of Joseph and Leopold, which precedes the proper subject of the work. The difficulties with which Joseph had to contend in the prosecution of his designs illustrate the arduousness of an Austrian reformer’s position. His German subjects submitted, though impatiently; but it was from the independent nationalities attached to his throne that he met with the most hopeless resistance. The Bohemian Diet met towards the end of his reign, in 1790, and detailed the grievances which had arisen out of their King’s reforms. Among them is a distinct complaint that they were forbidden to force Jewish children to a compulsory baptism. This appears to have been demanded, not only by the nobility, but by the town deputies, who were elected by a very popular suffrage. In Hungary, one of the most offensive of the King’s measures was the abolition of serfdom. One of the counties in its memorial bluntly laid down, that “Divine Providence had so arranged that some should be born as kings, others as nobles, and others, again, as slaves; and so, with all observance of the law of Christian love, it must remain.” The part of the work now published extends as far as the year 1848; but the latter part of the history, which deals with the Emperor Ferdinand’s reign, is somewhat hastily and concisely despatched.

Herr von Kremer, after a ten years’ residence in Egypt, has written an account\* of the land and its inhabitants. It is in no way his special object to describe that which travellers in general go to see and to tell of—the antiquities. Upon these he observes a careful silence; but he thinks that there is, in the actual soil of Egypt and the manners of those who now live on it, enough almost to outweigh the fascinations of the mummies. The first part contains a minute description of the formation of the country, and of its vegetable and animal productions; and also an ethnographical description of the people. Among these, there is a rather curious account of the gipsies. The second part describes the political institutions of the country, the public works that are being carried on, and the general culture of the people. There are also a series of very valuable statistical tables in illustration both of the trade and the taxation of Egypt. Among the items of trade, there is one that is, perhaps, not known so well in England as it might be—and that is, the slave trade. The sources of the Nile, where our travellers have lately penetrated, lie in the midst of the great hunting-ground of the Egyptian slave-dealer. Every year large

\* *Staatsgeschichte der neuesten Zeit. Sechster Band. Geschichte Österreichs seit dem Wiener Frieden 1809.* Von Anton Springer. Erster Theil. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

\* *Ägypten. Forschungen über das Land und Volk während eines zehn-jährigen Aufenthalts.* Von H. von Kremer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

shiplands of slaves, packed as close as it is possible to pack them, are brought many days' journey down the Nile to Chartum. Numbers die in the course of this middle passage, in consequence of the ill-treatment they undergo. The slaves are then distributed among various customers in Egypt. It is not said to be in the main a very profitable traffic, on account of the escort, arms, and powder which are necessary for the purpose of securing their merchandize. There is only one merchant who grows rich upon it—and that is, the Arab Sheikh whom our virtuous ally, the Viceroy of Egypt, entrusts with the duty of buying slaves wherewith to fill the ranks of his black regiments. But then, the Viceroy pays a good price—no less than 1500 piasters a man. It is satisfactory to know the exact process by which the black troops were procured which have been fighting the battles of the Emperor of the French in Mexico.

It is evidently no common event for a German to go to sea. The two great German Governments, laudably anxious to create a naval spirit among their people, have recently organized expeditions to sail in the Eastern seas. The Austrian Government sent the *Novara* round the world, and the Prussians have more recently sent a squadron of four ships into the Northern Pacific. This hazardous enterprise has evidently excited as much interest as though the voyagers were so many Captain Cooks exploring regions that had been totally unknown before. A perfect literature of sketches and narratives has been the result. The latest production that has arisen out of the Prussian expedition is certainly the best. Dr. Hermann Maron\*, if he has not invented with the freedom of a Frenchman, has certainly made very good use of his time. He studied the Japanese sufficiently to be familiar with the details, not only of their constitution and its practical working, but even of their criminal law and criminal statistics. He has given a good deal of thought to the matter, and his reflections upon the political condition of the Japanese are well worth attention. He draws a curious picture of it. The idolatrous worship of the law, as such; the readiness with which the whole population turn spies upon each other in order to carry out its behests—the son on the father, the friend on the friend; the Draconic principle of punishment, under which all offences are punished with death, not because they are equal in magnitude, but because they are all equal in this, that they transgress the law; the almost total absence of crime which is the consequence; the valuelessness of wealth, which arises from the strict sumptuary laws that forbid any man to spend more or less than is prescribed for his station; and the national apathy which this ubiquitous tutelage engenders—all these features are worked out in a skillful and interesting manner. Only the various consequences come out so neatly and perfectly from the various causes, that it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Dr. Maron has studied the art of political description in the school of M. About. In China he was fortunate enough to penetrate into the rebel country, and see a good deal of the rebels. He appears to think much worse of them than of their adversaries. He tells many stories of the rise and proceedings of the Heavenly Son which differ occasionally from the received versions. His view is, that the present movement is to a great extent a communist movement—the reappearance of a spirit which has always played a considerable part in the history of China. The rebel Emperor himself has ceased apparently to take much part in its active operations. He sits at home in Nankin, and contents himself with writing tracts, signing death-warrants, and forbidding his subjects to take part in any kind of trade except in articles of consumption. He is a perfect Solomon in the matter of wives. There are nearly one thousand wives in his palace at Nankin. It is said that he has the extension of polygamy much at heart. On one occasion he called together his nobles, and told them to take more wives. "It is true," he said, "Adam had but one wife; but what was the reason? He could get no more. I am quite sure he would have taken more if he could have found them. Now I think ten would be a nice number for you. Take ten!" Dr. Maron gives a fearful description of the misery which the ravages of the rebellion had caused. He relates that when the sufferings of multitudes who were starving in the streets of Pekin were related to the Taeping Emperor, he replied, "Now what could be better? Are they not about to reach the everlasting peace? And should I prevent them?"

The third issue of a very useful serial has just appeared—*The Historical Calendar of Europe for the Year 1862*.† It is professedly a history of all political events of importance that took place in the year 1862. As is natural, however, important events are selected much more liberally from the history of the German States than of any other. It is, however, abundantly ample, especially in its record of diplomatic transactions. An annual of similar aim in England is much wanted.

A second volume of Colonel Lapinski's account of his campaigns against Russia in the Caucasus has appeared.‡ The work is thus brought to a conclusion earlier than was originally intended, in consequence of the author having set off to join his fellow-countrymen in their present struggle. It closes with an earnest appeal to the European Powers to take precautions against

the new Mongol inroad, in the shape of a Russian invasion, which is now threatening them. He reproduces all the strongest doctrines ever taught by Mr. Urquhart touching the fearful power of Russia. He does not think she has been in any degree checked by the Crimean war. Since that time she has gained ground in Turkistan, founded a strong arsenal on the Chinese sea, and largely extended her frontier at the expense of China. Her former want of men will no more disturb her, as she will obtain as many as she wants from China. The emancipation of serfs, which is supposed to have disorganized her, is a mere delusion. In the days of the Emperor Nicholas a ukase was issued in which it was forbidden to sell a single family of peasants. The foreign journals set up a loud chorus of applause at this act of liberality. But the condition of the peasantry was worse off than before, for while the ukase forbade them to be sold separately for ever, or for life, it did not forbid their being hired out for a term of years, and their masters forthwith took to letting them for a term of ninety-nine years. The author fears that some analogous device will be discovered to render nugatory the emancipation proposed by the Emperor. Colonel Lapinski's only suggestion for meeting the dangers which he warns us that this generation may still live to experience, is to restore Poland, give back Finland to Sweden, guard Turkistan, and occupy the islands of Japan. By this easy and inexpensive process he is of opinion that all danger from the increasing power of Russia may be averted.

In anticipation of the great festival on the anniversary of Dante's birth, which is to be held at Florence in two years' time, a new translation\* of the *Inferno* has been published by Julius Braun. It is rhymed, and in the ordinary heroic metre. He has prefixed a somewhat lengthened notice of the poet's life and times, and there is a brief commentary attached to each canto.

Professor Escher's *Handbook of Practical Politics*†, of which the first part has appeared, is favourably distinguished from the mass of disquisitions upon politics that issue from the German press by its comparatively practical character. After having satisfied the natural instincts of his race by one speculative chapter upon "The Essence, the Basis, and the Object of the State," he proceeds to discuss the actual causes of diversity in national character as they may be traced in history, in a chapter upon the "Physical Foundations and Elements of the State." He investigates successively the influence of race, the laws which govern the increase of various classes, and the effect upon physical well-being of various religions. A third chapter, under the title of "Political Economy," is devoted to an examination of the industry of various countries, and the causes of its various character and results.

Those who desire to study the ethnological issue upon which the Polish question has been generally made to turn, will find it worth their while to refer to an Atlas‡ which has been published at St. Petersburg by Captain D'Ercert of the Russian service. It gives, in a succession of maps, a clear picture of the distribution of the various populations—Polish, Russian, Lett, German, and Jewish—which inhabited, in various proportions, the ancient kingdom of Poland. The source from which it comes casts, of course, a certain suspicion over its contents. But it appears, so far as we can judge, to be executed with fairness, and indeed, in some cases, to give to the Poles rather more than many German authorities are willing to concede to them.

\* *Dante Alighieri. Die Hölle.* Für das deutsche Volk bearbeitet: von J. Braun. Berlin: Enslin. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Handbuch der praktischen Politik.* Von Heinrich Escher. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Atlas Ethnographique des Provinces habitées en totalité ou en partie par des Polonais.* Par R. D'Ercert, St. Petersburg. Leipzig: Hinrich. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Mr. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT, and last Concert but one of the Season, on Monday Evening, June 29, at St. James's Hall. Pianoforte, Mdlme. Arabella Goddard; Violoncello, Signor Flatti; Vocalists, Mr. Santley and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa stalls, 1s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 59 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT, and last Concert of the Season, on Monday Evening, July 6, at the St. James's Hall. Pianoforte, Mdlme. Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hall; Violoncello, Signor Flatti; Vocalists, Mdlme. Sainton-Delby and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—DIRECTOR'S MATINEE, Tuesday, June 23.—Beethoven's and Hummel's Septet; Sonata Pastorale (Beethoven); Solo on the Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte. Vocal Music, sung by Mdlle. Ardit. Soloists: Leopold Auer (from Pesth), Flatti, Hallé, and Lubbeck. To Commence at Three o'clock. Tickets to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Olivier & Co.; and Ashdown & Parry; Half a Guinea each. J. ELLA, Director.

**THE SHAKESPEARE FUND.**—Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN have kindly consented to give READINGS and RECITATIONS from SHAKESPEARE, and other English Poets, at St. James's Hall, on Friday Evening, June 26, for the Benefit of this Fund. This will be their first and only Reading in London, and their last public appearance in England prior to their departure for Australia. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, K.G., President.—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets to be had at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; Cramer & Co., St. James's Street; Mitchell's, Bond Street; Chappell & Co.; Olivier & Co.; and at Keith & Frowe's, Chesapeake. Commence at Eight p.m.

**SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The Fifty-Ninth Annual "Exhibition" now Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

\* *Japan und China.* Reiseskizzen entworfen während der Preussischen Expedition nach Ost-Asien von dem Mitgliede derselben, Dr. Hermann Maron. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Europäischer Geschichtskalender. Dritter Jahrgang, 1862.* Hrg. von H. Schulthess. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Die Bergvölker des Kaukasus und ihr Freiheitskampf gegen die Russen.* 2ter Band. Hamburg: Hoffmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.



**THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS. — At a PUBLIC MEETING, held at the St. James's Hall, on the 17th inst.,**

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., in the Chair,

the following Resolutions were adopted:—

1. That this Meeting has learnt with regret and surprise the proposal to purchase the International Exhibition Buildings, about to be alienated to Parliament by the Government; and it earnestly deprecates so imprudent and wasteful an expenditure of public money.
2. That a Petition against the purchase be presented to the House of Commons.

WILL CLOSE JUNE 30.

**ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, W., now open from Ten till Six daily.—Admission, One Shilling.—Season Tickets, Half-a-Crown, admit at all times.**

JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.A.S., Hon. Secretaries.

JAMES EDMISTON, F.R.A.S., Hon. Secretaries.

Also, in conjunction with the above, the Exhibition of the Society of Sculptors in England.

MORTON EDWARDS, Hon. Secretary.

**COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park. — Re-embellished. — Under New Management. Last Season of the Cylindromas of Lisbon and the Tarns, and the Grand Views of London by Day and Night. Musical Gleanings by Mr. George Buckland, with a beautiful series of Dissolving Views. Master Artifice, the talented Juvenile Flautist, Characteristic Characters by Miss, Clauser. Curious Caverns of Adelsburg, Series of Cottages, Scenery, and Mountain Torrents, &c. Altogether the best and greatest Shilling Exhibition in the world. Daily from Twelve to Five, and Seven to Ten. Children and schools Half-price.—Musical Director, Mr. H. S. May. Acting Manager, Mr. A. Nimmo.****SHAKESPEARIAN TRICENTARY FESTIVAL, 1864. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**

Committee.

President.—His Excellency the EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

Vice-Presidents.

Lord Leish, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire.  
The High Sheriff of Warwickshire.  
The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.  
The Earl of Craven.  
The Earl of Harrowby.  
The Earl of Belvoir.  
The Earl of D. rymouth.  
The Earl of Aylesford.  
The Earl of Warwick.  
Viscount Compton.  
Lord Wrottesley.  
Sir Charles Montagu, Bart., M.P.  
Sir Robert N. C. Hamilton, Bart., K.C.B.  
Sir T. G. Skirwith, Bart.  
Sir J. Max well-Steele Graves, Bart.  
Sir J. Easley Wilton, Bart.  
Wm. Ewart, Esq., M.P.  
W. Schofield, Esq., M.P.  
Rev. Dr. Temple, Rector.

The Tercentary Committee which has been formed for carrying out the arrangements of the Festival in 1864, on a scale commensurate with its great interest and importance, after mature deliberation, have unanimously agreed that the most desirable means of doing honour to the occasion are:—

1stly. To extend the educational advantages of the Free Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon, at which Shakespeare was educated, and to found and establish one or more Scholarships or Exhibitions to the English universities.

2ndly. To found a Triennial Prize for the best Poem or Essay on Shakespeare's genius, to be open to public competition; and

3rdly. To devote some portion of the Fund collected to the laying out of New Pleasure Gardens, proved by the Post's Will to have been directly connected with his last residence at Stratford.

Towards the accomplishment of this scheme Lord Leigh has contributed the sum of 110 Guineas, and Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., the Chairman of the Committee, £20.

Donations and Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Glyn & Co., Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smith; and Messrs. Hanbury & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. Greenwood, Smith & Greenway, Bankers, Warwick; the Messrs. Biddis and Kidderminster Banking Company; and the Warwick and Leamington Banking Company, Stratford-on-Avon.

HENRY KINGSLEY, M.D., Hon. Sec.

**ESSAYS AND REVIEWS DEFENCE FUND.—The Committee congratulate the Contributors to this Fund on the establishment by law of the right of the Clergy to discuss many important Topics relating to the Inspiration and Criticism of Scripture.**

This gain to the Church of England is counterbalanced by hardship to the two Defendants, the decision on some special points being so far adverse as to necessitate an Appeal to the Privy Council, involving great expense. The Subscribers hitherto received are little more than sufficient to pay the costs of the Defendants' Proctors in the Court of Arches.

The Committee think it most important that the vindication of free discussion in the Church (particularly upon the Question of the Eternity of Future Punishment) should be complete, and the interests of Clergymen asserting it protected. They therefore earnestly appeal to all Friends of Ecclesiastical and Literary Freedom for pecuniary aid in the prosecution of the Appeals.

C. W. GOODWIN, 6 King's Bench Walk, Temple, } Hon. Secs.

THEOD. DUBOIS, 30 Chancery Lane, }

Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. Child &amp; Co., Bankers, Temple Bar, London, or to either of the Secretaries.

**RAY SOCIETY'S VOLUME FOR 1863.—Dr. GÜNTHER**

"On the REPTILES of BRITISH INDIA." Imperial folio, with upwards of 30 Plates. This beautifully illustrated and valuable work is now in the press, and will shortly be issued to all the Members of the Ray Society in return for their subscriptions for the current year.

Those desirous of joining the Society, in order to obtain the forthcoming volume, should do so at once, as the subscription list for that volume will shortly be closed.

Annual Subscription, One Guinea.  
Fadies and Gentlemen who are desirous of joining the Society can do so on applying to the Secretary.

H. T. STANTON, F.L.S., F.G.S., Secretary.

**SCHOOL SHIP.—The Thames Marine Officers' TRAINING SHIP "WORCESTER," moored at Blackwall, is managed by a Committee of London Shipowners, Merchants, and Captains.**

Chairman.—HENRY GREEN, Esq., Blackwall, E.

Vice-Chairman.—C. H. CHAMBERS, Esq., 4 Mincing Lane, E.C.

Treasurer.—STEPHEN CAVE, Esq., M.P., 4 Mincing Lane, E.C.

Respectable Boys, from the age of 12 to 15, intended for the Sea, are received on Board, and thoroughly educated for a Seafaring Life. Terms of admission, 35 Guineas per Annum. Forms and Prospectuses can be obtained on application to

W. M. BULLIVANT, Hon. Sec., 9 London Street, E.C.

**SCHOOL FRIGATE, H.M.S. "CONWAY," LIVERPOOL.—**

This Institution (the next Session of which commences on August 1) is selected mainly to train and complete the Education of Boys intended for Officers in the Merchant Navy. Boys intended for the Royal Navy are also admitted, and receive Special Training for that Service.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Rear-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, have each kindly placed a Nomination for a Naval Cadetship at the disposal of the Committee of Management. Terms, 35 Guineas per Annum.

Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, R. J. Thomson, Esq., 22 Brown's Buildings, Liverpool.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—**

The Rev. L. EDWARDS, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS.—Address, Dorney, near Windsor.

**HIGHEST COMPETITIVE and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—**

A Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor DE LA VOYE, thoroughly prepared for the above. Number limited to Ten. Nine passed this year. Monthly, 12 Guineas.—Address, PRINCIPAL, Dingswall Hall, Leamington.

**SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, France.—A Professor of the**

University of Paris, who prepares a limited number of French Pupils for the Polytechnic School, and the Ecole Centrale, receives also an equal number of Young Englishmen, giving them the advantage of learning French practically as well as grammatically, through constant and intimate intercourse with well educated young Frenchmen, while continuing the preparatory studies for Competitive Examinations in their own country by the aid of himself, master of the principal Modern and the Ancient Languages, and having the assistance of a first-rate French Mathematician who resides with him. For Prospectuses, containing references to Noblemen and Gentlemen of both countries, terms, and all further particulars, apply to Professor Dr. B., 14 Rue Saint-Thomas, Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, France.

**MILITARY EDUCATION at Bromsgrove House, Croydon,**

under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the late Military College, Addiscombe.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

**TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive**

**TWELVE PUPILS, who are residing for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and**

**quickly. Terms moderate.—M.A., 6 Angel Terrace, Brixton, S.**

**A CLERGYMAN, resident in London, late Scholar of Trinity**

College, Cambridge, Graduate in Classical and Mathematical Honours, and well acquainted with Modern Languages, wishes to receive DAILY PUPILS at his own Residence, to be prepared for the Universities, or for the Indian, Military, or Civil Service Examinations.—Address, G. H., care of Mr. Jones, 8 Bury Street, St. James's.

**FRENCH PROTESTANT EDUCATION in PARIS.—Dr.**

KORNEMANN, who is in London for a few days, will be happy to see Parents desirous of placing their Children in a First-class School, where every care is given to their Health, Morals, and Education. References to former Pupils and their Parents.—For Prospectuses, address to Dr. KORNEMANN, 18 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

**PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—**

"The Philiberts," near Maidenhead, Berks (situated on a gravel bed), near the Taplow Station, on the Windsor side of the Great Western Railway. Principal, the Rev. E. H. PRICE, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. In this School Boys are specially prepared for the Public Schools, and for the Modern Departments in the same. Terms, including all charges, 60 Guineas per Annum. A reduction made in the case of Brothers. References to the Head Master of Marlborough College, and the Masters of the Public Schools.

**PRIVATE PUPILS.—A Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford,**

residing in a healthy village in Wiltshire, is willing to take Charge of and Educate TWO BOYS under fourteen years of age. He would instruct them in Classics, Mathematics, French, and German. References to University Tutors and Professors, and Relatives of former Pupils. Address, Rev. Y. D. N., care of Mr. Pope, Church Street, Hackney, N.E.

**A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, Second Master of a Grammar**

School of high standing, who receives Three Boys into his house, will have TWO VACANCIES in September next. His Boarders have the advantage of his superintendence and assistance in their evening work, together with the advantages of a thoroughly comfortable home. Terms, from 80 to 100 Guineas, according to age.—Address, M.A., care of Mr. D. Nott, 270 Strand, London.

**PRIVATE TUITION in the vicinity of the Malvern Hills.—**

A married Clergyman, M.A., Graduate in Honours of Trinity College, Cambridge, receives THREE PUPILS into his family to prepare for the Universities, Civil Service, the Artillery, Engineers, or the other branches of the Army. His house is delightfully situated, standing in its own grounds, in a healthy part of Worcestershire.—Address, Rev. A. B., Messrs. Lea & Ferriss, Great Malvern.

**CHELtenham.—Preparation for the Universities, Indian**

Civil Service, Woolwich, the Line, Sandhurst, &c.—A Clergyman, with Educational Testimonials of the first order, and whose Pupils have been invariably successful, will have VACANCIES in August.—Address, Rev. A. E. Parkman, Bideford, N. Devon.

**PRIVATE TUITION on the MALVERN HILLS.—A**

Married Clergyman, experienced in Tuition, without Parochial charge, who takes a limited number of Pupils to prepare for the Public Schools, Professors, &c., has VACANCIES. Terms, 80, 100, and 120 Guineas per annum, according to age. References, Rev. Dr. Vaughan, late Head Master of Harrow, and parents of Pupils.—Address, Rev. E. Foss, West Malvern Park.

**PRIVATE TUITION by the SEA-SIDE.—The Rev.**

EDWARD BRICE, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, receives into his family SIX PUPILS to prepare for the Army, Navy, Public Schools, &c. Terms, £100 a year.—Address, 2 Leamington Villas, Ellenborough Park, Weston-super-Mare.

**ARMY EXAMINATIONS.—At the late Competitive Ex-**

amination for Direct Commissions, the Honourable Joshua Vaneck, passed on Superior Answering. This gentleman was prepared by Mr. Thomas America, formerly Second Master of the Royal Grammar School, Reading; subsequently Private Tutor to a Noblemen in France; and late Principal of St. Germain, Fortinbrun.

Ans-answers for Two Pupils. References to Noblemen, whose sons are now under Mr. Arthur's care.—Address, 35 Boulevard Bineau, Parc de Neuilly, Paris.

**THE Rev. A. BISHOP, M.A., Oxford, and Mr. E. C.**

MUSSON, B.A., F.G.S., Cambridge, prepare Candidates for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the District General of Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B., R.E., Lieut.-General Sir Harry D. Jones, G.C.B., R.E., and the Authorities of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst; Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E.; Colonel Granam; Thomas Hopkirk, Esq., Eltham, Kent.—Mansy Worthly Rectory, Winchester.

**TRAVELLING TUTOR.—A Medical Gentleman, a Graduate**

in Arts, accustomed to Tuition, and an experienced Traveller, being about to spend the Summer on the Continent, wishes to take charge of one or two PUPILS.—Address, B. A., care of G. V. Costes, Esq., Westbourne Street, Eaton Square.

**CLAPHAM COMMON.—A Lady receives the Younger Sons**

of Gentlemen, to prepare (with the assistance of Masters) for Public Schools. The year is divided into Three Terms.—For Prospectus, address P. W., 32 Essex Street, Strand.

**TO INDIAN FAMILIES.—A Lady, possessing a comfortable**

Home, and who has had great experience in the management of Children, wishes to receive two or three little Boys or Girls. Every attention would be paid to their health and comfort, and they would receive instruction from her Daughters, without the restraint and confinement of a school-room. The House is pleasantly and healthily situated in Kent, and possesses all the advantages of a Farmhouse. Parents who are returning to India would find this a desirable home for their Children. References kindly permitted to the Vicar, and to the Parents of Children who have been under her care for seven years.—Address, E.M., care of Mr. Amer, Law Bookeller, Lincoln's Inn Gate, Carey Street, London, W.C.

**MESSRS. LONGMAN & CO. have REMOVED from No. 14**

LUDEGATE HILL to their New Premises in PATERNOSTER ROW.

June 13, 1863.

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**

MR. HODGSON begs to inform the Public that he has just REMOVED to his NEW AUCTION ROOMS, for the Sale of Books and Literary Property of every description, No. 115 CHANCERY LANE, nearly opposite his old premises; and in so doing ventures to solicit an inspection of his new building, in the construction of which the greatest care has been taken to obtain spacious, lofty, light, and well-ventilated rooms, and to modern appliances have been omitted to render them complete.

Literary Sale Rooms, 115 Chancery Lane, W.C.

**VALUABLE BOOKS, IMPORTANT PICTORIAL WORKS, &c.—THE LIBRARY**

of a GENTLEMAN, DECEASED.

**MR. HODGSON will SELL by AUCTION, at his New**

Auction Rooms, 115 Chancery Lane, W.C. (Fleet Street end), on WEDNESDAY, June 24, and two following days, at Half-past Twelve, a COLLECTION of important and valuable BOOKS, being the Library of a Gentleman, deceased, and a Select Library of Standard Modern Books, in neat bindings, comprising:—In folio: Gross's Antiquities of England and Wales, 10 vols.; Stow's London, 2 vols.; Maitland's London, 2 vols.; Hamilton's Greek and Roman Antiquities, 2 vols.; Muses Française, 244 plates, 4 vols.; Hogarth's Works, 150 plates; Boydell's Prints to Shakespeare, 2 vols.; Bowyer's Hume's England, 6 vols.; Macklin's Bible, 6 vols.; Blackie's Imperial Family Bible, 3 vols.; Chaucer's Works, 16th Holy Bible, 1872. In quarto: Histoire Naturelle des Gaseaux, several hundred coloured plates, 10 vols.; Reeves's Conchologia Iconica, coloured plates, 9 vols.; Britton's Cathedral Antiquities, large paper-prints, 6 vols.; Britton's Architectural Antiquities, 4 vols.; Horsfield's Sussex, 2 vols. In octavo: Dibdin's Bibliotheca Spenceriana, with autograph of Earl Spencer, 4 vols.; the Bibliographical Decameron, 3 vols.; and Northern Tour, 2 vols.; Ferraris Antichi Romani di Cavalieria, coloured plates, 4 vols.; Shaw's Zoology, 14 vols.; Knight's Gallery of Portraits, 7 vols.; Pictorial History of England, 8 vols.; and Pictorial Shakespeare, 8 vols.; Canning's Speeches, 6 vols.; Bacon's Works, the new edition, 7 vols.; Hallam's Works, 9 vols.; Prescott's Works, 15 vols.; De Toc's Works, 30 vols.; Waverley Novels, 5 vols.; Swift's Works, 18 vols.; Pope's Works, 8 vols.; Mahon's England, 7 vols.; Masson's England, 8 vols.; Strickland's Queens, 18 vols.; Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, 63 vols.; Clarke's Bible, 6 vols. A very choice and interesting assemblage of English and Foreign Books of Prints, and a small Collection of Cabinet Paintings by Modern Artists.

To be viewed, and Catalogues forwarded on application.

**THE PRESS.—The present Editor of a first-class Newspaper**

desires a Re-engagement. His experience as a Journalist is exceedingly varied, and extends over a space of several years. Satisfactory reasons assigned for the change he is about to make, and references of a high class and undoubted character given. Other circumstances being agreeable, the advertiser would not object to Sub-Editorship of a respectable journal. Address, A. B. L. R., care of Messrs. Brown, Gould, & Co., 63 Crampton Street, London, W.C.

**ZETLAND.—To LET, for Summer Quarters — Entry**

Immediately—a large, commodious HOUSE, partially furnished, consisting of Dining and Drawing Rooms, ParLOUR, several Bedrooms, Kitchen, and other accommodation with garden, and a large Pond, and a small Island, situated at the head of a fine Bay, where there is safe Anchorage and Fishing, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Wild Fowl and Seal shooting.—Apply to W. IRVINE, 34 Duncan Terrace, Leith.

**PATENT.—To be Sold, a Patent for the Manufacture of a**

Scientific Article of great and unquestionable Utility and Demand. Facilities for Payment. A Partnership might be arranged.—Address, FARRER, care of Gilbert Hard, Esq., Solicitor, 35 Cannon Street West, London, E.C.

**MALVERN.—IMPERIAL HOTEL.**—The Attention of the

Public is particularly called to the above new Establishment at Great Malvern. The whole of its arrangements are now complete, and to those visiting this delightful and healthy locality it will be found to afford every comfort and enjoyment.

The Building contains upwards of One Hundred Bedrooms, has all the improvements of the modern Joint Stock Hotel, is surrounded by its own Ornamental Grounds and Gardens, and commands unequalled views of the whole range of Scenery of Worcestershire and the adjoining Counties.

The Proprietors are prepared to receive Lady or Gentleman Boarders at the rate of £3 10s. per Week, including Bedroom and Attendance, Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, and Tea.

A Table d'Hôte daily at Six o'Clock.

The Hotel has excellent Stables and Coach-houses, with loose Boxes and Paddocks attached. A Covered Way connects the Visitors from the Railway Station to the Hotel, and Porters attend all the Trains.

The Proprietors are their own Importers of Wines and Spirits. **GEORGE CURTIS, Manager.**

**KÖNIGSWINTER ON THE RHINE.**

**HOTEL DE BERLIN**, at Königswinter, at the foot of the Seven Mountains.—Families received on very moderate terms. **CHR. SCHMIDT.**

**HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK,**

Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The Turkish Bath on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in the London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

**MALVERN.—THE WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT**

and HOME for INVALIDS. Erected by Dr. WILSON when he introduced the Water Cure into England. Receives 70 Patients, and has now a Turkish Bath attached.—For terms, &c., apply to Dr. WILSON.

THE "READING GIRL" is now at 110 Regent Street.

THE "SLEEP OF SORROW AND DREAM OF JOY" is now on View at the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company's Establishment, 110 Regent Street. This Statue and the "Reading Girl" are the originals from the International Exhibition of 1862, and which were purchased by the Company.

**OPERA, RACE, and FIELD GLASSES** in every variety of

Form and Mounting, matchless for great Magnifying Power and Sharpness of Definition. Prices, from 30s. each, at CALLAGHAN'S, 23a New Bond Street, W., corner of Conduit Street.—Sole Agent for the celebrated Race and Field Glasses made by Volklinger, Vienna. Field Glasses made expressly for India, warranted to withstand the greatest tropical heat. The new Aluminium mounted Glasses (as made for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), though of the largest size, weigh but a few ounces.

**THE NEATH and PELENNA COLLIERY COMPANY**

(Limited). CAPITAL £25,000, IN 15,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

Deposit £1 per Share, and £1 upon Allotment.

Registered according to the Companies' Act of 1862.

**Directors.** GEORGE BRAGGTON, Esq., Banker, Great Torrington, Director North Devon Railway.

EDWARD ELLIOT, Esq., The Mount, Harrow, late Chief Magistrate, Madras.

Colonel GUMM, Beaumont Street, Portland Place.

Sir SAMUEL HANCOCK, Chevening Lodge, Seven-Oaks.

CHARLES HENEGAN, Esq., Cadogan Place, Belgrave Square.

AMBROSE MILLER, Esq., (A. & C. Miller), 9 George Yard, Lombard Street, and Coal Exchange.

JOHN E. FANTER, Esq., Lee Park, Blackheath, Director of the Amman Aberdare Colliery Company.

**Bankers.** ALLIANCE BANK OF LONDON and LIVERPOOL, and BANK OF WALES, Swansea and Newport Branches.

**Solicitor.**—H. FRYER, Esq., 1 and 2 Gray's Inn Place, W.C.

**Secretary.**—J. NIGHTINGALE, Esq.

**Temporary Offices.**—11 ST. BENET'S PLACE, GRACECHURCH STREET.

**PROSPECTUS.**

This Company is formed for the purpose of purchasing and working one of the most extensive and valuable fields of Steam Coal in South Wales in South Wales.

The Colliery is at the present time in complete working order, and capable of a weekly out-put of 1,200 tons, which can be increased in less than one year, by an additional outlay, to 4,000 tons per week.

There are, within a depth of 200 fathoms from surface, 11 veins of Coal, of an aggregate thickness of 34 feet 10 inches, which will yield a total, in 1,400 acres, of 24,000,000 tons of Coal; at least 40 per cent. of this immense deposit lies near the surface, and is contained in the four upper veins, consequently can be worked at a very cheap rate, by means of adit levels. Some of these veins are House Coal of excellent quality; but, as the upper measures cannot be exhausted within the next century, it is unnecessary to lower seams, except to mention that they are worked to an enormous profit in other Collieries in this district.

The quality of the Coal is well known. It is an excellent House Coal, and amongst the best Steam Coal raised in South Wales. A ready market exists in France, Spain, and Ireland, for every ton that can be raised. This fact alone is of great importance.

With regard to the probable Profits of the undertaking, the Directors have made careful inquiries, and find that the outside price of cutting the Coal, and putting it free on board at Arlton Ferry Dock, including all charges of management and royalties, is 5s. 1d. per ton, and that the selling price ranges from 7s. 3d. to 7s. 9d. per ton. Calculating upon a minimum out-put of 1,200 tons weekly, the first year, at 2s. per ton profit, will give a return of £240; this return may be more than doubled the second and succeeding years.

A considerable number of Shares are already subscribed for. No Bonus is paid by the Company in any way to promoters, and the preliminary expenses are included in the sum to be paid for the Estate.

Full Prospectuses, with Forms of Application for Shares, and Reports by J. Richardson, Esq., of Neath, and T. Dyne Steel, Esq., of Newport, can be obtained on application to the Secretary, at the Company's Offices, or to any of the Brokers.

Samples of the Coal can be seen also at the Offices, with Plans and Sections of the Workings, and Photographic Views of the Estate.

**CEYLON COMPANY (LIMITED).**

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £350,000.

**Directors.** LAWFORD ACLAND, Esq., Chairman.

Sir J. D. H. ELPHINSTONE, Bart., M.P. STEPHEN P. KENNARD, Esq.

HARRY GEORGE GORDON, Esq. PATRICK F. ROBERTSON, Esq.

GEORGE IRELAND, Esq. ROBERT SMITH, Esq.

DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq. Sir S. VILLIERS SURTEES, K.B.

Debentures at 5s. 4s., and 6 per Cent.

The Directors of the CEYLON COMPANY (LIMITED), being authorized by a Resolution of the Shareholders, at the General Meeting of the Company, held in London, April 4, 1863, to borrow a sum of money not exceeding the unpaid portion of their Subscribed Capital, are prepared to issue Debentures for one, three, and five years, at 5s. 4s., and 6 per cent. respectively, and for longer periods, as may be specially arranged.

The Directors are also prepared to invest for Constituents, at Colonial rates, Money on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without their guarantee, as may be arranged. Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 12 Old Broad Street.

By Order, **JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary.**

**CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, and CHINA.**

Head Office.—29 THREADENEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

Incorporated by Royal Charter. Paid-up capital, £64,000.

With agencies and branches at Bombay, Kurrachee, Calcutta, Hongkong, Singapore, Hongkong, and Shanghai.

The Corporation buy and sell bills of exchange, payable at the above-named places, issue letters of credit, undertake the purchase and sale of Indian Government and other securities, and receive deposits at interest, the terms for which may be known on application.

The only Office where Bonds and Policies of Guarantees are accepted by the Treasury, Customs, Indian Revenue, Post Office, War, Admiralty, Home, Colonial, India, and other Government Departments.

**THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**

**Directors in London.** HENRY WICKHAM WICKHAM, Esq., M.P., Chairman.

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John Field, Esq., Warrford Court, City.

Charles Forster, Esq., M.P. for Valais.

Richard Francis George, Esq., Bath.

Henry H. Harrison, Esq., Hamilton Place, St. John's Wood.

Thomas C. Hayward, Esq., Mincing Lane, and Highbury.

John Hodgins, Esq., Cavendish Club.

James Edward McConnell, Esq., Wolverton.

C. W. Reynolds, Esq., Eaton Place, Belgrave.

Richard Spooner, Esq., Late Her Majesty's Commissioner of Customs, Bombay.

H. Wickham Wickham, Esq., M.P. for Bradford.

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Security is provided in approved cases for Officers of Banking and Commercial Establishments, Public Companies, Municipal Corporations, and for other places of trust.

Life Assurance may be combined with Guarantee on advantageous terms.

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and every information may be obtained from the Chief Offices, 2 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London; and 30 George Street, Edinburgh.

**THE FIFTH DIVISION OF PROFIT UP TO NOVEMBER 20, 1862.****NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION,**

GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

Established December 1833.

**MUTUAL ASSURANCE, WITHOUT INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.**

**Directors.** Chairman.—SAMUEL HAYHURST LUCAS, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman.—ROBERT INGHAM, Esq., M.P.

John Bradbury, Esq., Richard Fall, Esq., Charles Reed, Esq., F.S.A.

Henry White Castle, Esq., John Feltham, Esq., Jonathan Thorp, Esq.

Thomas Chambers, Esq., Q.C. Joseph Freeman, Esq., Charles Whetham, Esq.

Joseph Fell Christy, Esq., Charles Gilpin, Esq., M.P.

**Physicians.** J. T. Conquest, M.D., F.L.S. Thomas Hodgkin, M.D.

**Consulting Actuary.**—Charles Ansell, Esq., F.R.S.

Amount of Profit of the Five Years ending November 20, 1862, now in course of division amongst the Assured .. .. £31,965 3 4

Making the total Profit divided .. .. £1,227,258 5 3

Instances of Reductions in Premiums.

The following are a few of the instances wherein the Premiums have become extinct, and Annuities for the next Five Years granted in addition.

**Table 1: Instances of Reductions in Premiums.**

Date of Policy.	Age.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium now extinct	Annuity payable.
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**Table 2: Annuities for the next Five Years granted in addition.**

April.....	1836	54	1,000	33 0 0	8 3 8
August.....	1836	36	300	29 3 4	9 1 3
August.....	1837	60	2,000	135 3 4	75 6 8
March.....	1842	61	500	32 19 2	1 17 4

Amount of Claims paid .. .. £1,291,062 18 4

Gross Annual Income .. .. £374,813 9 1

Accumulated Fund .. .. £239,120 3 4

The Prospectus and every information may be had on application.

June 1, 1863. **JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.**

**LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 King William Street, E.C.**

The Directors of this Association hereby inform the Members that the Premium falling due in the year commencing on 1st July next, from the First Series of Members, will be reduced at the rate of 81 per cent., and the Premiums of those Members of the Second Series, who have been assured for seven years, will be reduced at the rate of 74 per cent.

**EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.**

**METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**

3 PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1835.

**Directors.** Daniel Burgess, Jun., Esq., Bristol. William J. Legher, Esq.

Peter Cator, Esq., James Lloyd, Esq., Birmingham.

James Dawson, Esq., Sir J. Paxton, M.P., Chatsworth.

Frederick Engelhardt, Esq., George Pearce, Esq.

Richard Fry, Esq., Liverpool. Henry Sturt, Esq.

William Grant, Esq., Portsmouth. Joseph Underwood, Esq.

Frazer B. Hencham, Esq., George Vaughan, Esq.

Henry Keble, Esq., Richard S. Wilkinson, Esq.

**Ex-Directors (by rotation).** George Harker, Esq. Joseph Pease, Esq., Darlington.

**ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING WITH THIS SOCIETY.**

Economical management, no paid agents being employed, and no commission allowed.

The application of the whole of the profits to the reduction of the premiums of Members of five years' standing or upwards.

The guarantee of an accumulated fund exceeding .. .. £900,000

A gross annual income exceeding .. .. 150,000

During its existence the Society has paid in claims, without a single instance of dispute .. .. 750,000

And has returned to Members in reduction of their annual premiums .. .. 360,000

The sums assured by existing policies exceed .. .. 3,400,000

For the year ending April 4, 1864, an abatement has been declared at the rate of 50 per cent.

Prospectuses, Copies of Annual Accounts, and full particulars, may be obtained on application to June, 1863. **HENRY MARSH, Actuary.**

**NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Incorporated by Royal Charter and Special Acts of Parliament.

Accumulated and Invested Funds .. .. £1,172,828.

Annual Revenue .. .. £22,401.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**

Insurances granted both at Home and in Foreign Countries on the most liberal terms.

**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**

Every facility offered to Insurers.

50 per Cent. of the profits divided among the Insurers on the participating principle.

The new Life Business transacted in 1862 as follows:

Policies .. .. 478,234

Amount Insured .. .. £23,641

Forms of Proposal and every information will be furnished on application at the

**Offices:** LONDON .. .. 58 THREADENEEDLE STREET.

" .. .. 4 NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY.

" .. .. West-End Office, 3 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

**ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

15 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

ACCUMULATED FUND, £3,161,252 4s.

Copies of the Annual Reports and Balance Sheets, as well as of the Periodical Valuation Accounts, Tables of Rates, and every information, to be obtained on application to

**JOHN GODDARD, Actuary.**

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C.**

—Instituted A.D. 1820.—A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PROSPECTUS, showing the advantages of the Bonus System, may be had on application to

**SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.**

**EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE.**

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

**Directors.** The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.

Wm. Fred. Pollock, Esq., V.P.

James Spicer, Esq., V.P.

John Charles Burgoyne, Esq.

Lord G. H. Cavenish, M.P.

Frederick Cowper, Esq.

Charles Curlew, Esq.

Charles Dymally, Esq.

Richard Gosling, Esq.

Peter Martineau, Esq.

John Aldin Moore, Esq.

Sir Alexander Morrison, M.D.

John Charles Tempier, Esq.

Richard Twining, Esq.

H. S. H. Wollaston, Esq.

The EQUITABLE, established in 1763, was one of the earliest Offices on the mutual principle.

The entire profits are divisible among its Members, no portion of the same being diverted either for dividends on shares, or in "Proprietary" Offices, or for "Commission" to agents.

During the century of its existence it has paid £16,400,000 in claims, and £15,200,000 for bonuses on the same.

The invested capital, on December 31, 1862, exceeded Five millions sterling.

The reserve at the last "rest," in December 1859, exceeded £770,000, as a basis for future dividends.

Under the Bye-Law of December 19, 1816, the oldest 5,000 policies are admitted to participation in the bonuses.

New assured in the current year (1863) will be placed among that number after payment of their first premium, and will become entitled to a rateable share in the bonus to be made in December 1860, and in all future benefits of the Office.

**BONUSES ON POLICIES.**—The full value is paid on surrender, without any deduction.

**LOANS ON POLICIES.**—The Directors will make advances on deposit of the Policies.

A Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a Short Account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, at the Office.

**ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.**



**HANDSOME BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL & SON'S** Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home use and for Hospitals; also Bedsteads with Brass Mountings and elegantly japanned; Plain Iron Bedsteads for Servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in Mahogany, Birch, Walnut Tree woods, Polished Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

**HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 150 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by post.—HEAL & SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.

**BEDSTEADS, BATHS, AND LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON** has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads, from ..... 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.  
Shower Baths, from ..... 8s. 6d. to 45 0s. each.  
Lamps (Moderator), from ..... 6s. 6d. to 45 10s. each.  
(All other kinds at the same rate.)  
Pure Colza Oil ..... 4s. 9d. per gallon.

**FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.**—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornamental ornaments, 43 15s. to 43 10s. 1 bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to 43 12s.; steel fenders, 43 2s. to 43 11s.; ditto, with rich ornamental ornaments, from 43 3s. to 43 18s.; chimney-pieces, from 43 4s. to 43 10s.; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to 24 4s. THE BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER**, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis, and post paid. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his limited stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room, Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Twenty large Plans of the Show-Rooms, at 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and a Newman's Yard.

**PENCILS, Black Lead, and Coloured Chalks.—A. W. FABER'S** Polygraph Lead Pencils, sold by all Stationers and Artists' Colourmen. Sole Agents: HEINTZMANN & ROCHBERG, 9 Friday Street, London, E.C.

**THE VINTAGE WINE COMPANY** supply the Public, at a small advance on wholesale prices, with every description of Wines.

THE VINTAGE COMIDA NERIY ..... at 18s. per doz.  
THE VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE ..... 27s. "  
THE VINTAGE CLARET ..... 13s. "  
THE VINTAGE PORT ..... 29s. "  
1a Bloomsbury Street, Four Doors South of New Oxford Street.

**LIGHT WINES.**—Hock, Moselle, Beaujolais, direct from Growers.—Imperial Wine Company, 314 Oxford Street, W.; City Offices, 15 John Street, Crutched Friars, E.C.

**ALLSOPP'S ALE and GUINNESS'S STOUT.**—JOHN F. BRASS & CO., Sole Contractors for Bottled Beer to the International Exhibition; Agents for Samuel Allsopp & Son's India Pale Ale and Burton Ale, and Guinness, Son, & Co.'s Extra Stout; Importers of Wines and Spirits. Offices and Stores: the Royal Exchange, E.C. The Trade Supplied on Liberal Terms for Cash.

**ICE for TOWN or COUNTRY.—REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM MACHINES, FREEZING POWDERS,** and everything connected with Freezing, of the best, most modern, and reliable character. Illustrated Price List, with full particulars, free.—WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140 Strand.

**DUTY OFF TEA.**—All Prices reduced Sixpence per pound. Strong to fine Black Tea, 2s. 2s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s.—PHILLIPS & COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8 King William Street, City, London, E.C. All goods carriage free within eight miles. Tea, Coffee, and Spices carriage free to any railway station or market town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards.

**HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA still BETTER in QUALITY and CHEAPER.**—Full benefit of reduced price obtained by purchasing Horniman's Pure Tea; a very choice and "High Standard" at 4s. 6d. (formerly 4s. 8d.), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in Packets.

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.** Pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."

None Genuine without Name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper.

\* Sold by CANNON & BLACKWELL; BARNES & SONS; and Grocers and Oilmen universally.

**TURTLE.—MCCALL'S WEST INDIA.**—Superior quality, prepared by new process. Flavour unsurpassed. Real Turtle Soup, quarts, 10s. 6d.; pints, 5s. 6d.; half-pints, 3s. Callish and Callish, 10s. 6d. per pound. Sold by leading Oil and Italian Warehousemen, Wholesale Chemists, and others.

J. MCCALL & CO.,

PROVISION STORES, 137 HOUNDSDITCH, N.E.

\* Prize Medal for Patent Process of Preserving Provisions without over-cooking, whereby freshness and flavour is retained.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

**LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,** prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL

DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING,

AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS,

Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., Author of the "Spas of Germany," &c. &c. "Dr. Granville has found that Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Newfoundland Oil."

EDWIN CANTON, Esq., F.R.C.S., President of the Medical Society of London, &c. &c. "For several years past I have been in the habit of prescribing Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and find it to be much more efficacious than other varieties of the same medicine which I have also employed with a view to test their relative superiority."

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; and is labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS: ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

**MORSON'S PEPSINE WINE**, containing the Digestive Principle prepared from fresh Calves' Stomachs, combined with a rich Stomachic Wine; is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for Weak Digestion. Manufactured by T. MORSON & SON, 19 and 20 Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C., in Bottles at 2s. 6d., and 10s. each.

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Sed me versus crucem gero;  
Vestimenta nudus oro,  
Opeo delictis imploro;  
Fontem Christi quæso immundus,  
Nisi lava, moribundus.

"Dum hoc artus vita regit;  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedens Julex inter nubes;  
Jesu, pro me perferatus,  
Condita intra tuum latas."

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The steadfast sun th' enophras swags;  
There still prevails a holy will;  
The not blind chance the world obeys:  
The Eye Eternal, pure and clear,  
Regards and holds all beings dear.

"For me too will the Father care,  
Whose heart and soul in Him confide;  
And though my last of days it were,  
And though He asked me to His side,  
His eye eternal, pure, and clear,  
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